

The Bombay Chronicle

WEEKLY

Founder: Pheroza Shah Mehta

VOL. XII NO. 38

BOMBAY: SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1953

Price: 4 Annas
Air Surcharge 6 Pies

5 ANNAS
In Pakistan

YOGA TRENDS IN HOLLYWOOD



Esther Williams, M. G. M.'s water-ballet star demonstrates in these three exercises how mothers can still maintain a perfect figure, despite childbirth. Esther is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 123 pounds and has a bust of 36 inches, waist 26 inches, hips 33 inches.



"THE MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID", AS M-G-M'S NEXT PICTURE FOR ESTHER WILLIAMS IS ENTITLED, FULLY BEFITS THE QUEEN OF THE WATER.

SHE HERE POSES IN THE SUN IN ONE OF HER GLAMOROUS SWIM SUITS USED IN THE FORTHCOMING FILM.

Travel In A Space Ship

SEE PAGE 5



Vicky in The London News Chronicle
"Here's one even Hitler couldn't burn, Senator!"

Young Violinist

DOROTHEA POWERS IS A YOKEL AT HEART

DOROTHEA POWERS — billed on concert programme as a "brilliant, impassioned young violinist" — is a yokel at heart.

She is perhaps at her most brilliant when fiddling for a flock of contented lambs. And what she is most impassioned about is a calf with a lofty name and a great butterfat heritage.

So if you should catch Miss Powers at the local music emporium during her next concert tour this winter, and you should compliment her Tchaikovsky concerto, consider gently her far-away "thank you." She is, for the first time in a 30-year career of diligent study in music, a split personality.

"I guess," she says thoughtfully, "it's like all people who finally, after years of searching, find their true loves. They are torn. I am torn between my violin and my farm, where Plymouth Torono Titan resides (he's the calf with the potential; his gradam produced a record-breaking 879 pounds of butterfat in 305 days).

"I guess you would say I have suddenly gone open air-whacky." It's always fascinating to learn how allegedly temperamental and —like the programmes say— "brilliant" young artists spend their time, especially when they're real flesh-and-blood women with sensitivities. Most of them "live" their art, taking busman's holidays in Carnegie Hall and eating breakfast with records to the right of them and a booking agent to the left.

But not so Miss Powers.

BEGAN AS KID

Six years ago she got fed up with the routine as a steady diet. "I had studied piano since I was three," she pointed out, "and violin since I was six. By the time I was 10, I was touring with my three brothers in a string quartet, and after every tour we'd come home to a houseful of music because my mother was a pianist and my father was head of the Music Department at Mt. Pleasant College (Michigan)."

In 1948 she went to Paris for concert work, and she's been touring—to excellent notices and stimulating applause—ever since.

It was about that time that she discovered farm life when her husband bought some acreage in Stockbridge, Mass. It was nice. But nothing exciting. She continued to live in New York City most of the time and take her outings at Carnegie Hall.

PORTLY PET

Then along came Plymouth Torono Titan, a portly pet with a reputation to uphold. Miss Powers with her pretty freckled face and Titan with his fuzzy proud one looked each other over. It was love. "I don't know how to explain it," she says. "Maybe it's because he seems to rather appreciate my vio-

lin playing, and I respect his heritage. Whatever it was, it changed things."

Now brilliant, impassioned Dorothea Powers spends her spare time howling, riding a tractor, tending lambs and chickens. She also helps arrange her concert tours so they get her into farm country occasionally, on which occasions she visits with farmers and discusses wheat, corn, milk and, of course, butterfat production.

"It's just chit-chat," she confesses, "because I'm still in the learning stage about all this wonderful farm stuff...."

"I guess I could say that on my new concert tours I'll be fiddling around in more ways than one!"—INS.

PASSING PAGEANT

By K A M

Farukh's yacht 'Maharousha' cost Egyptian Government rupees two crores to overhaul—A breathtaking news item.

—Farukh's return to Egypt, either as prodigal or prudent, being now out of the question, we shall wait and see who are hauled over the coals.

How far can a husband's love go?—A big poser in a newspaper.

—As far as his love can fly on his purse's wings. To be explicit, it can go, if in Bombay, as far as Love Lane or Love-Grove Pumping Station; if in England it can go up to Land's End, perhaps. We are not quite sure about this delicate matter.

"Government girl" finds her job absorbing—A news item.

—Referring to the above news, our answer to a colleague's enquiry whether all Government girls do find their jobs absorbing, we opine thus: Most of them do as they know the gentle art of absorbing the hearts of the members of sterner sex.

Mr. Shantilal Shah, Bombay's Health and Labour Minister, casts the following pearls: "Missing a meal is the best drug. From personal experience it has proved to be effective."

May be. He might be missing it very rarely. But India's 'teeming millions' miss not one but at least two out of three main meals every day. Look up their emaciated bodies and the mortality returns.

As a contrast to the above effusion of Mr. Shah, Mr. R. V. K. Ku-

mar Chaudhari, MP advises 'good people' to 'eat a little more than you want.'

—Having no means to take even a square meal daily, let alone 'more', the only thing the majority have to do is to eat the humble pie.

Mossadeq is reported to be in good humour. When told he had a slight fever he retorted, 'But so has the world itself.' Again when told that his heart-beat was a little irregular, he enquired, 'What about Zahedi's? How does that beat?'—Press report of a Teheran message dated 9th September.

—If foxy Mossadeq keeps up his spirits thus, he will come out successfully through the ordeal. As a follower of Mahatma's non-violence doctrine let us hope the pulses of both Mossadeq and Zahedi may remain normal, and their hearts beat in unison, now and in future too. Who knows, often the impossible happens in Iran!

The 240,000-mile trip to the moon is far, far off—A London news item.

—May be, but those who are already moon-struck (and this is one of India's specialties) go to the moon and come back in the twinkling of an eye.

Bees attack Bombay MLAs—An 'Army' of bees rushes towards a party of Bombay MLAs, and two or three of them were severely stung. —A stinging report in a newspaper.

—We hope none of the MLAs was in charge of the Cottage Industries Departments, and that retaliation is not suspected.

Monkeys took away the picture of a God from a mandir, also the eye-glasses of a journalist. — An

Ahmedabad press message.

—It seems the monkeys are more religiously-minded than many men out there—the Manchester of India! They wanted to do their 'namaskar' to the God privately. It also seems they had a grudge against the scribe who, they thought, was sending reports about their depredations through his tinted glasses.

A monkey took away a lady's watch which was lying on the table —Tale of another smart simian.

—Probably he wanted to present it to his fiancée who had seen it worn by the lady.

A cup of tea for the English is a psychological safety-valve. When your nerves are on edge....when you want a good cry....put the kettle on for a cup of tea.—Trudy Bliss in a BBC broadcast.

—We should suggest the Government of India to send a number of big boxes of BOP tea to Egypt for the use of the British troops if and when they bid salaams to the soil, with tears in their eyes, with a song on their tongues, 'Good-bye Ismailiah, good-bye Egypt, fair and square!

India is all fire and passion. Desiring Kashmir she is determined to assuage that desire (to win Kashmir), no matter whatever the consequences. Thus India is bold enough to court Kashmir in public and callous enough to take her by force if she come not willingly.—(Begum) Zeb-un-Nissa Hamidullah in a Karachi paper.

—Madame, we beg to differ in all humility? India believes, to repeat the oft-quoted phrase of Churchill, to 'hold what we have.' There's no question of wooing or winning.

Sandy was learning to play the bagpipes. One night, while he strutted about the room skirling for all he was worth, his wife ventured a mild protest. "That's an awfu' noise ye're making," she said.

Sandy stopped playing, sat down and took off his shoes, then got up and resumed his piping in his stockinged feet.

A man from the country saw an article in a music shop, but could not understand the purpose for which it was used. "What's that thing for?" he asked an assistant.

"That, sir, is a chin rest," he was told; "they are used quite a lot by lady violinists."

The man from the country grinned. "Give me one," he said. Then, after a slight pause, he added: "No I'll take two. The wife's mother is staying with us."

A father went to see his son's headmaster to see how the boy was doing. The principal, after some thought, said: "Mr. Benson, your son will probably go down in history—"

Pride surged through the parent. "Oh, fine!" he said.

The principal raised his eyebrows and continued, "but then, of course, we hope he may do better in some of the other subjects."

"My fiancée is terribly deaf, and I'm in awful trouble, Jack."

"Well?"

"I had to yell so loudly when I proposed to her that the girl next door has sued me for breach of promise."

"Look here, Mrs. Murphy, why have you been hitting my little Bobby?"

"I hit him because he was rude and called me a fat old pig."

"But, good gracious, Mrs. Murphy, you ought to know better than that. Hitting my Bobby won't do you any good; what you ought to do is to start dieting."

A woman tourist in Africa was admiring a native warrior's necklace. "What are those things?" she asked.

"Alligator teeth, ma'am," replied the native.

"Oh, I see. I suppose they have the same value for your people that pearls have for us."

"Not quite," he answered gravely. "Anybody can open an oyster."

The famous artist's likeness of the magnate's wife was not pleasing to the wealthy one. Remonstrating with the artist, he complained: "Why, you've got the plainest woman I've ever seen on that canvas."

"Maybe," replied the painter, "but if you wanted me to paint a peach, why did you bring me a lemon?"

A film star spent a week-end at a New York hotel. On leaving, he presented the manager with a huge box of flowers, saying:

"These are for the telephone operators."

"What a nice compliment," said the manager.

"Compliment—don't be a fool," retorted the film star. "It's a wreath. I thought they were dead."

A nervous-looking little man sidled into the income-tax inspector's office. He was looking around dubiously when an official came up. "Did you want anything?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," mumbled the little man. "That is — er — I thought I'd just like to see the people I work for!"

They were canoeing in the moonlight. "How bright the stars are tonight," he said. "Almost as

bright as—"

"Oh, you flatterer!" she ejaculated.

"As they were last night," he continued, calmly.

Supper had been ready for a long time when Mr. Hempsley stole into the house and hung up his hat.

"Henry," called his wife from the dining-room, "what do you mean by being two hours late?"

"But darling, I've been run over," he protested from the hall.

"Well, what of it?" she demanded, coldly. "It doesn't take two hours to get run over."

"Madam, your dog has bitten a piece out of my leg."

"Quite impossible! The dog is a darling simply loathes meat."

"This is a shocking report."

"Latin, poor; French indifference."

"Mathematics, bad; Conduct, fair."

"I admit it's not up to much."

"Dad. But just look at that."

"Health, excellent."

"Love Life And Show Business Do Not Go Well"

HOLLYWOOD (INS) Famous comedienne Betty and Jane Keane sister act since the heyday of the Duncan sisters, who that stage jokes are fine "but goad makes gals, don't put cracks on the men in your legs."

The tumultuous twosome led ed this bit of wisdom the way. Betty lamented:

"Our boy friends used to appear like mad until we figured out why. It was because we let 'em have the last laugh—even the first giggle!"

"Producer Cy Howard once me," interrupted Jane, "that was too difficult to make up a girl like me. He said, 'you are all the answer.'"

"But boy, you ought to see now. We let the guys tell all jokes."

"Yes," added Betty, "when guy tells me a joke I know I've heard it 555 times. I've over a whole new book and stopped being the life of the party."

The Keans, exact opposites looks and personality (Jane Keane glamorous Greer Garson and Betty looks like a blonde Imogene Coca), are two of most likeable gals that ever had an affinity (CQ) for show business.

Their satires on Marilyn Monroe, Louella Parsons and Zsa Zsa Gabor are currently convulsing customers at Hollywood's new club.

Ciro's night club.

But all has not been one joke for the dynamic duo.

Until recently we've our share of bad luck" Betty lamented. "We were always parts in shows that never Broadway and booking agents were always missing our club acts."

"And I remember one time played in Philadelphia—was so bad even the owner of the show up."

Like Marilyn Monroe, the insist they hit the professional jackpot only after "we quit gling!"

At this juncture the beaming Jane got up to take a tance phone call.

"Boy friends!" shrugged "Our phone bill looks like National War Debt! That happens to gals who travel living. Love life and show business just don't mix. But a gal can't give up. She's got to on trying!"

Shooting an affectionate at Jane, the clownish Betty ed:

"Of course she does better I do for obvious reasons!"

At this point a pal interjected: "Oh, I don't know. During show last night I heard a say you had a 'terrific sality.'"

"Aw, you're kidding," Betty. "Say, did you get his number?"

Bathing Beauty And Million

NEW SHAPE OF PARIS FASHIONS TO COME

BY PHYLLIS BATTELLE

NEW YORK.

U. S. WOMEN today have taken their pictorial peek at the allegedly shocking Paris styles and saw that (1) hemlines are not really as radical as reported, (2) but hip and bustline shapes are!

The evidence was unfolded in the form of just-released photos of the hoity-toity Paris designers' collections, withheld until now to prevent wholesale copying of the styles.

The pictures indicate that hemlines remain the same distance from the ground except in the collection of Paris potentate Christian Dior. And even Dior's clothes are only one to two inches shorter at most.

But in the matter of silhouette—many important changes were editorially overlooked, apparently, in the tizzy over skirt lengths.

Bustlines were exaggerated to surprisingly globular proportions in many of the collections. Hiplines were either whittled down to a state where an extra stalk of celery would show, or they were belled out in half-moon shape from unbelted waists.

Photos of the Dior group show a surprising new suit style, which features a slim skirt tapering to almost nothing at the top-calf. It is teamed up with a wide, wide box jacket, collarless, with a great flat bow flopping casually at the hemline of the jacket in the centre front.

DRASTIC SWITCH

Dior also showed silk coats of such extreme width that, considering the new slightly shorter lengths they appear to be almost "five-by-five". They have shoulders which seem to melt into elbow length sleeves, and their fullness, at least a dozen yards in width, is gathered into the shoulder and sleeve seams.

After a year and a half of strictly slim lines, and of up-and-down coats, this is a drastic switch in silhouette.

Madame Schiaparelli, another trend-setter, followed the mammoth look in coats. She, also, showed shoulder-lines that reached almost to the elbow, giving a wide batwing effect when the arms are raised.

Jacques Fath, one of the younger geniuses in the Paris couture, featured pantaloons-hemmed frocks. These were both short and ankle-length dresses of rich silk chiffon which curved under at the hemline like traditional harem skirts.

Fath also showed suits with jackets so wide that they jutted inches away from the slender skirts at the hipline. His evening dresses are usually low-cut in the neckline, and made with a built-in skirt construction which holds out the fabric like a balloon-like hoop.

The look of more fullness indicated by the Paris pictures, indicates there will be another move away from the severe simplicity and pencil-slim line which American manufacturers showed this year for the third straight winter.

Yet, confusingly, the word-of-mouth and word-of-typewriter news from Paris when the collections were shown early this month concentrated almost doggedly on the comparatively minor lift in hemlines.

Rest easy, ladies, on the subject of hems.

But think twice on the problem of shape.

The camera doesn't lie.

Dollar Mermaid ESTHER WILLIAMS COMBINES CAREER AND FAMILY LIFE

ESTHER Williams is a girl who parlayed beauty, a bathing suit, a championship ability to swim and an entrancing smile into world wide fame.

Since the time she made her first technicoloured splash onto the world's screens, she has made her feat of becoming a national champion in two years look mild by comparison with the progress she has made in the highly competitive movie realm.

In 1951 she was named "The World's Most Popular Actress" and this year, among other awards, she was named "The Actress of the Year" and "The Queen of the South African Screen" for the second year in succession.

Born in Los Angeles August 8, she's the youngest of four children of Lou and Bula Williams. Her two older sisters, Maureen and June, are married and have two daughters each. Her brother David is married and has a boy and girl.

Esther's love of swimming came to her naturally, for her family used to take her frequently to the beach. When she was eight, a public playground was built near her home, largely through the efforts of her mother's PTA activities. Esther earned her swimming time by counting towels—one hour's free swimming for every hundred towels.

She attended public schools, Los Angeles City College and the University of Southern California. When she was 15, the Los Angeles Athletic Club coaches saw her swim and suggested that if she would work very hard, they thought she could become a champion in four years.

"I can't wait that long," replied Esther. "I'll do it in two or not at all." And she did, winning the women's outdoor nationals at Des Moines in the 100-metre free style, and was a member of the champion 200 and 400-metre medley relay teams. She also set a record for the 100-metre breast stroke that year.

The nationals were the tryouts for the Olympics to be held in Helsinki, Finland, and Esther was in training to carry the US colours in the greatest of all sports events when the war came along, and the meet was cancelled.

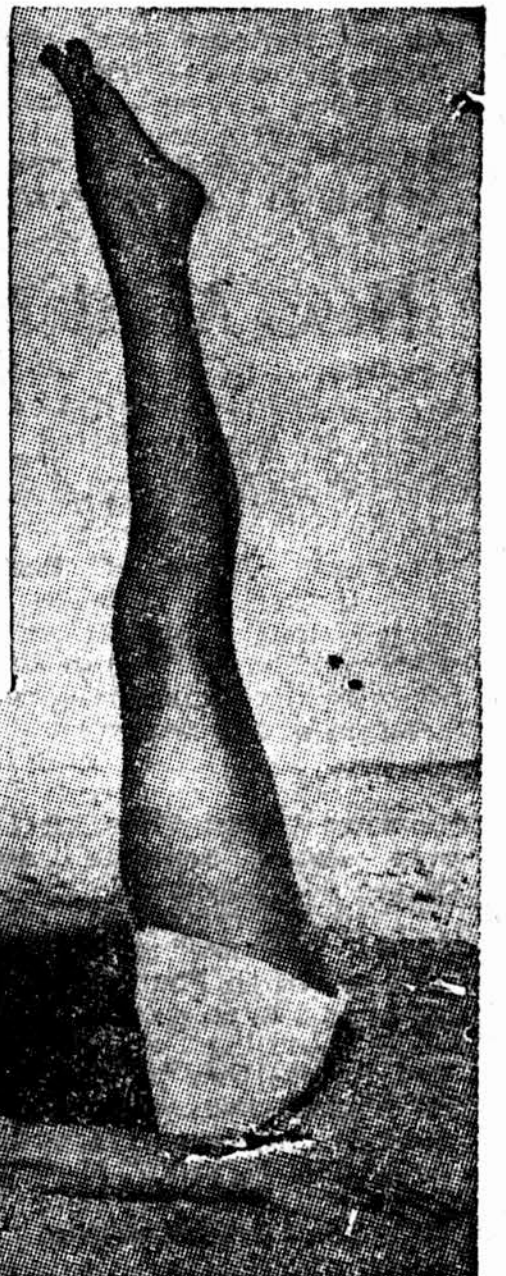
Practical Esther decided she couldn't eat medals and promptly got a job modeling at Magnin's in Los Angeles. Soon thereafter, Billy Rose, planning the Aquacade at the San Francisco World's Fair, heard about the champion swimmer. He made her such an attractive offer that she decided to turn professional. For the entire run of the fair she was star of the show.

Esther soon had movie offers galore. But she felt that she was a swimmer and not an actress, and for almost a year after she returned home and went back to her job of modelling, she shied away from the studios.

But one day, an M-G-M representative offered her a contract which assured her a chance to study and prepare herself before facing the cameras. It was a challenge and Esther decided to accept it.

Her first starring picture, "Bathing Beauty", was a success all over the world. It is still the most successful American motion picture ever shown in Europe. In some South American countries, swimming scenes from her films since then are so popular they have to be screened twice in order to satisfy customer demand.

In November 1945, Esther married Ben Gage. They have two sons, Benjie, born August 6, 1949, and Kimmie, born October 30, 1950.



ESTHER WILLIAMS...combines career, happy life with her husband, interesting activity as head of various business enterprises—and happy motherhood as mom to two active youngsters...likes simple foods—a variety of salads; fresh vegetables cooked with little water; lean meats and raw fruits...is Hollywood's greatest enthusiast about antiques...home decorated in Early American motif...does own hair...uses only lipstick and seldom wears perfume or cologne...loves tailored clothes...has remarkably even disposition...isn't much on letter writing...called "Es" by her friends and family...knows how to sew but doesn't like to...and, contrary to her position as the million dollar mermaid—she has one of Hollywood's smallest swimming pools!

Wanted New Stars Who Haven't Used Up Their Quota

HOLLYWOOD (INS): What has happened to the good old rootin' tootin' night club brawls is the big question in Hollywood today.

Erudite Charlie Morrison, owner of the plush Mocambo restaurant, one of the Tinseltown's most fabulous night clubs, blames it on plunging salaries.

"Even big time stars have a lot less money to spend on fire water," he said.

Herman Hover, mischievous-minded boss of world-famed Ciro's quipped: "Maybe it's because Errol Flynn is in Europe."

Whatever the reason, stars are tippin'-o-ing in their own back yards for there hasn't been a major headline scuffle at the two top rug-cutting palaces in more than a year. Gay and glittering were the days when Frank Sinatra, Ava Gardner, Sid Luft, Oleg Castani, Howard Duff, Cara Williams, Errol Flynn, Franchot Tone, Barbara Payton and Tom Neal were glamorously slugging their way into the nation's front pages by way of the night club circuit.

Hover, a short stocky fellow with a yen for judo, remembered only too well. He recalled the days he had a boxing ring on the roof where hot-rod personalities could let off steam.

"We don't need it anymore," he said sadly. "All the real rip-snorters seemed to have disappeared into a good behaviour school." The restaurantier complained that movie "names" are being press-agented into thinking the knock-down-drag-'em-out type of publicity is passe.

"This is professional suicide," he protested. "Look at Errol Flynn, Lana Turner, George Raft, Ginger Rogers and Marilyn Monroe.

"They all are two-fisted, red-blooded people who landed on top not only because of talent but because they aren't afraid of a blaring headline.

"Not all press agents try to squelch a player's natural desire to parade in public, but those who do are crazy.

"It's like muzzling Zsa Zsa Gabor."

Hover has his own peculiar rules about nightery set-to's. "We don't mind a fight when it happens, but we don't go out looking for it," he said.

As inmost top-flight night clubs, Hover's quota is three fights and out. After the third brawl the offender is barred for good.

"What we need," he laughed, "is some new picture stars who haven't used up their quota."

Widow Murdered Forty "Husbands"

Mass murderers are usually men. But the world was startled by news of a woman mass murderer nearly fifty years ago when the fiendish Belle Guinness began her amazing career of crime.

Buying a farm near La Porte, Indiana, U.S. she went to live there and then put sensational, appealing advertisements in a matrimonial magazine. She required a kind husband who would be willing to pay off a mortgage.

Man after man fell victim to the wily, 42-year-old widow's charms after being lured to the lonely farmhouse.

Immediately she got possession of their cash, she murdered them in cold blood, and buried them. She was a big, strong woman and for seven years she went on killing men.

She dispatched forty men and netted about £30,000 in mortgage money and insurance before the Sheriff got on her track. But Belle outwitted him. She set fire to the farmhouse and disappeared. Nobody has ever heard of her since.

Queen Can Appear REGAL WITHOUT Looking Matronly

HOLLYWOOD, (INS).

RED-HAIRED Maureen O'Hara had some womanly advice for England's Queen Elizabeth "she should do something about her bustline, otherwise she's such a pretty girl."

Maureen, who needs no instruction along these lines, Britons have a longing to see their attractive sovereign, looking like a younger counterpart of Queen Victoria.

Maureen indicated if she had anything to do with it she would fire the royal cor-setier.

But her revolutionary suggestions to uplift the Queen's bustline do not apply to the uplift of the hemline.

"I think short skirts make a woman look horsey, ungainly and awkward," she said, "and I wouldn't be caught in one."

Two Giants Go At It

THE preceding chapters tell how the famous American botanist and chemist, born of slave parents, receives his education, and begins his work in chemistry and agricultural experiments at Tuskegee Institute for Negroes in the American South. During the years, many honours and offers of positions come his way, but he devotes himself to Tuskegee.

ONLY the privileged few—teachers, students, or visitors—ever entered Dr. Carver's laboratory. Whoever entered must be first of all an earnest seeker after truth, not a mere curiosity seeker. As the work became heavier, the question of an able assistant in the Experimental Department became more and more imminent. Several promising students were tried out, but none of them quite satisfied Dr. Carver.

Carver was now past seventy. When in 1934 Dr. Fred D. Patterson became president of Tuskegee, he set himself immediately to convince Dr. Carver that he must accept help in his laboratory research.

New Assistant

Dr. Patterson had in mind a young student at Cornell—Austin Curtis, Jr., now graduated and teaching Agriculture at a college in North Carolina. And he sent for him.

The fall session of 1935 was about to start at Tuskegee and teachers and students were assembling. There was an air of gaiety in the dining hall. Faculty members and students who had not seen each other since June were greeting one another with shouts of delight. Then, after they were seated, someone nudged Carver and whispered,

"There he comes, Dr. Carver. There's your new assistant." He looked up. Four or five young men had just entered the hall and stood hesitating at the door. It was obvious they were all new. He scanned them anxiously. Which one? As they moved forward, one figure held his attention—tall, well set, with a pleasing smile as he turned to his companions.

But it was the eyes which drew him—keen, deep-set eyes. They were the eyes of one who "saw." Carver leaned over and said, "That one—I hope 'that's' the one!"

Just then, at a nod from a waiter, "that one" moved away from the others and coming directly to his table, held out his hand and said with sincere deference:

"Dr. Carver, I'm Austin Curtis." Afterwards, they walked together to the office. The young man was disturbed because the great man said so little. Only: "What are you interested in?" "What do you plan to do?" and "Well, look around, get acquainted. I'll let you know when I need you." Then, he was dismissed.

Was he accepted?

Godliness

He had heard much regarding Dr. Carver's eccentricities and yet—

"I'd never seen a kinder face," Austin Curtis says today. "It was more than kind. Later I knew the quality I recognized that morning was—godliness. There is no other word."

But that September morning he walked away wondering. He had never been in Alabama before and he was attracted by the plant life about him. He saw red clay and thought of the paints Carver had drawn from them. From a magnolia tree over his head he picked a cone with its red seeds. Some of the seed crushed in his hand and, as he wiped his stained fingers, he wondered idly if Carver had thought of using them for paint.

The thought persisted and several evenings later—Carver had not yet sent for him—he slipped into the laboratory and began experiments. Time passed. It had grown dark outside, but Austin Curtis

paid no heed. Nor did he hear the door open, or know Carver was behind him, until he held the glass tube high squinting at it.

Then the question came, close at his elbow, "What is it?" Without turning his head, Curtis answered, "Paint." Then suddenly realizing, he did turn and stammer, "I—I—"

"From what?"

"Magnolia seeds. I—"

Carver took the tube. Now, holding it in the light and peering through, he asked severely, "Did you ever hear of anyone making paints from magnolia seeds?"

"No sir, But—it's quite clear that—"

Accepted

The chuckle stopped him. A hand pressed on his shoulder and, "You'll do, my boy. You'll do!" For the first time Carver had there behind his closed laboratory door another "seeker after wisdom."

They became inseparable.

'Curtis Brown'

In an effort to find a cheap source of pigment for rural school children, Austin Curtis developed what is now known among artists as "Curtis Browns". They are obtained from magnolia

cones. First the cones are ground to a fine powder; next inoculated with bacteria and allowed to ferment for a period. The fermentation process is stopped and the pigment extracted by means of crystallization. Twelve shades of brown are found.

"I am content", Carver had said, proudly.

He called his assistant "Baby". And "Baby Carver" his name became on Tuskegee campus.

Roosevelt Medal

GEORGE WASHINGTON Carver had laughed deep and turned the furrow well. He had sown good seed and carefully tended its growing. Now in the time of great need, his work was bearing fruit. For the world was at war and all the destructive agencies of war were let loose on bewildered humanity.

"With the victims of war thrown out of equilibrium in so many different ways, almost a new book will have to be written and followed up carefully in order to patch these victims or restore them to normalcy. In all this, chemistry must play a major part."

These were Carver's words, spoken before the New York Herald Tribune Forum in New York City, where he had been called in 1939 to receive the Roosevelt Medal.

The citation said, "For distinguished service in the field of science, to a scientist humbly seeking the guidance of God and a liberator to men of the white race, as well as the black."

It was a great honour, but Dr. Carver hardly had time to receive it. All the roads he had followed for so many years now merged and brought him to the place where a great American could serve the world.

Henry Ford

It was during these busy days that Carver met Henry Ford. The



Dr. G. W. Carver

meeting proved auspicious for black man and white. They became warm friends. For the two of them—the powerful industrial magnate and the simple worker—nevertheless had much in common.

They were probably born the same year. Both had left the farm, restless, searching working their way, driven by some consuming urge. That the white boy's way was somewhat easier, that the sight of a clumsy, steam-driven engine moving on the road was the inspiration of his life-work, that he moved through privation, poverty and mockery until at last he devised the first Ford car—these are but matters of circumstance. The passion for work was not yet satisfied, his ideals not reached. Henry Ford was still searching. All that he had heard of Carver, the constant diligence, the ceaseless toil, the unconquered spirit—these things intrigued him.

At their first meeting, there was mutual respect in their hand clasp. Carver bowed with old-world courtesy but there was a twinkle in his eye, a smile upon his face which said, "Here is a

man I'm glad to meet."

Instinctively, Ford recognized that there was a man whose modesty lay in an ego only matched by his own—an ego that identified itself with all the universe and which doubles, triples, infinitely multiplies the personality. With his God, the Earth belonged to Carver. Therefore, he had no wants.

So they became friends. And friendship to two such men meant work and more work, now doubled in interest because of mutual sharing.

Already Henry Ford had gone far in the development and experiments with soya beans. Close to the Ford Engineering Laboratories in Dearborn, Michigan, are thousands of acres of bean fields. These soya beans represented a step in Ford's programme toward permanent plenty. His experiments along this line had been very encouraging. In the laboratories of Ford's plants, men skilled in chemistry are converting soya beans into innumerable useful products. Carver was intensely interested in all that he heard.

Visits Dearborn

Shortly after their first meeting, Carver accepted Ford's invitation to visit Dearborn. He spent some time there and upon his return immediately turned to several new experiments using soya beans instead of peanuts. Soon he had turned out a plastic material which Ford was able to utilize in certain parts of his cars.

With his interest now drawn to the South, Ford bought a large tract of land fifteen miles from Savannah, Georgia, and transformed the section into a huge, busy, prosperous farming acreage and experimental stations. Hardwoods were cut down in the swamp portions, two schools were built, farmers were supplied with

CARVER MEETS HENRY FORD

By SHIRLEY GRAHAM AND
GEORGE D. LIPSCOMB

equipment, model homes were erected and acres of goldenrod were planted. The goldenrod was to be used in experiments for producing rubber!

Carver planned this project with him. Carver's clay paint was used on the buildings. He showed the people how to utilize every bit of material on the land, designed and planned special features for their houses.

They enjoyed this work together, trying out new ideas, discarding those which did not get results, turning wasted lands and peoples into ways of usefulness.

Now, for the first time and in spite of his failing strength Carver left Tuskegee, and, accompanied by Austin Curtis, entered a special laboratory equipped for him at the Ford Motor Company in Dearborn. With only a few chosen assistants, Carver worked behind closed doors. When he was finally interviewed he said only that "the laboratory would try to find new uses for agricultural products."

He saw clearly before him a new era in which "there will be produced from crops grown on the farm, products superior in quality to items in use today, possessing features demanded as a result of modern trends, the restoration of purchasing power and economic balance between farm and industry; making available to a large group necessities that would not be otherwise within their financial grasp."

Many men must be trained, unlimited research must be under-

had been nothing," having dedicated his hands to "creating the future." Carver kept his promise to T. Washington to "LIFT A RACE FROM DEGRADATION TO FULL MANHOOD," it now seemed he was giving back to the nation what it had paid him for his services.

But Dr. Carver knew that was planting more rich seeds in the garden of time.

Man Of The Year

THE outside world would let him alone. The International Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians chose Carver as the man of the year (1940) who had contributed most to science.

In New York City, distinguished scholar Franz Boas presented a steepled dark man with a broad plaque for "distinguished service to humanity." Carver had been ignoring the advice of physicians and now his response went majoring out over the air. Men moved by his sincerity. They were red at his insight and they lived in delight at his keen wisdom.

A moving-picture company brought its cameras to Tuskegee to record the story of his life. Though this was a tremendous strain on his failing strength, he co-operated in every way. Whaps some other poor boy would be discouraged.

Betsy Graves Reyneau came to paint him, but she did not paint that he "sat" for the picture. "I wanted to catch him at work, wearing the big, white, mud-stained shoes caked with mud, his hands tenderly touching the flowers he loved so much. I felt he should be out in the sunlight."

Carver lived now in Dorothy Hall and took his meals in his own room. Everything was done to save him, but except on one occasion he rose each morning and went to his laboratory.

Carver lived now in Dorothy Hall and took his meals in his own room. Everything was done to save him, but except on one occasion he rose each morning and went to his laboratory.

National Shrine

In November, 1942, a bill introduced in the U.S. Congress providing that a corner of an old log cabin on a deserted hill in Missouri be transformed into a national shrine!

The New York Herald Tribune said, "We believe that Carver should act so that this humble man whose name is on the lips of men in a new land may be a present reminder of the American people to freedom of opportunity for men alike."

There was no gaiety in Dorothy Hall on New Year's Day. Dr. Carver lay in a darkened room on the second floor.

Two weeks before on a December morning, he had while it was still dark and in his custom, started out for the side porch. As he stepped the ice and fallen. The boys heard his cry and hurried to help him. Two boys passing on campus rushed across and helped him to his feet all day.

To The Land

"Don't go. We'll take you stairs. You must lie down."

(Continued on Page 21)

Space Ship Becomes A Celestial Body FLIGHT TO MARS Moving In Its Own Orbit In Gravity-Less Space

THERE are no insurmountable difficulties in the way of building a space ship that could reach Mars. But will man's body be able to stand the trip?

If it were fantastic fiction, it might read like this: "Unstrapping himself from his bunk, the space travelling crewman rolled over and lazily swam through the air to the exercise lockers. Taking out a tension spring, he stretched his arms and legs for several minutes. Then, breathing lightly, he swam forward to the navigation compartment."

The picture may seem fantastic—but it's not fiction. It is a sober illustration drawn by scientists of the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine who are working on the human elements involved in flight through space. Stimulated by a panel discussion on space medicine held last year at the School of Aviation Medicine, prominent American civil scientists, as well as those of the Air Force, have been exploring the possibilities.

Space flight is no longer a mere dream. Serious researchers consider interstellar travel a certainty, and the first flight only a matter of time. Not too distant at that.

Solution to the major engineering problem—propulsion—now awaits only the development of an adequate engine to power the rockets. Engineers are working on the physical problems of space flight. Motors, metals, construction designs, storage space, controls are all under consideration.

But before and after the physicists and engineers get finished, the human equation remains paramount. Several major questions are posed to the investigators. Man needs an earth-like environment to live, and the requirements are known. Many of the conditions that will be faced in space are unknown. But earth conditions can only be partly simulated in space—and space conditions even less on earth.

What changes and adaptations will body make away from earth? How will men compensate for gravity? How will human reactions and thinking, sometimes too slow for today's autos, adapt to incredible speeds? What about eating—and breathing?

Some of the answers are already known. Experience derived from submarines and pressure cabin aircraft has provided an operating base for such questions as climatization of the ship; elimination of expired carbon dioxide, water vapour and body wastes; and the maintenance of a comfortable temperature.

Despite general misconceptions, the question of oxygen, for instance, would be comparatively simple. "Only perhaps half a ton of oxygen would be necessary," said Dr. Hubertus Strughold, one of the space medicine men of the School of Aviation Medicine, "for each man on a trip to Mars and back. In fact, by just increasing the oxygen content a trifle in the air originally pumped into the interior of the ship, that air would be healthy for breathing for several weeks."

Food and water would be matters merely of storage. Refrigeration and cooking present no problem. Choice would depend on whatever combination of storage area and taste

senses and the vestibular, or balancing apparatus. That is, the person feels, as well as sees, the relation of other objects, to himself. In the spaceship, the gravareceptors cannot be utilized. As a result, orientation in space will depend upon vision. For instance, appearance alone will tell a man that he is upside down—in relation to the ship, of course, since there is no 'up-side-down' in space."

Investigators do not know whether man can adjust a purely optical orientation, but

fact, crew members will probably have to force themselves to exercise with something like tension springs, just to keep their muscles from atrophying.

Ratings, Tools

Because of lack of gravity, however, details of living will require considerable adaptation on the part of the crew. Eating and drinking will require special tools. For instance, it would be impossible to drink from a cup—or even through a straw—since there would be no weight to keep the liquid inside the container.

A special sealed pump would be needed to force the beverage into the mouth. Dining will require special clamps instead of spoons and forks. Uncontained the food would simply be thrown to the ceiling by lifting movements.

When the space flier exercises, or simply sits reading, he will probably have to fasten himself to the wall or to a fixed piece of furniture. Otherwise, almost any of his movements will send him, gracefully but unintentionally, floating through the air in the ship.

His bed, instead of a flat bunk, will be a semi-circular trough, upholstered for comfort, and covered with strong netting of straps to keep him floating away every time he turns over in his sleep. Excellent forced ventilation sys-

tems have been pre-determined before launching to meet its destination at a given point. Motors will be used only on take-offs and landings—unless correction of the orbit should be needed in flight. Otherwise, the ship will take care of itself. The crew will become passengers. They will, of course, be expected to make constant scientific observations—but as actual "crew" they won't be active again until landing.

More Positive

Something the scientists have more positive information about is what will happen on take-offs and landings. After the take-off, the doctors anticipate that the crew will be subject to accelerations with a pressure about four times the gravity of the earth, for a period up to nine minutes. Experiments with huge centrifuges have shown that such accelerations can be tolerated without too much difficulty as long as the crew is properly positioned. If boosters are used which might bring the acceleration pressure up to six to ten times gravity, danger periods, say from immobilization of respiration, would only last about 20 seconds.

Another great complex of problems for which there is still no answer arises from the question of whether a man can think fast

enough—whether the velocity of mental processes involved in control of the ship will compare with the speed of the spaceship itself. "So we get Mars," asks Joe Doakes. "Then what? War between the worlds?"

No, Mr. Doakes, not according to the scientists. Researchers do not entirely discount the possibility of some form of animal on Mars. They do say, from astronomical findings, that if it does exist, it will be tiny and unlike any terrestrial forms.

Hazards

Except that the earthman would have to stay close to home—to his ship.

Were his pressure suit to open in the Martian atmosphere, he would be unconscious from lack of oxygen within 15 seconds, and dead shortly afterwards.

Not practical, Mr. Doakes? Why waste time and money—possibly lives—on the propositions? There's no money or other advantage in it. Let Drs. Haber and Strughold tell more about that. "Of course, there won't be any gold brought back. Nor enterprising colonies of earthman populating Mars. But the scientific return alone would be incalculable in ultimate value. Samples brought back to earth would provide possibly even a new era for geologists, botanists, biologists, astronomers, meteorologists. Knowledge would be increased a thousand-fold. The possibilities for research and application would be literally without limit. The practical return, too, would be enormous. Weather forecasting—and even control—now more or less sketchy, would be practically infallible from space, where weather processes could be completely followed from beginning to end. The profits to agriculture alone in one year as a result of absolute weather forecasting would amount to many times all the expenses.

Aside from ultimate applications of space travel, the doctors emphasize that more immediate use of their findings can be made. Plans are on the boards today for planes that will fly at 100,000 feet—and possibly make the trip from New York to Paris in less than an hour. Conditions likely to be met at such heights and speeds will closely approximate those of interstellar space. Intercontinental passengers will be, in essence, space travellers.

P. G. K.



The shape of things to come has attracted the attention of scientists and lovers of fantastic stories all over the world, while space ships seem much in the news because man endeavours to conquer or study the other world. In "Man from Planet.", You see one such adventure.

No 'Up-Side-Down' In Space

are continuing experiments to find an answer.

Essential difficulties as far as respiration, heart and circulation are concerned, are not anticipated by School of Aviation Medicine researchers.

"The bodily activities may slow down a little," said Dr. Strughold, "because of the lesser demand on them as a result of weightlessness. Metabolism, for instance, will probably slow down to the basal rate; that is, the same rate as when a person is sleeping. The heart rate may slow down a trifle, and breathing become shallower because less oxygen is needed. Less food will be eaten than normally, because less energy is expended. In

tem will be a must—if only to blow a man's breath away.

Without a strong draft, expired air would remain in front of the space flier's face until breathed in again, resulting ultimately in asphyxiation unless the spaceman pushed it away with his hands every time he exhaled.

Otherwise, the reactions should have no more harmful effects than would a long rest. Except that the men may have to consciously fight against laziness—and perhaps boredom.

Even "steering" the space ship won't be necessary. Once in space the ship will be essentially a celestial body. Its course, actually its orbit, will

be determined by the velocity of mental processes involved in control of the ship will compare with the speed of the spaceship itself.

"So we get Mars," asks Joe Doakes. "Then what? War between the worlds?"

No, Mr. Doakes, not according to the scientists. Researchers do not entirely discount the possibility of some form of animal on Mars. They do say, from astronomical findings, that if it does exist, it will be tiny and unlike any terrestrial forms.

Light Weight

Before any political questions enter, however, a whole new set of physiological adaptations will

Mistook It!

Farmer Jones sent his new boy to the village railway station to pick up a chicken-coop he was expecting.

"Good gracious," shouted Jones when the boy returned, "what do you suppose you've got there?"

"Your chicken-coop, and I nearly broke my back lifting it." "Chicken-coop," roared the farmer. "That's no chicken-coop. That's the station waiting-room!"

Shrin

Gravity Problem

On the other hand there are several major physiological problems chiefly that of reduced gravity. The source of this weight on this earth arises from gravitational force. Muscular strength and sensomotor nervous systems are adapted to this gravitational pull. In a ship in space, gravity is practically weightless. "In a gravity-free space, the body will be exactly as light as the surrounding air in the ship," explained Dr. Heinz Haber, one of the space medicine researchers. "Thus, swimming movements will propel the crewmen through the air as the movements of a fish through water. Of course, once the weight had worn off, he would prefer to pull himself along on a series of hand-

Similarly," Haber, continued, "on the earth, orientation is effected by perception through the eyes and the vestibular receptors (the pressure

WHERE GIANT APES KIDNAP WOMEN

Behind The Jungle Curtain In Equatorial Africa

Attilio Gatti, famed explorer, describes an immense zone of mystery in the heart of Equatorial Africa where life assumes strange forms and proportions.

STRADDLING the Equator lies a huge country of shadow, fear, and mystery which covers half the Belgian Congo and a good part of French Equatorial Africa. With scarcely a break this almost impenetrable belt stretches from the Sudan borders on the north to about the middle of Lake Tanganyika. It is the primeval equatorial forest.

Every now and then some stubborn white man has ventured into this alien world; for days and weeks has cut his way, step by step, through an infernal entanglement which seems interwoven with every possible tree, bush, creeper, and nettle on earth.

But his strength has very soon become exhausted and he has been compelled to run away before forfeiting his life—as many others have done before him—without having scratched more than the edges of this immense region, the greater part of which is known to no one, black or white.

No Man Has Dared

There are thousands of square miles of the Ituri Forest, into which I plunged with my eighth African expedition into this region which no white has yet explored, which no native has dared to enter, whose borders not even the pygmies, the true sons of the forest, have passed.

Fear and superstition alone create these mental borders, which only exceptionally are marked by a river, a swamp, or a clearing. But their power is so strong that even where no visible sign denotes their position, no native will cross them.

"Bwana," they murmur, "we must return."

Where Death Lurks

In the indescribable muddle of vegetation everything looks the same; no change can be distinguished beyond the point where the pygmies stop and the porters of the caravan suddenly and simultaneously drop their loads.

"Bwana," insist the pygmies, "there is death."

And their laughing, childish faces grow grave and serious.

One doesn't feel, doesn't see, anything different. But the inexorable border exists, even if only in their own minds. And if you are determined to pass it, it usually means that you are left alone and lost in the forest, for at your first attempt to advance guides and porters, otherwise good and reliable, will take to their heels, crazed with terror.

Why? Demanding an explanation of these terrors brings little satisfaction. "I don't know," natives answer, with sullen, almost hostile faces.

The pygmies diligently scratch their potato-like noses.

"We cannot understand you, bwana," they answer, forgetting that until a moment before they have understood you perfectly; and begin once more to grasp every word of yours as soon as, discouraged, you decide to turn back to civilisation once again.

But with plenty of patience, keeping eyes and ears well open, you notice a word frequently re-

peated with certain expressions, an unconscious gesture, a furtive glance. And when the native begins to know you well, to gain an affection for you and to have confidence in you, you can obtain, if you are very tactful and very patient, some information, some detail.

Then the extraordinary creatures which, according to the natives, reign in the secret parts of the forest take form and name.

All Hair And No Feathers

There is the mulahu, a big animal with a coat of long hair, black on the back, white on the other part of the body. It lives only in the cavities of the great trees which its poisonous presence is supposed to have killed.

Farewell to him who is seen by the 'mulahu,' for it at once tears from its face a handful of the hairs that cover it and blows them to a great distance where they penetrate the eyes and nose of its victim, destroying him.

Next comes the NDEGI, a bird so enormous and powerful that in one minute it can reduce to a pulp the strongest man. This

of Nature life assumes strange forms and proportions.

Even on the edges of the forest the natives themselves present striking contrasts. The Watussi are giants, seven to seven and a half feet in height, handsome and intelligent. Their villages are islands of ancient Egyptian civilisation.

At the opposite end of the scale are the Bandando. Wretched in body, dirty, stupid, filled with ignorant superstitions, they are passive victims of cruel secret societies, dominated in all probability by a few chiefs and witch-doctors of other and higher races.

Then, as soon as you have travelled a mile or so into the undisturbed forest, the only human beings to be found—and then only here and there—are diminutive caricatures of men four feet high, the pygmies.

Their simian precession and habit, their prehensile feet, their uncanny way of climbing trees and slipping between the thick vegetation make them seem more monkeys than men.

In contrast, the apes of that strange world look more like prehistoric men than monkeys. They are the giant gorillas, the least known, the largest, and rarest, and most ferocious of the four anthropoids. Their similarity to man in structure and appearance is completed by the embarrassing fact of their having no tail.

Pachyderms awake the echoes

The Kingdom Of Fear

creature is invulnerable, for its skin is covered with hair instead of feathers, and is harder than the crocodile's hide.

There is the white pygmy elephant, no longer than a calf but with tusks as sharp as knives, and a trumpeting which brings instant death to anything who hears it.

Also, there are antelopes resembling somewhat the okapi, but having one long spiral horn in the middle of the forehead. These are more dangerous and ferocious than an infuriated rhino.

There are men having the coarse hair, the extraordinary strength, and the long arms of the gorilla, who kill with their huge stone knives anybody daring to enter their domain.

Apes covered with hair as red as that of the buffaloes of the forest are also found.

They walk erect as men and have native women for wives—all the native women who have disappeared when they ventured in the forest or wandered for a short distance from camp or caravan.

So the natives told me. And added that there are other creatures; so enormous in size, so strange in feature, so ferocious and cruel in character that they cannot even describe them.

Superstitious, ridiculous fears of ignorant natives, one may say.

The Giant Watussi

In part this is undoubtedly true. But these superstitions, these fears, are never born from thin air. Even if they have been tremendously exaggerated by the childish mind of primitive man, they have always a basis in fact.

And how can one scoff at these stories of theirs, when NO ONE knows exactly what this immense zone of mystery contains?

One thing, however, we do know. In these strange fastness

of the mountainous forest, but they are only half the size of the normal elephant, and are lively, agile, good-natured clowns. They are not much larger than the pigs which in this world of wonder and fear reach the extraordinary proportions of seven or eight feet in length, and five or five and a half feet in height. Such months well justify their name of giant forest hog.

Ever Seen A Bongo?

The innumerable buffaloes of the forest do not escape this distortion of form and dimension. Much smaller than the ordinary African buffalo, they lack its massive horns with the solid, bulging base and the long curved points. Their weapons are two small straight horns, no larger than those of a young cow of Europe—but beware of them. For if the buffalo of the plains and of the swamps is vicious, cunning and vindictive, his red-haired brother of the forest, so muscular and agile and quick in his movements, is ten times more dangerous.

One of the most beautiful antelopes, the bongo, hides itself in the dense trees and rank vegetation surrounding the feet of mountains so high that the sun of the Equator cannot melt the snow on their peaks. The bongo, to, is a curiosity. The pygmies firmly believe that it feeds on charred remains of burnt trees, and that during the night, scornful to lie in the mud and damp grass, it hangs by its horns from a tree.

What gave us our start was a joke which one day I played on my natives. In one of the pits we have excavated in the forest in the hope of capturing some rare animals, we found imprisoned a creature obviously carnivorous, a species I had never seen before—N. N. F.

RATHER SLEEPY



This sleepy Polar bear is not eager to see visitors and buries its nose between furry paws.

Haven Outside Iron Curtain First Aid To Escapees To Start New Life In Free World

FRANKFURT (INS).

IN QUICK succession two Czech planes, a Czech freedom tank, two Hungarian ballet dancers, a Polish jet pilot and many others fled red terror and sought political asylum in West Germany in recent months.

Who takes care of these refugees, many of whom arrive in rags, sick, friendless?

Who guides them on their way toward a new life, a new career?

Best qualified to answer these questions is Richard R. Brown, European Director of the U. S. Government sponsored escapee programme. In the following exclusive article he explains how this Europe-wide programme provides morale and material aid to the ever-growing number of escapees.

THEY come over, shabbily dressed and hungry: We clothe and feed them.

They come over, fed up with Communist ideology—we give them the morale boost they need to conceive Western Freedom and its democratic principles.

Ours has been an uphill task.

There was a time when, in the great flood of escapees, many were put in camps where they had little help to adjust themselves to freedom and consequently returned to their Communist dominated home.

Delighted over this unexpected boost, the Soviet propaganda mill immediately began to grind out derisive blasts twisting the facts to show that life under Communism is better than in the West.

Thus the need for a "help-the-escapee" programme became a must and in March 1952 the U.S. Escapee Programme was initiated.

Ever since that time the Soviet propaganda machine has had nothing to report by way of additional escapees returning to the Red paradise instead of remaining in the Free West.

CRASH INTO FREEDOM

In the year of its existence the escapee programme has proved its worth for some 4,000 escapees already enjoy freedom and new homes in 22 different countries.

But resettling them meant only the beginning of our programme.

The average escapee arriving on the Free side of the Iron Curtain usually carries nothing but his clothes.

Some come in rags, their clothes soaked in the rivers they swam through or ripped apart on the barbed wire of the Iron Curtain.

Here the U.S. Escapee programme steps in. One of the

first things it does is to make the escapee realize that the people of the Free World care about him, that it wasn't who was out of step with masters but his masters who were out of step with people.

He is given a welcome containing such items as soap, shaving cream, razor, toothbrush and paste, needle and thread and writing material.

Next the escapee is given shelter, meals, bedding and clothing. After this begins the process of rehabilitation and assistance in migrating to new country.

IN A NEW WORLD

Now the escapee—the man, woman or child without a country—begins to see that he made a wise choice in deciding to renounce his citizenship in a slave state.

He is amazed to see that not only is he taken care of but helped in obtaining citizenship in a new world, in a new country of his choice rather than in his previous country of origin.

Language training and vocational courses carried out under the direction of specialists from John Hopkins University also form parts of our programme.

Other help includes training courses as needed for work, dressmaking, manicure, and pedicure, glove, shirt, corset making, photography, auto mechanics, English shorthand and English commercial correspondence.

Under the farm programme courses teaching the use of tractors, trailer, plough and farming tools are sponsored.

The Escapee Programme even operates children's camps and pre-school children for small children.

In a nutshell, our job is to render "First Aid" to the escapees in their start at a new life in the Free World.

Paul wine, going

L' forme val r quot and v drops did hi joy ti her. at th girl n ed.

Loo the e is.... Lili once look was I the e carryi black simil light him l

"Is. asked voice. Man. "He in an afraid Pau pouri "We're told I the a You'll said t

Disse tusia matte "It's can... "Exa You'll dress and t speak talk a answer pen t night. As I Lili's She w broact the er Paul i off to His te was M cable to sto "I'm in the Angry be rig ful?" Mari "That's his lip "That's all set. Whe eyes r compati Pacquo the li gramme. "But like "We're Paul is Jacq Don't right."

way f "Find aid, di ment o class oi

DAU u



Paul joined the party at the table pouring himself a glass of wine. "We are going to take you on," he told Lili. "We are going to change the act and play it for adults. You will be paid your share."

LATE that night in Bizet's show tent, when only performers and workers of the carnival remained sitting about, Jacquot sat at a table opposite Lili and watched her mop up the last drops of gravy from her plate. It did his heart good to see her enjoy the meal he had ordered for her. From the way she had gone at the food he thought the poor girl must have been nearly starved.

Looking up in the direction of the entrance, he said, "There he is...the boss."

Lili followed his glance, and at once her expression changed to a look of puzzlement and fear. It was Paul who had appeared at the entrance of the show tent, carrying a bottle of wine. His black puppeteer's garb, his unsmiling face, and the sharp eerie light-and-shadow entrance made him look forbidding.

"Is...is 'that' the boss?" Lili asked in a frightened, nervous voice. "But that's the Angry-Man. I didn't know."

"He's all right," Jacquot replied in an undertone. "Nothing to be afraid of."

Paul joined them at the table, pouring himself a glass of wine. "We're going to take you on," he told Lili. "We're going to change the act and play it for adults. You'll be paid your share."

"Thank you very much," Lili said hesitantly.

Disappointed at her lack of enthusiasm, Paul said, "What's the matter?"

"It's just...I'm not sure I can...What could I do?"

"Exactly what you did tonight. You'll go walking by, wearing that dress and...the hair just as it is, and the puppets'll stop you and speak to you. After that you'll talk about anything...you'll just answer whatever the puppets happen to say, the way you did tonight."

As he spoke he was aware that Lili's eyes had strayed off him. She was watching someone approaching from the direction of the entrance, her face all lit up. Paul stopped talking and looked off to see what had attracted her. His face clouded with anger. It was Marc. As he passed by their table Lili rose and went forward to stop him.

"I'm going to be staying here...in the carnival," she said. "The Angry-Man gave me a job! I'll be right here. Isn't that wonderful?"

Marc patted her shoulder. "That's great," he said, pursing his lips insinuatingly toward Paul. "That's fine for everybody. You're all set, then."

When he walked off and Lili's eyes remained on him, Paul, in impatience and disgust, said to Jacquot, "It isn't going to work. The little fool isn't interested. In us 'or' the act!"

"But I am," Lili protested. "I like Carrot-Top...and the others."

"We know whom you like," Paul interrupted, silencing her.

Jacquot tried to be reassuring. "Don't worry, it's going to be all right." He rose and drew Lili away from Paul.

"Find her a place to sleep," Paul said, dismissing them with a movement of his head, and as he did he poured himself a brimming glass of wine.

PAUL's trailer was smaller than Marc's, its furnishings

By
Eric Arthur

less luxurious. The main room contained two couches, a folding table and a stove. At the end of the trailer was a small room which was separated from the other partly by a wall and partly by a curtain. Jacquot led Lili toward it. "You can use this little room back here," he said.

"Will he let me stay?"

"You'll stay," he reassured her. He picked up odds and ends of clothing lying about and took garments from their wall hooks.

Seeing this, Lili said, "I'm taking your room."

"There's a place for me inside," he said. "Now go to bed. Sleep well...and dream of magicians."

When she was alone Lili lay down on the bed. Her eyes wandered over the puppet heads hanging on the wall, then drifted out



Jacquot pushed a heap of money into Lili's hands. She glanced slyly at Paul, who pretended to be occupied with something else.

of focus. In no time at all she was dreaming: a bright beautiful dream in which Marc swirled his cape and produced as his partner, not Rosalie, but Lili, wearing an exquisitely soft and beautiful dress of chiffon. They promenaded around a glittering carnival square, stripped of people and clutter, a bejewelled fairyland. Here they danced together, whirled and glided, and always Marc admired her, adored her, wooed her. Into Bizet's show tent they glided, Marc still in pursuit. She danced wildly, gloriously, twirling to great crashing music....

THE new puppet show using Lili in unrehearsed performance with the puppets, became the most popular attraction at the carnival. Now when Jacquot went among the audience with his tambourine, the contributions flowed lavishly.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

LEFT alone in the world following her father's death, Lili seeks an old friend of her father's, a baker, in a little French village, only to discover that the baker has also died and his family has moved away. The proprietor of the store next door offers to take her in, but when she discovers that he has designs on her she turns for help to Marc the Magnificent, a handsome magician travelling with a carnival which is opening in the town. Against the wishes of his two companions, puppeteers Paul

Bertholet (a somber-faced man who limps), and Jacquot, Marc offers to take Lili back with him to the carnival and find her a job. In Monsieur Bizet's main show tent she is taken on as a waitress, but during the show she ignores her customers to watch Marc's magic act with his beautiful partner and Bizet dismisses her. Once again she turns to Marc, but having made his conquest of her heart and having discovered that she is only sixteen, he loses interest in her. Desperate, Lili decides to take her own life. She is about to climb the ladder-pole of the

death-defying dive when a voice stops her. She looks around and finds a puppet on stage nearby addressing her. He is Carrot-Top, a lovable type who seems to understand the heaviness of her heart, and draws her into conversation. Soon other puppets, Marguerite and Reynardo the Fox and the Giant, join them, and when the conversation is over the audience that has gathered applauds wildly. Lili, her despondency gone, is unaware that the voice and spirit of Carrot-Top and the other puppets is the voice of Paul, and that he has fallen in love with her.

And Lili was given an equal share of the receipts.

"That's the way the boss wants it," Jacquot said to her as he pushed a heap of money into Lili's hands. But when she glanced shyly at Paul he pretended to be occupied with something else. Only after she had gone did he look after her with a sad yearning glance. As he did Jacquot watched him shrewdly. He understood that Paul was hopelessly, pitiously in love with Lili. But tortured as he

was, bitter because he considered himself but half a man and unable to express his love, Paul inevitably appeared to Lili as the Angry-Man, always scolding her, always finding fault. Only through the puppets was he able to express his true inner feelings.

"If you could have anything you wanted...anything...with the whole world to choose from...what would you ask for?" Carrot-Top put the question to Lili one night during a performance.

"Well...I don't know...." Lili said hesitantly.

"I know....I think you'd like some day to have the feeling that you're loved," Carrot-Top told her softly, "that somebody cares what happens to you."

And in a flash all the puppets responded.

"I care," said the Giant.

"I care," said Reynardo, the fox.

"I care," said Marguerite, the soubrette.

And Carrot-Top echoed them. "I care."

The audience was moved to laughter and tears, and Lili became almost a celebrity on the square. Children as well as adults pointed her out, people whistled her 'Hi-lilly' song.

ONE night Lili noticed that a strip of paper had been pasted across the poster of Marc the Magnificent outside the main show tent. "Last Two Nights," it read. She learned that he had an offer from the Casino of the Hotel du Lac nearby and would be leaving the carnival together with Rosalie, his partner. Though Lili kept her unhappiness about his coming departure to herself, the little puppets seemed to know the thoughts in her mind, the feelings in her heart. During the next performance they chided her.

"Lili-dear looks sad tonight," said the Giant. "Why?"

And Reynardo and Carrot-Top sang out, "Her lover's going away, her lover's going away."

But Lili denied that she had a lover. "You see, he's not my..."

And she stopped, close to tears.

"Poor girl," Marguerite said. "She's been throwing herself at the man and he doesn't know she's alive."

"He does. He's been kind to me," Lili protested. "He's the only one who ever was. Except you. And now even you're...Oh, please," she said, beginning to cry, "let's talk about something else."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dearth Of Boyfriends Haunts Many Blondes

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. (INS).

TALL, blonde Kathleen Hughes tagged a new lament in Hollywood recently. She calls it "What happened to our boyfriends?"

Kathleen says she sits home alone sometimes for days without ever going out for a gay evening. Mamie Van Doren says the same thing happens to her.

"Boys call me up," Mamie lamented, "but they don't invite me out!"

The question posed, of course, is what is Hollywood coming to when two gorgeous blondes must sit home languishing solo.

"I know no one will believe me" said the willowy Kathleen, "but it's the gospel."

"I think one difficulty is that the boys I want to date don't want to date me and the ones who want to date me I don't like."

"And another thing," she added, "most boys have the idea I wouldn't go out on a date unless it was to a night club."

"Gee I like night clubs but I'd love to go to a movie once in a while and go somewhere and get a hamburger afterwards. I like night-clubs but I like the simple things of life too."

Although far from being a starlet, Barbara Stanwyck also has the same complaint. She insists her phone seldom rings.

Beautiful Maureen O'Hara

BY EMILY
BELSER

says there is no such thing as an "eligible" Hollywood actor.

Most everyone is married," noted the Irish red-head, "and the ones who aren't work so hard they can't afford to gallivant around at night—and show up on a movie set at 5 o'clock in the morning!"

"And where am I all this time?" she asked. "At home, or course, munching birdines."

talking of BOOKS

THE PAST IS TOO MUCH WITH ASIANS KENYA THROUGH KENYATTA'S EYES

Douglas Surveys The Far East Scene

By ROBERT PAYNE

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS'S "North from Malaya" (Doubleday. 352 pp. \$3.95) records the Supreme Court Justice's travels last year through Malaya, Indo-China, Burma, Formosa, Korea, and the Philippines. Mr. Payne, who reviews the book is the author of "The Revolt of Asia" and other books.

NO ONE who has ever been to Asia quite escapes from the spell. The eternal dusty roads, the ritualistic lives of the people, the sense of secret danger, and the knowledge that everything you see is as impermanent as a fairy tale: these things hold you and grip the heart, and you wonder, on returning, how you can ever make your peace with the corner drug-store, the neon lights, and the infinitely artificial world of the West.

Today, when the dangers arising out of Asia are only too manifest, and the impermanence of the ancient, ritualistic Asia is only too apparent, there is still something to be said for regarding Asia as though it was bathed in the light which hovers over fairy tales. There once again, remembered from childhood, are the evil princes, the dragons, and the embattled heroes in their towers.

You may say it is absurd to see them in this way, but the Asiatic revolutionaries tend to see themselves in this way, heroes at the mercy of their legends, actors in the blinding glare of the limelight, themselves repositories of the legendary qualities of their people. So Nehru anoints himself according to the practice of ancient Indian kings, and Mao Tse-tung behaves with the studied intransigence of the Chinese emperors, and in a hundred other ways we are aware of the legendary past grappling furiously with the merciless present. We forget that in Asia the past is real, almost tangible, a place one can walk about in. The wise men still cast charms of love; the prophets still prophesy; and the rage of the awakened people is directed as much towards the past as towards the enemies of today.

Legacy Of The Past

It is one of the merits of Justice Douglas's admirable new book "North from Malaya" that he is perfectly aware of the weight of the past and of legends. In his recent wanderings through Malaya, Indo-China, Burma, Formosa, Korea, and the Philippines he saw the past everywhere. It was present in the Malay villages where the 'pawang' were at their work of casting charms against tigers. They still foretell the future by gazing for long hours into the mirror formed by their polished fingernails, their incantations deriving from a strange mingling of Islamic and Hindu songs. He saw it again in Indo-China, where the peasants cling tenaciously to their village customs and still believe in the classical theory of the King's Mandate from Heaven. It was present again when he heard the Queen Mother from her palace at Hue declaiming in the unadorned accents of feudalism: "This is no time to speak of elections. It will be time to consider that when the Viet Minh are crushed." He saw the past, too, in the respect paid by the young Burmese revolutionaries to the Buddhist temples, and indeed he was a little astonished by the permanence of temples all over the East.

The past intrudes. You cannot, in Asia, slip out of it as you would slip out of a coat. And it is clear

from his account that a great deal of our failure to understand the explosion of Asia derives from our abysmal ignorance of the Asiatic past.

"NORTH FROM MALAYA" is not, of course, a study of the past. Justice Douglas lives very much in the present. He rightly begins his book with a description of a mad drive at eighty miles an hour in a tiny Austin through the Malayan jungles. There are Communist guerrillas in the forests. It is true that they are on the run, but they know the forest pathways, and though they are hardly more than 3,000, they hold the Government by the throat. Douglas travelled up and down Malaya, entranced by that intolerably romantic country, of which four-fifths is jungle, given over to the empire of the pythons and the monkeys.

Templer In Malaya

Douglas came to know the jungle well, and has much to say in favour of Sir Gerald Templer's efforts to smother the guerrillas out. He is bitter about the Chinese merchants who have bribed their way into the guerrillas' good graces, and sympathetic with the Indian rubber tappers who have staked their claim in Malaya and built up a strong trade union. He gives facts and figures. We are given all the relevant statistics, from the number of killed in the war against the guerrillas to the wages of the rubber tappers. Twice in Malaya he lost his temper: once in talking with Chinese tin merchants, and again when he reached the immense Buddhist temple, on the island of Penang, where for some reason he was appalled by the Buddhist propensity for keeping snakes.

But generally he is calm and level-headed, seeing the dangers clearly, paying tribute to the young Indian trade-union leaders and to the unfathomable calm of the British judges who have been marked for assassination by the guerrillas.

From Malaya he swings over to the Philippines, where his sympathies are resolutely behind Ramon Magsaysay and against the landlords who have remained in power in spite of all efforts, including American efforts, to dislodge them. The Hukos are still to be reckoned with; rural discontent is as great as ever. Quirino has dismissed the famous Hardie report as "interference" in the domestic affairs of a sovereign state. For two or three years we have been hearing stories from Quirino's Government about the virtues of land settlement. Douglas decided to look for himself, and found the settlers in Mindanao apathetic, poverty-stricken, still at the mercy of their landlords, but this time the landlords are the Government. Talking with Laurel, Douglas asked why so little was being done and received the honest answer: "The legislature is controlled by the landlords."

Dark Picture In Indo-China

It is a dark picture, and it is the same in Indo-China, where

he found the French at the mercy of their own ignorance and pride, relying on force to achieve a victory which might more easily be achieved by social progress, denying the Vietnamese the elementary freedoms which might have encouraged them to fight against Ho Chi Minh. He talked with Nguyen Van Tam, the president of Vietnam and a close friend of the Emperor Bao Dai, about the rehabilitation teams which follow in the footsteps of the army. Van Tam had scant sympathy for the rehabilitation teams. "I have my own system," he said "It is stern justice for the Communists and their sympathizers."

In Formosa Douglas found the same absence of an understanding of social realities. There were spies and counterspies. Chiang Kai-shek's regime, ruthless, austere, distrustful of the peasants, intolerant of the ballot box, with every man at the mercy of the secret police, seemed as hopeless a cause as any to be found in Asia. The weight of a rigid Confucian past lay heavily over it. Only in Burma, where Cabinet Ministers are hardly out of their teens, did he see the fulfilment of a promise. In Burma the Communists have been licked, at least for a while. Douglas talked to a Burmese Cabinet minister and asked how the victory had been accomplished. "It is a miracle," he was told, and then the Cabinet minister added as an afterthought: "A miracle due to prayer and to guts." It is perhaps the absence of these two essentials which have led to so many defeats in the East.

In Korea Douglas comes to more familiar ground, and has little new to offer. He met Syngman Rhee, now nearly ninety, and wondered at the fierce reserves of spirit of a man so old, so ruthless, and so embittered against his friends. Inefficient and senile, placing his trust in his secret prisons, with no respect for the ballot-box, Rhee ruled as an autocratic emperor might rule, in defiance of the elementary laws of democracy. A doddering old man held the political leading-strings, and there seemed no hope in him.

Indo-Soviet Conflict?

Where does hope lie? Douglas is not sure. In the concluding chapters he summarizes his impressions. He notes the absurdity of keeping Red China out of the United Nations. He is appalled by the official American policy to insist upon deliberate commitments on the part of Asian states. We say: "You must be for us or against us." The Asiatics say: "A curse on both your houses." When General Marshall announced in 1950 that we were coming to the aid of the French in Indo-China, Douglas, who was in Asia at the time, was concerned at the mounting indignation of the people against the Americans for allying themselves with the French. He is in favour of a Pacific Union, but he notes that the Asiatics themselves may reasonably be expected not to favour it on our terms.

He suspects, probably rightly,

KENYA, THE LAND OF CONFLICT: By Jomo Kenyatta. Published by The India-Africa Council Price Rupee One. Pages 28.

THE sensational trial of African patriot Jomo Kenyatta and his conviction as a Mau Mau leader have been the subject of virulent attacks in the press all over the world against the mockery of British justice in Africa. Kenyatta's rare intellectual gifts, the expanse of his vision, his European education and his undying patriotism have won, too, unusual sympathy for the cause of his people. Their grievances are set forth in all their vivid detail in his publication "Facing Mount Kenya", and in the pamphlet in hand, "Kenya, the land of conflict," published by him sometime ago in the U.K. and re-

produced recently by the India-Africa Council.

Although the opinions in this pamphlet were expressed considerably before recent occurrences gave a new slant to the problems confronting Kenya, the basic facts mentioned by him are unaltered and exercise a fundamental bearing upon the tragic situation as we see it today.

Kenyatta tells the story for the first time from the African point of view. He views Kenya as it was fifty years ago before the white man came, when the people lived in freedom, grazing their flocks and herds, and moving from one plot of land to another and when there was self-government through tribal organisations. From the time the Kikuyu made his first and only treaty with the white man, it has been, Kenyatta avers, just a tale of broken promises, subsidies for settlers, forced eviction of the Africans from their own land, rounding up of their sole wealth—cattle—their forced conscription as labourers on a pittance of 10 s. per month, famines—and last but not least, Royal Commissions galore, each of which came out with high intentions and curbed more and more rights. Add to this Poll and other taxes, inadequate educational and medical facilities, strict racial discrimination and the terrible native Registration Ordinance and we have a picture of the conditions that led young Africans to equip themselves for self-defence and form their own Associations.

THEIR DEMAND

The entire tone of the pamphlet is reminiscent of Kenyatta's own words at his historic defence. "I don't hate the British. I merely want justice for my own people. This is but a reiteration of his early views as expressed in the pamphlet. "Africans do not want insurrection. What we do demand is a fundamental change in the present political, economic and social relationship between European and Africans. Africans are not hostile to Western civilisation as such, they would gladly learn its techniques and share in the intellectual and material benefits which it has the power to give. But they are in an intolerable position when the European invasion destroys the very basis of their tribal way of life and yet offers them no place in the new society except as serfs doomed to labour for bare subsistence."

This justice, as he sees it, means more and more rights for the three million Africans, peasants and manual workers as against the aristocracy of 19,000 Europeans—mainly British—rights which include first claims on land, progressive education, full self-government and civil liberties, and economic and social security. "The realisation of which," he concludes "can only be achieved in a non-imperialist social order."

MORNING PRAYERS

SUKTI SUDHA KINVA MAJ PRATAH PRARTHANA: Written and Published by Dwarkadas L. Saraiya. Price not mentioned. An extremely interesting book for the devotees of Krishna is published by Sri Saraiya. As the name indicates the book gives Sanskrit verses used for prayer by the writer. Gujarati translation and commentaries are added.

The writer has also sought to express the emotions felt by him at various stages of a devotional life. These will find an answer in the hearts of many readers. The fact that the book bears no price will easily popularise it.—D. G. P.

"Behind the Iron curtain, a ray of hope!"



Robinson in "The Indianapolis News".

that the next great cold war will be between India and Russia, with Red China as the stakes in the war. He states, categorically that the great task of our age is to know how to live with Red China. "Our role in Asia," he says, "must be as champions of the weak and the oppressed, or it is not true to our character."

We cannot fill that role unless we are faithful to our tradition of civil liberties. The decline of American prestige in Asia can be correlated to the decline of our respect for civil liberties at home.

This may be true, but there are other reasons for that tragic decline, including our failure to hammer out a clear policy towards Asia as a whole and our failure to make any viable contact with the imaginations of the peasants. We have offered them no manifesto, invented no symbolic actions, given them altogether too little help in their fight against their own remorseless past. We have emphasized guns not ideas. We have fought against Communism, but we have not fought for the peasant's right to own and cultivate his land. We have temporized, some times taking the part of good, sometimes collaborating with pure evil. Ultimately we forgot the most important thing of all: that the starving peasant by the roadside, seen from the passing jeep and soon forgotten, may one day be as powerful as Mao Tse-tung and all his guns.

Of our tragic failures and our few signal achievements in Asia Douglas has written eloquently and well. Senators and Congressmen who fail to read his book do so at their peril.—"Saturday Review".

Between You And Me

By Me

THROUGHOUT the ages the mystery of The Deep has fired the imagination and stirred the curiosity of mankind. From the Vedic Age when Varuna was hailed as the Lord of the Ocean, to Mussolini's "Mare Nostrum" the sea has been an elemental force, shaping economic and politics and colouring life, art and literature. Poets Kalidasa and Kambhan have freely drawn from the wealth of The Deep for their literary allegories and imageries. Thomas Gray, who took seven years to compose his famous poem "Elegy in the Country Churchyard", speaking of the sea, says:

"Full many a gem of the purest ray, serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Lord Byron, who styled himself as "the child of the sea" and who swam many miles in the Aegean Sea to participate in the Greek war for independence, rises to epic heights in these classic lines:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean roll!
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Lying the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime
The image of eternity."

While poets and litterateurs have mostly been surf-riders and surface navigators, scientists have started diving deep into The Deep. The well-known American, Charles William Beebe, used a bathyscaphe and descended 3,000 feet near Bermuda nearly twenty years back. Last week, Prof. Piccard, the well-known Swiss scientist, went down 3,608 feet to the bottom of the Mediterranean. The bathyscaphe which he designed was a 10-ton steel under-water dirigible with many of the features of an air ship. Its gondola, which was over six feet in diameter, carried scientific equipment. This was suspended under a balloon 30 feet long through which a Conning tower gave access to the gondola. The balloon contained petrol weighing 70 tons. The petrol was for buoyancy. Electric batteries provided power for two propellers, pumps and for powerful searchlights. The Professor fixed 16,000 feet as the "security depth", since the vessel could not stand the pressure of water in longer reaches. After his descent, Piccard talked into the microphone giving a running commentary of his under-water expedition. Thus science is gradually probing the mystery of the deep.

Prof. Piccard's expedition is financed by the Italian naval authorities who have already invested a lot in the project. The authorities have erected a "security cordon" around the Capri Coast, where the Professor is carrying on experiments and nobody is allowed to see him without a military pass. The apparatus for under-water photography is said to be the latest, and he has already sold the film rights of his expedition for £15,000. The publication rights of his pictures are already under-written, and the professor has fixed a price, even for an interview to a newspaper correspondent.

The recent attempt is but a prelude for deeper exploration. His objective is to prove that it is possible to descend to greater depths and navigate there in perfect safety. After the bathyscaphe becomes foolproof, zoologists and biologists can undertake the study of animal life in deep waters.

Epics like Ramayana refer to a "weather world" ruled by a dynasty of giants, which will throw Jules Verne's fantasia in the background. The denizens under the sea are portrayed as illusionists and practitioners of black magic. "Ahimsa" and "Mahimsa" powers, which enable them to take any form or shape. Modern scientific explorations do not lend authenticity to the Puranic picture, but have brought out more amazing facts about the under-

water animal kingdom.

Monsieur Philippe Diolè, in his book "The Under Sea Adventure", says: "There is a world under the water; to find it, you need only a flask of compressed air, some goggles and a piece of lead round your waist."

In his study of under-water life, M. Diolè has a chapter on "Courtship" in the water world. He describes the amazing love ballet of the sea horse, "the terrible and suspicious kiss of the sharks and the appalling copulation of lamprays which ends in the death, first of the female and then of the male."

His study of the life cycle of the eel is worth quoting: "At first eels, who are born in the West Atlantic, are nothing more than transparent and colourless larvae, some 25 mm. long. They climb to the surface and allow themselves to drift towards the coasts of Europe. They are a year old when they reach the Azores, two years at Gibraltar, and three by the time they reach the French Coast. The females eventually find their way into lakes, ponds, ditches and even wells, miles from the sea."

"After five or eight years, the females then get ready to make the return journey and continue on until they reach the sea where the males are waiting. Both males and females then travel together, along the ocean bed, the four thousand or so miles that separate them from the Sargasso Sea. During the whole of this voyage, made at a speed of thirty to sixty miles a day, the eels eat no food and have no rest. Finally when they reach the mysterious Atlantic depths they will lay and the eggs will be fertilised."

PILGRIMAGE TO THE MOUNT

BANDRA, the flourishing and peaceful Queen of the Bombay suburban district, does not boast of a Boro Bodur or a Taj Mahal. It has no historic caves like those of Ellora or Ajanta, no 2200-year-old Tree of Knowledge like the sacred Bo Tree.

But the beautiful church of Mount Mary nestling on a hill top and overlooking the sea is easily one of the most notable historical landmarks this side of the Ghats. No spectacular miracle has singled this shrine for world fame but a vast deluge of devotees of all castes, creeds and communities storm the citadel-chapel with their gifts ranging from anything like a bouquet of sweet-smelling roses to expensive jewellery in tens of thousands during the days of the annual festival in September.

Throughout the year too, Catholics, Hindus and Parsis visit the shrine in regular processions of faith ascribing miraculous cures to the Virgin Mary.

By Alfredo Borges

In 1566 the Jesuits built a modest oratory to Our Lady of the Nativity on the site of a temple dedicated to the goddess Durga Devi.

It was the beginning of their missionary efforts and several years after they had planted the first cross in Bandra, Christianity began to spread. More and more crosses began to be erected by those who had embraced the new faith. In 1640, the oratory was significantly enlarged into a chapel which served for the garrison stationed at the Aguada fort situated at what is still known as Bandra Point.

UPS AND DOWNS

The Mahratta invasion of 1739 disrupted the activities of the missionaries many of whom left their folds to seek refuge away from the sinister influence of the marauders who robbed the churches and temples of their wealth. The clergy and the laity having fled, the chapel fell into disrepair and ruin. Historians, however, tell us

After this, in all probability, they die."

While zoologists have unravelled the mysteries of submarine animal life, military entrepreneurs and armament manufacturers are prospecting the ocean for mineral wealth. Factories have been established in many ports, to extract magnesium and bromine from sea water. The British Periclase plant at Hartlepool and the Severn barrage project are processing tons of magnesium from the sea. After the World War I when the Allies demanded fabulous reparations from Germany, the then leading German scientist, Fritz Haber, Nobel Prize winner, devised a method for extracting gold from sea water to pay off the reparations. Although the scientific technique brought out the genius of Haber. The proposition was a financial failure, as the quantum of gold thus obtained did not justify the heavy outlay. Scientists are positive that sea water can be harnessed for the production of chlorine, sulphur, potassium, sodium and calcium. The advent of the atomic era has given a new urge for undersea navigators to search for uranium, thorium and other strategic and radio-active materials. If their attempts succeed, it will set the sea on fire.

PURANIC stories have wonderfully forestalled ages ahead

the shape of things to come. When Devas and Asuras churned the ocean for Amrit (nectar), valuable finds like precious stones and Kamadhenu came up from the bottom of the sea. Before the emergence of nectar, came to the surface a deadly poison, which began to burn and scald the churners who ran helter skelter on an S.O.S. mission to Lord Shiva. Looking to the description of the action of the poison, one will not be far wrong in concluding that the substance referred to might have been radio-active material. The minerals in sea water are not the washings brought down from the land by rivers, but the condensed relics from the molten volcanic gasses of the earth's earliest days. Though the Atomic Man has perfected A and H bombs, the Bikini explosion pales into insignificance when compared with cyclonic storms, water spouts and giant tornadoes. The Nevada burst and the Ural counterblast are mere toys in comparison with the oceans' atomic factory which is ageless. The sky is no longer the limit. Scientists are attempting to gatecrash the Outer Space and to infiltrate into the innermost recesses of the ocean. With the war of the Blocs still unsettled, are we in for the war of the worlds. Will H. G. Wells' prophecy come true?

THE supplementary marriage season came to a close last Sunday with numerous rush marriages tumbling over one another and making it difficult for the guests to respond to all invitations. This connubial spirit was evident in Parliament during the

debate on the Estates Duty and Anti-Dowry Bills.

Mr. S. S. More made a naive suggestion to the Finance Minister that he should exempt progeny of inter-communal marriages from the operation of the Estate Duty Act. When Mr. Deshmukh refused to oblige, Mr. More taunted that the former was practising what he was afraid to preach. Somebody suggested that the better way would be to give a direct subsidy for inter-caste and inter-communal marriages. Soon after his wedding with Durgabai, when the Andhras of Poona presented an address to the couple, Mr. Deshmukh spoke of the Godavari culture of Maharashtra and the Godavari culture of the Andhra and extolled the virtues of Godavari as a unifying force. When it came to action, Mr. Deshmukh took upon himself the piloting of the Estates Duty Bill, leaving the Andhra State Bill to Dr. Katju. The common link of Godavari culture and marital affinity evaporated into thin air, and there was not even a small financial gesture towards the new Andhra. But Dr. Katju, who piloted the ship of linguistic Andhra, won plaudits from "Andhrudus" who hailed him as Katju Pantulu Garu (Garu being a term of respect and endearment). So the first Andhra honours go to Dr. Katju.

Speaking of the separation of Bellary from the Andhra Desa and handing it over to Mysore, Governor Sri Prakasa compared it to a Kanyadaan ceremony. He stated that the feelings of the people of Bellary were like those of a grown-up girl, desirous of getting married but reluctant to part from her parents. He hoped that in view of Mysore's vast resources Bellary should be happy and prosperous in the new setup.

Though Acharya Vinoba Bhave has undertaken a Yatra for Bhoodaan, Shri Sri Prakasa went a step further and combined Bhoodaan and Kanyadaan. The spirit of Bhoodaan has crossed the Indian frontier to Pakistan and has claimed many devotees. The latest is the Pakistan Prime Minister, Mr. Mahomed Ali, who openly expressed a wish at the press conference in Delhi that India should hand over Kashmir as Bhoodaan to Pakistan. Having annexed the Azad Kashmir by right of conquest, the Pakistani leaders want the other side of Kashmir as a land gift. Then what about the plebiscite, for whose early implementation they are calling a Jihad?

The commingling of Kanyadaan and Bhoodaan is full of dangerous possibilities. Bombay was given as a dowry to Charles II when he married Katherine of Braganza. It was then leased to the East India Company for an annual rent of £10. On the eve of the third centenary of the Bombay dowry celebrations, Mr. N. V. Gadgil and Dr. Punjabrao Deshmukh are all out for Marathawada, with Bombay as its capital. The irony of it is that the Goa authorities are reported to be staking a claim for the retrocession of Bombay, as their son-in-law's countrymen have quitted India.

This week's papers carried on the front page the photo of Indian elephant, Shanti, a gift of Pandit Nehru to West Berlin zoo, collecting pennies from the children to procure a mate. She carries a sign board on her head, which reads, "I am so lonely; help by giving a little gift to buy a mate for me."

How symbolic of the pitiable plight of Indian womanhood which wastes its prime of life, unable to pay blood money to the eligibles in the shape of dowry! Marriage can be a sacrament or a contract. But it certainly cannot be a market deal. Apologists who quote the Shastras in defence of dowry are undermining the fundamentals of the Indian way of life. The revelations of Dr. Kinsey and Mme. Beauvoir in their latest books of pre-marital and extramarital relations, should prove a broad pointer to all sensible people. India cannot be free in the real social sense till womanhood is liberated from the shackles of the deep-rooted dowry system. This is Free India's challenge to the youth. Let them "go to it."



The imposing facade of the church of Mount Mary at Bandra. Photo by D. M. Amberkar.

image was thrown into the sea by the Mahratta soldiers and later found by some fishermen has been discounted in the light of modern historical evidence. The present chapel was completed in 1904.

OFFERINGS GALORE

September the 8th—the birthday of Our Lady of the Mount—is a (Continued on Page 10 Col. 4)

Last Look Round

DEARTH of subjects is the perennial bane of the editorial writer and the columnist in the newspapers. Once a respected assistant editor walked into the news room and asked if there was anything important. The deskman got up from his chair, checked up the teleprinters in the room and announced the death of a person whose name had a big enough place in the international "Who's Who". But the assistant editor was not interested. He simply said "Some people die sometimes" and walked out of the news room.

It is true that man is born to die; though according to Longfellow "Dust thou art, to dust returnest" was not spoken of the soul. And in spite of some scientists' dangling the possibility of immortality before human imagination, it is yet a far cry so far as the bodily existence of the human being is concerned. Death is, therefore, the inevitable end for great and small alike. Probably to the assistant editor the news of the death of a person was nothing more than "a domestic occurrence" as the newspaper columns are in the habit of announcing births, marriages and deaths. But sometimes deaths also do make news. It is not merely the fact of death but the manner of it and where and when it occurs that create interest. Recently an airpassenger while flying from Bangalore to Bombay expired in the plane when it was in flight. He had a sudden heart attack while up in the air. So that did make news, because very rarely such an occurrence takes place up in the air, unless due to enemy action or some mishap to the plane.

But more complicated becomes the case of a birth in a plane. It is not merely NEWS but it creates international complications.

A Problem

MARK Twain in one of his books gives a funny description of the birth of a child while crossing the 180th degree of longitude. According to Mercator's projection, the surface of the earth is divided for the computation of the standard time based on the meridian of Greenwich. When a ship is crossing the 180th degree from west to east the forepart of the ship which has crossed the 180th degree to the east has gained a day according to the universal calculation of time, while the hind part of the ship or the stern is still one day behind in the calendar. While it is the 13th of the month on the part of the ship that has passed the 180th degree towards the east, the other part of the ship which is west of the 180th degree will be 24 hours behind; that is, it will be still maintaining the date of 12th of the month, strictly speaking, according to our international method of calculation. And on account of this calculation some funny things do happen. For instance the steaming-hot soup that was served on the table when the entire ship was west of the 180th degree became state, as soon as the table passed the 180th degree to the east by 24 hours, according to the calculation in the calendar, though the soup in the kitchen part of the ship which was west of the 180th degree was still fresh as the date there was still the 12th of the month. A baby born on the ship while crossing the 180th degree from west to the east would be a problem to the parents so far as fixing the date of its birth is concerned. The parents would have to make sure in which part of the ship it drew its first breath, and whether that part of the ship was still having the 12th of the month as the date or had passed east registering the 13th of the month. All the same it is a hard job because the 180th longitude is an imaginary line, which can only be

culations on delicate aeronautical instruments. Such are the problems of birth, death, or even eating soup while crossing the 180th degree.

In The Air

ON the 10th of this month it was reported that a baby set up a new record of high altitude birth, being born at a height of 36,000 feet in the French Dakar-Casablanca Comet jet liner. The child was born when the plane was flying at a speed of 475 miles an hour, according to the report. The mother is a Lebanese and the new-comer is a girl.

The Comet was 20 minutes late in leaving Casablanca, because the captain had to fill in papers registering the baby's birth. But the report does not say which nationality has been registered for the girl.

The danger of these births in the air is that you do not know over which territory the plane is flying when the baby is born. There is likelihood of a baby being born in an aeroplane while over some undesirable territory. For instance if a South African white mother of Malan's Herrenvolk land flying over the territory of the Liberian Republic or for that matter over India gives birth to a child, it may become automatically a citizen of a country of blacks or coloured people. Though of white parentage, the child thus born will be a citizen of a nation of coloured people.

There do not seem any hard and fast regulations about the nationality of children born in the air. The danger, therefore, of coloured nationality for children of the whites of South Africa born in air over territory of coloured countries is a great menace to the Herren-

volk ideal.

At the next International Civil Aviation Organisation session this issue must be raised by representatives of South Africa. Otherwise the Herrenvolk ideal will have this loophole in it to thwart Dr. Malan.

Beware Of Teeth

IT is still a mystery as to what attracts men and women to one another and makes them to select particular partners in marriage. Some say like attracts like. But other psychologists class a particular type of men and women as being attracted by the contrary qualities that the opposite number manifests. Some just walk into marriage blindfold.

The chief magistrate of Colombo last week had a very peculiar case. He was trying to bring about reconciliation between a separated wife and a husband. The woman said that her husband had deserted her and failed to maintain her. The man complained that he did not want her; she had false teeth and a defective arm. Even her toes were defective. The magistrate told the husband that even if he did not want to take her back he must pay her maintenance. The Proctor for the woman said: "You are critical of her beauty only now." The husband replied: "I was duped into the marriage by her false looks." The magistrate said that he could not inquire into the woman's defects, but ordered the husband to pay her Rs. 30 per month as maintenance. So the poor husband has now to pay through his nose, all because he did not carefully look into his wife's false teeth before marriage! It is customary to look into the teeth of horses to assess their age before purchase. But, henceforth even while selecting a wife

prospective husbands will have to resort to the same procedure, lest they be duped by false teeth and false looks.

To what extent "Satyagraha" can go is shown by another report coming from Ceylon. When his mistress deserted him a villager climbed a palm tree, drank off the toddy from the pot tried to it and threatened to jump down. His wife's entreaties failed to bring him down. In this predicament who should come to the aid of the man but the village priest, who had, it seems, good experience of bringing together couples all his life! The village priest persuaded the man to climb down on the assurance that the missing woman would be found.

Some may call it "Satyagraha", because it gave some results, but others may term it "Duragraha".

Solving Problem

THE problem which faces all human beings, which they cannot themselves handle is that of the disposal of their bodies after death. Being an improvident man, as most journalists are, I was once asked by a near relative of mine in one of his letters whether I had sufficient money left for the cremation of my body after death. I had then the occasion to reply that even if I had not sufficient money for the purpose, the neighbours would perforce have to look to the disposal of my body, because they could not go on living with a corpse in their midst.

But now it seems that the problem is much more simplified. From Turin comes the news that Francesco Venturini, a 72-year-old maker of ballet shoes, wrote to a firm of undertakers asking them to collect his body for cremation. Next morning a representative of

the firm hurried round to Venturini's home to find him dead. Shortly after posting the letter Venturini went to the cemetery and beside his wife's grave stabbed himself in the chest with a sharp knife. He produced two six-inch long wounds but failed to kill himself. He staggered home in the twilight, laid out on the kitchen table enough money to pay for his cremation, wrote a letter to his nephew, turned on the gas and lay down to wait for death.

Though one does not like the histrionics of Francesco Venturini one would like this part of the arrangement by oneself and be sure that the neighbours would not be plagued with a body in their midst, if we could arrange about its disposal when we are still conscious. The Sonapur electric crematorium should be authorised to take payment in advance for the disposal of the body. Telephone number 41744 (the Bombay Municipal Free Ambulance) can be dialled by any neighbour to collect the body or any undertaker can be commissioned beforehand as Venturini did. Money for the expenses can be left on the table even as Venturini did. Histrionics apart, the only thing that takes chance at the time of death should be the death certificate, the family physician. All other things should be capable of being arranged beforehand. That takes off a lot of worry from the minds of many people about the disposal of their bodies after death. If the law does not permit it, why not some far-sighted legislator oblige by moving to this effect in the State or Central legislature? He would be doing a lot of good to a great number of people and solve a problem, because in some countries in India there is often dearth of people to take the

INGRID TO VISIT MEXICO

Plan To Drop In Into U.S.A. To See Daughter

By MICHAEL CHINGO

ROME, (INS).

SCREEN star Ingrid Bergman and her director-husband Roberto Rossellini were reported by friends to be preparing for a lengthy visit to Mexico in the next few weeks.

These friends did not exclude that Ingrid alone or with her husband might make a quick trip to the United States once the couple is in Mexico. Such a trip, they said, would be predicated on Ingrid's persistent efforts to see and have a talk with her daughter Pia. Ostensibly, the Mexican trip will be made to permit Rossellini to participate in the cross-country "Carrega" automobile race.

Rossellini is presently engaged in producing and directing a movie involving daredevil driving. It was in connection with this project that he recently participated in the Italian racing classic "Mille Niglia" (thousand mile race).

But after being outdistanced by such aces as Argentina's Manuel Fangio and Italians Nina Farina and Alberto Ascari, Rossellini dropped out, asserting that "at each curve I saw the face of Ingrid and our babies" and that "it was impossible to speed under such conditions."

Intimate friends of the couple state that the visit to Mexico is also their way of thanking the nation that made possible their union. It will be recalled that Miss Bergman obtained a Mexican divorce and that the Rossellinis were married by proxy in Mexican territory.

HER OBJECTIVE

On several occasions during the past few months Miss Bergman has been reported on the verge of making a trip to the U. S. to see her daughter but each time she gave a conditioned denial... saying, in effect, that such a trip depended on developments in her legal fight to share Pia with her



former husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom.

It may be that an agreement between the actress' lawyers and those of her husband might be reached permitting her to see her daughter on American soil across the Mexican border during her stay in Mexico.

Since the completion of the last movie directed by her husband—"New Wine"—co-starring also George Sanders—the Swedish beauty has retired with Rossellini and her children to their home by the sea "to rest and bring up our family."

Recently the Rossellinis sported their first Rolls-Royce limousine, confirming reports that recent film

efforts have been more successful for Rossellini than those immediately following the hectic romance and marriage of the celebrated couple.

The couple's quiet living—they are rarely seen in public—has

earned the respect of many Italy who at first frowned on the marriage.

And Ingrid Bergman needs no provocation to declare that it is "tremendously in love and tremendously happy."

PILGRIMAGE TO BANDRA

(Continued from Page 9 Col. 4)

day of great ceremony preceded by a solemn Novena and followed by an imposing Octave. For a fortnight of feverish activity every year, more than 150,000 devotees—Catholics and non-Catholics—storm the beautiful church on the Mount to seek Her intercession and to thank Her for favours received. Gifts range from flowers and money to costly jewellery all of which are laid at the feet of Our Lady.

Candles are offered by the thousands and literally heaped upon the altars. There are special wardens whose business it is to see that basketfuls of fresh flowers and candles are removed into the sanctuary every few minutes to make room for others that keep pouring in.

Of particular and sentimental interest is the offering of different parts of the human body—hands, head and heart—and even tiny wax models of babies by simple folk who desire the cure of a bodily ailment or perhaps wish to be blessed with children. As you move about and around with the multitudes you will always hear some one talking of a cure or a miracle.

WHAT DEVOTEES DO

The more fervent and talkative among the milling crowd will solemnly tell you of the case of the Parsi woman who swept the route of her personal pilgrimage with her flowing tresses in thankfulness for the cure of her ailing son.

They will also explain to you that the priceless gold crown worn by Our Lady is a gift from an ardent devotee. There is also the story of the person who went about collecting alms from door to

door just like a beggar and offered the money thus collected to the Lady of the Mount.

CARNIVAL OF LIGHTS

Needless to say, Mount Mary Feast and the Fair go together. The carnival of lights and gaiety is a centre of fun and frolic for the entire family. grandfather has been known to give a lot of fun in the cycle, the booster and the Giant Wheel for the Dodge-em-Cars, its difficult to keep the kids away from.

Among the many side shows are the fire-eaters and illusionists the dare-devil motor cycle riders the stalls and marts are among the freak shows. Several features of the fair like "Wigman," which does a trade and is a must for every body.

Visitors from the city often out at dawn, brave crowded and mile-long bus queues, they all feel it is worth it. The Bandra fair comes only once a year. Lately much of the gaiety of the fair has been lost due to police regulations which prohibit gambling and games of skill involving financial transactions. Year even music emanating from loudspeakers was banned. It is a great pity indeed for what is a fair without noise and music? But other innocent sport? But even obstacles hundreds have been hard, plotting, planning and spiriting in an endeavour to make the fair delightful dynamic different in true 3-D fashion. Year the Bandra Fair is than ever—in fact it is the best show in town!

The World Of Stamps

BY KUNG

One Man's Vision Brought The Post To India

Achievement

THE CENTENARY OF THE FIRST INDIAN STAMP WILL BE CELEBRATED NEXT YEAR WITH ALL THE CUSTOMARY ECLAT, AND THE COLLECTING OF THE 1854 EARLIES WILL LIKELY RECEIVE A TREMENDOUS IMPETUS. IT IS ONLY FITTING, THEREFORE, THAT ONE GIVES A THOUGHT TO THE MAN WHOSE VISION, TENACITY IN THE FACE OF PUBLIC APATHY AND ENERGETIC LABOURS MADE PENNY POSTAGE POSSIBLE IN THIS COUNTRY.

The break up of the sub-continent in 1947 allotted Sind to Pakistan. Which is why our neighbour had the chance to score the century last year while India has to wait for several months yet. The forerunners of the 1854 Indian issue (valid throughout the entire country), were the primitive "Scinde Dawk" wafers which are today worth a thousand times their weight in gold.

It all started back in 1851. Government were finding it increasingly difficult to maintain lines of communication in Sind without the establishment of a proper chain of transmitting stations. Prior to 1851, letters from one part of the province—important official documents included—had taken months to reach another. Even then it was a hit and miss business and as often as not messages failed altogether to arrive at their destination.

There already existed a postal route running along the left bank of the Indus from Sukkur to Hyderabad. This was now augmented by a network connecting important towns and villages away from the main stem of the old Trunk Road. The new District Posts ranged from Shikarpur to Karachi, taking in Larkana, Mehr, Sehwan, Kotri, Jerak and Mirpur, with a spur connecting the last named with Gorabari.

From Kotri, one arm stretched eastward going through Hyderabad and Mirpurkhas, terminating at Umarmkot, while the old Sukkar-Hyderabad link was extended from Dowlatpur to Mogalbin.

Expensive

It can be seen readily enough that while this expansion of communications might have been welcome enough in other directions, it must have imposed quite a strain on Government coffers. In order to shift the burden from their own shoulders, the Government of Bombay (Sind was part of the Province) asked the High Commissioner, Mr. Bartle Frere, to throw open the Posts to the general public and to popularise their use.

Frere (whose association with Bombay is perpetuated by the naming of a Road in his honour) was an enthusiastic champion of Rowland Hill's postal reforms of a decade past. He straightaway adopted the idea of Penny Post and introduced it in Sind.

Keeping the rates high might indeed have been done, for the rich merchant class would perforce have had to use the Posts. But Frere saw that the system would stand or fall by its effect on the public.

And if the public were ever to accept the idea, letter-writing had to be changed from something of a luxury—which it had always been—and made an every-day convenience. Frere went Rowland Hill one better in introducing a rate equivalent to only half a penny.

Enlisting the help of the Karachi Postmaster, Edward Coffey, Frere designed the "Scinde Dawk" adhesive. Till only a few years ago it was not known who had prepared the

die for the stamp, but it now appears that the work was carried out by the famous firm of Thomas de la Rue in London.

Simple Design

The design of the stamp was a very simple one, in the form of a belt and buckle. The letterpress consisted of the words "Scinde District Dawk", "EIC" in a heart-shaped device and the denomination "½ anna". Embossing was used for the production of these stamps, and the finished product bears a remarkable resemblance to a thin sealing-wax impression.

Three colours were used: (a) plain embossing on a colourless background—if the "strike" is not deep enough the design often fails to show up clearly, (b) embossing in red, (c) embossing in blue.

Of the three, the "whites" are fairly common (a mere £17 apiece used!), the blue comes next (£25) and the red varieties are prime rarities worth a couple of thousand rupees each or more according to condition. For unused specimens you can safely double and treble these quotations.

The good folk of Sind were quite unaware of the good thing that was being thrown their way, and for all Frere's ingenuity, refused to take the coloured wafers seriously. All told, less than a hundred rupees' worth of the stamps were sold—throughout Sind, including such centres as Karachi and Hyderabad!

Public Apathy

These days, when the Posts are taken for granted, it is indeed difficult to understand the apathy of the public. Stamps had been supplied to the heads of villages, they had been instructed in their use, Government officers were enjoined to take mail from the public and forward it along with Official communications, and circulars had been posted in all the large towns informing the people that Government would be ready and willing to undertake safe delivery of letters to any part of the Province.

It was not as if there was anything complicated in the use of stamps. It was much the same as it is today—one had only to stick the label on the letter, hand it to a Government official and leave the rest to the Department.

There were two main reasons for the initial failure of the public to respond to Frere's initiative. One was the natural conservatism of all people everywhere. The people of Sind just refused to be drawn into the orbit of these new-fangled ideas. Scared by the novelty of the thing, they shunned it, and that was that as far as they were concerned. The other thing that militated against the success of the

Scinde Dawk was the attitude of petty officials on whom fell the brunt of Postal Administration. The greater part of the officials entrusted with the sale of the new stamps were Government Revenue officers.

Hands Full

These gentlemen had their hands full enough with fiscal matters to be unduly perturbed by the success or failure of this scatter-brained innovation of an Englishman.

Even selling the stamps might have been bearable, but to sell them, instruct the buyer how to affix them, act as glorified Post Boxes by having to receive letters, and finally having to deface each label individually and laboriously by the edge of a brass coin to which ink had been applied—this was indeed too much. To hell with the stamps!

Knowing Officialdom, one can hardly have expected otherwise. Penny Postage was the great leveller. No longer would the Posts be the privilege of the favoured few; now the most exalted in the land would be on a par with the lowest of the rabble. Could the feudal instincts of the petty official stomach so radical a concept?

Those who have hit on a brilliant idea do not give way so very easily, however, and Bartle Frere, accepting the set-backs in good humour, set about unclogging the bottlenecks blocking the path to progress.

Cleared The Way

Formerly those supposed to collect letters from the public

had not only connived at, but encouraged infringements of the rule of prepaid postage. Frere now made it mandatory on his officials to reject all letters that did not bear a stamp. He also set about curbing the private carriage of letters which had flourished for ages and was being kept alive by interested parties.

As more and more letters arrived at their destinations, and as an increasing number of people came to realise that stamps were not only extremely cheap but a safe and sure way of transmitting information, sales began to increase and within the space of two years, the Scinde Dawk had wormed its way into favour with the public.

We in India can be glad that Frere managed to bring his tussle with public and official hostility to a successful conclusion, for it proved to the authorities in India that Penny Postage was not only a workable proposition, but profitable both to the men who used the mails and the men who ran them.

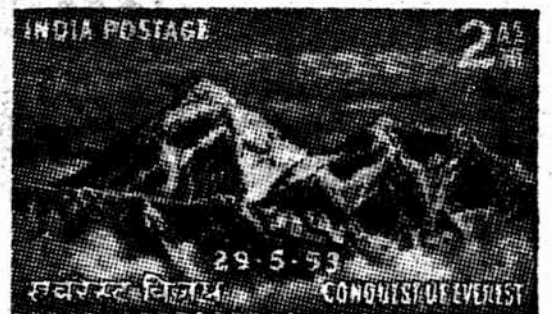
The same old cumbersome methods that Rowland Hill had been battling for years were prevalent in this country. Public letters were carried against a cash payment made on delivery and worked out on the basis of weight of letter and distance carried.

Rates were often perfectly extortionate, and even urgent messages had to be scrapped because of the prohibitive cost. But the biggest headache, as far as the Authorities were concerned, lay in the accounting system.

Reduced Rates Were Needed

What with weights, and distances, and one thing and another, not only were there ample opportunities for bungled accounts, but an open invitation to the corrupt to feather their own nests at the cost of the public exchequer.

The party which was pressing for Postal Reforms in India rightly claimed that with a drastic lowering of the postal



This magnificent view of Mt. Everest, taken by I.A.F. planes will appear on the 2 1/2 and 14 as. stamps due for release shortly.

rates, more people would find the time, the inclination and the money to write letters. With a bigger turnover, the Postal Department could lower its overheads and its operating costs per article.

Accounting would also be immensely simplified, since a tally of stamp sales would be all that was required to assess revenue. And the biggest headache of all—rejected letters—would be obviated.

Till the introduction of Penny Postage, letters were customarily paid for on arrival. If it happened that one had come a long distance and weighed a fair amount, postal rates would be so high that no man in his senses would care to accept the missive. The letter would go back to the Government—who would already have carried it and have got absolutely nothing in return, with no remedy but to wish that they had not wasted their time and energy.

It was while arguments for and against Penny Postage were going on in India, that Frere conducted his experiment in Sind. All arguments that Penny Postage might have worked in a highly developed country like England but would prove a flop in India went by the board when Frere at last succeeded.

The co-designer of the Scinde Dawk, Edward Coffey, laid his plans before the Postal Enquiry Commission regarding the introduction of a two anna stamp, and in the face of what had happened in Sind, the men on the Commission no longer had room for doubt. The passing of the Post Office Act in 1854 meant that India was at last to have a postage stamp valid throughout its borders.

WHAT PRICE POPULARITY?

IN philately there is actually no such thing as an unpopular country. It so happens that in stamps, as in many another walk of life, people tend to go about in herds, so that individuals often trim their own personalities and fit themselves in with their surroundings.

Very broadly speaking, most collectors give first preference to their own country. This is not born merely out of patriotism, but out of convenience, for the stamps of one's own country are naturally enough much easier to obtain than those from far off and often inaccessible lands.

Thus thousands of collectors in Great Britain collect nothing but the stamps of that one place alone, and view with dislike any deviation from the set path—even into such halcyon fields as British Colonials. Those who are not quite so strait laced, however, find that Colonials are the very thing for their interests. But these latter frown on all "foreigners".

And so it goes on, with different types having different interests and each one imagining that his is the only one that ought to be allowed. Actually this is as it should be, for with so many widely varied

even though it occasionally takes quite some ferreting to find one.

One may put it this way. If collectors want to take only popular countries, they should try to find one that is moderate in its new issues. This in itself is quite a problem! Then they should take only those places whose stamps are restricted to denominations with a definite postal validity. That, perish the thought, rules out most of the smaller colonies that indulged in the "Silver Wedding" ramp! They should cut out all places who issue "charity" labels with excessive surcharges. That scores out several others.

Perhaps we had better leave it at that. Hardly a country today has an altogether clean slate. If a collector insisted on a country free of every blemish, he would probably have to go back twenty years when the few ramps that existed were blatant enough to be recognised. But those were the good old days, and they are gone for ever.

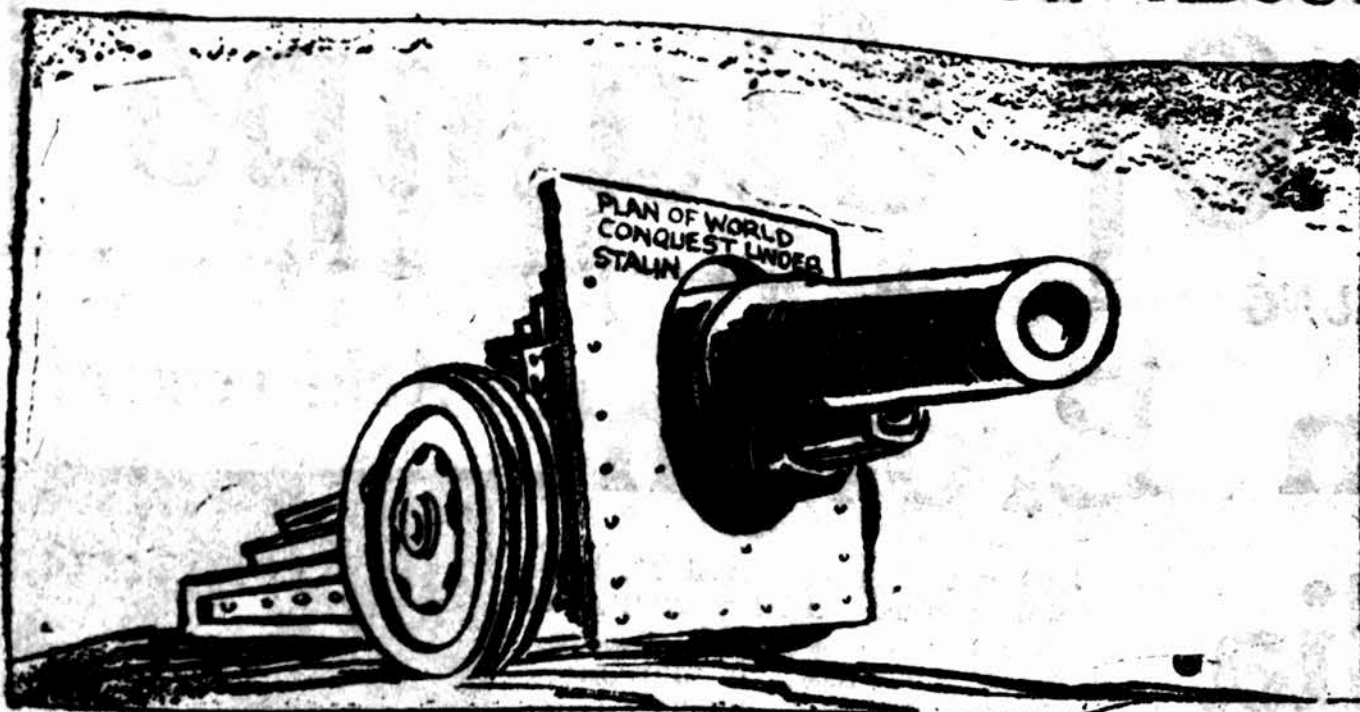
I'm afraid there is no way out but to take things as they come. Russia, Monaco, San Marino and all the rest. Seem a pity!

interests pulling in so many directions at the same time, any apparent opposition cancels itself out and we find collectors' interests ranging all the way from China to Peru.

Yet after all this has been taken into account, we find that certain countries have a following very much less than others without any apparent cause. Most of the "dead" countries can automatically be ruled out of the popularity stakes. Places like Elobey, Annobon and Corisco, the Oil Rivers, and even such prolific countries like the Transvaal are out—for good. This is understandable enough, for with no new issues to attract a following in the younger generation, they are bound to have a most restricted appeal.

But what of modern countries? Why do no serious collectors take to the stamps of modern Russia while they lap up anything from France? Why is Belgium anathema and Liechtenstein not? There ARE answers to these questions,

'BUT HOW ABOUT THE BASIC DESIGN?'



Morris, A. P. Newsfeatures.

What Ails Europe Today?

By Kingsbury Smith

PARIS, (INS). BELGIAN Foreign Minister Paul Van Zeeland called for the creation of a European political authority and warned that unless Europe unites the world will face "centuries of trouble."

In an exclusive statement to International News Service, the noted Belgian statesman said he was convinced that 90 per cent of the people of Europe favour the principle of unity but the problem was to find a formula which would achieve it without sacrificing national entities.

Paying Dearly

Van Zeeland said Europe is "paying dearly today" for the "error" of disunity and he emphasized the necessity of bringing Germany into the Western community.

"We must succeed in incorporating the Germans in the West," Van Zeeland said.

"We must do it in such a manner that we shall be served by their qualities and their faults can be neutralized."

"We know how much we have suffered from German invasions, but there comes a moment when one must make peace, when it is necessary to do so with the heart and the spirit. We are at peace now with Germany. Consequently, we must find the means of re-incorporating Germany in the West. We must find a solution to the problem of the relations between Germany and France, Germany and Belgium, Germany and the other western countries."

Not Exhausted

Van Zeeland flatly rejected the theory that Europe is finished as a forceful, creative element in the world; or that its people lack the will to work or the skill to compete with more modern, technological systems.

"Before seeking remedies for the tragic situation in which Europe finds itself today, it is necessary to establish the causes for its momentary decadence and humiliating situation," he said.

"What are these causes? Do the Europeans lack raw materials? Do the Americans and the Russians have at their disposal material means which the Europeans don't?"

"No. Europe can dispose of these means too. Those that cannot be found in Europe can be found in Africa and elsewhere in the world in the territories of those people who have associated their destiny with that of Europe."

Van Zeeland asserted that Europe's scientists were still among the best in the world; that its businessmen were not less good, its workers not less skilful than those of America or any other part of the world.

"What is the matter then?" he asked. "Has Europe lost courage? No. During the war, Europe showed admirable courage. Not only the soldiers who were defeated, but the people everywhere who stood up against occupations, bombard-

VAN ZEELAND SUGGESTS REMEDY

The Explanation

"There is an explanation for Europe's situation. To make a comparison on the one hand with the United States and on the other with the Soviet bloc, we have not understood in time that we can no longer remain divided. We have not realized in time that the development of modern civilization demands a coordination of forces on all levels."

"These European nations which were so great 40 years ago have, by fighting among themselves, weakened each other and brought about their

own decadence."

Stressing that the salvation of Europe lies in unity, the Belgian foreign minister, in his written statement from Brussels, continued.

"It is necessary now to find the means of combining this diversity with the indispensable minimum of unity. To achieve that goal, it is necessary to find a formula which is neither Russian, American nor Swiss."

"It is necessary to create something which responds to European tradition, to the

needs of Europe and to the wishes of the European people."

Basis of Unity

Pointing out that the basis for the economic and military unity of Western Europe has already been prepared in such plans as the Coal and Steel Pool and the European Defence Community, Van Zeeland added:

"If these two communities are to function effectively it will be indispensable to place above them political authority sufficiently strong to control their technical powers."

Van Zeeland cited the Council of Europe as the type of organization out of which such a European political authority could be developed.

"Crystallizing the European idea on the political plan, the Strasbourg Assembly has suc-

ceeded in grouping together 16 states in a form that could be the future Europe."

"This Assembly has given excellent results in the sense that parliamentarians, coming from 15 different countries, have been able to collaborate in an effective manner on essential points."

"In the light of this experience, one can conceive of a European General Union which would be capable of functioning."

"Europe must unite. It is not only in the interests of the people of Europe that the enterprise of European unity must succeed. The world needs of Europe, as Europe needs of the world."

"A strong and prosperous Europe is necessary for the equilibrium of western civilization, and for the maintenance of world peace."

Plunket In The Run For Margaret Stakes

NEW YORK, (INS)

IF Princess Margaret doesn't marry before long, matchmakers on both sides of the Atlantic are going to be worn to a frazzle, and so am I. The latest eligible bachelor for whom the busybodies have set their caps in the Princess' behalf is Lord Patrick Terence William Span Plunket, seventh Baron Plunket.

If the little Princess should marry Lord Plunket, the gods would probably sit on the sidelines and laugh themselves silly. For Milord's grandmother, the late Fannie Ward (the perennial flapper) was once in the long, long ago forbidden to live within a mile of Buckingham Palace.

That was because the all but imperishable Fannie in the Gay Eighties and Nineties was a musical comedy star and a queen of the music halls at home and abroad. In those far-off days, an actress was forbidden to live within a mile of the royal palace, a hard and fast rule enforced by custom and police.

Fannie, who died in January, 1952, lived to see her oldest grandson an equerry to King George VI. She was accustomed to chuckle with more glee than malice as she pointed out that her grandson lived in and helped run the "joint" which, as a young actress, she was expected to contaminate if she lives less than a mile distant.

And now the matchmakers, including apparently some members of the Princess' own family, are of the opinion that Fannie's grandson is just what common sense and cupid ordered.

SUBSTITUTE

It was Lord Plunket who was chosen to replace the controversial Group Capt. Peter Townsend of the R.A.F. as an Equerry in the royal household when the Captain was "banished" from London to the British Embassy in Brussels in

By Inez Robb

order to put distance between the royal princess and himself. Anyway, that's why he was banished according to the gossips.

At all odds, Lord Plunket is a member of the royal household. He is frequently in the Princess' company and it was he who danced H.R.H. off her royal feet at the birthday ball given in her honour by the Queen when Margaret turned a ripe 23.

The circle of eligible young men, never large at best, worthy of a princess, narrows constantly as the lads marry much less regal personages than Margaret.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER

There are them as think Lord Plunket is the answer to a princess' prayer—tall, dark and handsome with money. And don't think the latter contingency isn't of first importance.

Princess Margaret receives only a modest—royally speaking—allowance from Parliament. Even though the Queen might augment her sister's income from her private purse if and when Margaret marries, it would be nice if the bridegroom could afford to pick up the checks occasionally.

Lord Plunket's youthful parents, who were killed in an airplane accident on the California coast in 1938, left him

a wad conservatively estimated at dol 1 million. Since jewels valued at only dol. 20,000 were found in his grandmother's estate when she died, I have often wondered if Fannie gave him, before her death, the magnificent pearls and other jewels she once owned.

The youthful Irish peer, 30 years old on Sept. 8, is a grandson of the late George VI, father of the Princess to whom the matchmakers would now marry him.

If it really does turn out to be a match, Fannie ought to rate a special window in heaven from which to watch the jubilation in Buckingham from whose very vicinity she was barred so long ago.

BERLIN, (INS).

Bathing beauties are the latest weapon used by East German Reds to combat the American free food program.

Women police agents doff their rough uniform and don skin-tight bathing suits in Merseburg, two young girls picking up food packages said.

Then the Red policewomen sit around local swimming pools, striking up conversations with workers from the nearby Leuna Buna plants.

During their chats, the Reds attempt to discover if the workers or their families have gone to West Berlin to get some of the Western food.

As soon as she has pumped the worker dry, the bathing-beauty moves on to another one.

Several score workers have been fired from their jobs in the Leuna works by this method the two Merseburg girls claimed.

Cartons Make Nice Play-Pen For Baby

By Olga Curtis

NEW YORK, (INS).

A LARGE packing carton, made of old rugs or fabric and a set of plastic measuring spoons from the kitchen can make an indoor play-pen for baby.

Any huge carton will make a base. Try to get one at least four feet. The big ones which mattresses are shipped in hold your baby and the neighborhood children, too.

Out down the sides of the carton to about a ten-inch depth. Baby is very active, make it high. Then line the inside with the rugs (washed, of course) or with fabric so that it will be both warm and comfortable.

The plastic measuring spoons, for decoration and play, have smoother edges, are a little too big to swallow, and are colorful. Hang them at the sides of the carton play-pen, singly or in bunches.

The play pen won't be so much as a wood one, but it costs practically nothing to make or repair. It also has the advantage of being very light to move around and soft enough not to hurt baby bangs against it.

Incidentally, the same carton play-pen base can be used for basement sand-box. Be prepared, however, to cart down something like 100 pounds of sand, and hose down the basement regularly to get rid of the sand a child is sure to scatter.

A car filled with high-ranking Soviet officers is speeding through the streets of Spandau (a suburb of Berlin). The chauffeur is familiar with the city's environment and asks a Berliner he should take. "You are on the right road," the Berliner says, "just drive straight ahead." The car drives on and after a few minutes arrives at a building surrounded by a high brick wall the prison for war criminals.

BOMBAY: SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1953

MEDO BY BACKDOOR ?

Pakistan & Turkey Spring Surprise

IRAN AND IRAQ TO BE ROPED IN LATER

ANKARA, September 19 (UPI-AFP).

THE POSSIBILITY OF SETTING UP A NORTH MIDDLE-EAST DEFENCE GROUP OF WHICH PAKISTAN, TURKEY, IRAN AND PERHAPS IRAQ WOULD BE MEMBERS WAS RAISED DURING PAKISTANI-TURKISH CONVERSATIONS JUST CONCLUDED, IT WAS LEARNED TODAY.

Pakistani delegates Ayub Khan and Iskander Mirza, who conducted the negotiations left today to visit Turkey's military installations. It is understood that the issue which has interested both Pakistan and Turkey for some time was raised again as a result of events in Iran.

Both countries feel that it is essential that Iran should join such a pact and that Iraq would also be associated to complete it. Turkey and Pakistan both realize, well-informed circles said, that Iran's situation is delicate but feel that the policy of the new Premier Zadeh may become more concrete during the coming week.

Another stumbling block is the fact that India might look askance at the formation of such a pact.

Diplomatic circles here feel there is hope the plan may eventually materialize.

Temple Thefts At Vajreshwari

BASSEIN, Sept. 19 (HS): A serious theft has been reported from a historic temple at Vajreshwari, 23 miles from here. It was learnt that a silver sheet, weighing 100 tolas, fixed to the door of the temple was found missing since yesterday.

It is gathered that ornaments on the deities at Vajreshwari, Mahalaxmi and Renuka temples were stolen on September 13. A temple of Lord Shiv was relieved of a 'silver cobra', weighing 150 tolas in the course of the last week. Thefts have also been reported from other adjoining areas.

It may be mentioned in this connection that Vajreshwari Taluka Congress Committee had recently passed a resolution requesting the Bombay Government to set up a permanent Outpost Police Station in the area.

U.N. Planes To Fly Indian Troops

NEW DELHI, Sept. 19 (UPI): Additional Indian troops, about 800, would be flown to Korea by the United Nations aircraft, and not by the Indian Air Force planes as was originally proposed. The Indian troops would be airlifted from Calcutta where the UN aircraft would assemble.

Villagers' Work Saves Money

SHRIRAMPUR, Sept. 19 (HS): Villagers of Vadala four miles from here, have constructed a six-furlong road. Residents of the village of all classes and castes joined hands to complete the work in three hours. It would have otherwise cost more than Rs. 1,500.

Pak Rupee Going Down

AGARTALA, Sept. 19 (UPI): Whatever may be the official exchange rate between Indian and Pakistani money, in private deals Pakistani Rs. 100 have come down to Rs. 75 Indian money almost everywhere in Tripura state. Even a fortnight ago, the unofficial exchange rate was Rs. 82 (Indian) for Rs. 100 (Pakistan).

Vinoba's Party Assaulted

DEOGHAR, Sept. 19 (UPI): Acharya Vinoba Bhave is reported to have been assaulted and injured by a group of Pandas, when he along with a number of Harijans tried to enter the Baidyanath temple, here this afternoon.

Five other persons, who accompanied him were also injured. It is reported that the Pandas (priests) objected to Harijans entering the temple. When Acharya Bhave disregarding their protests tried to enter the temple with the Harijans, the Pandas used force to prevent them from entering the temple.

JOINT MEETING WITH NEHRU

NEW DELHI, Sept. 19 (UPI): Mr. Sanjiva Reddy, leader of the Andhra Congress Assembly Party, met Mr. T. Prakasam today. They are likely to meet Mr. Nehru jointly tomorrow. Mr. Prakasam is scheduled to leave for Madras on Monday.

LONDON, Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): General Sir Brian Robertson, Britain's chief military negotiator in the Anglo-Egypt talks on the Suez Canal issue left today by air for Cairo.

Brutal Murder Of Congressman

SHOLAPUR, Sept. 19 (HS): Mr. Ramji Gangaram Bhosale, who recently resigned from the Peasants' and Workers' Party and joined the Congress Party was found brutally murdered here on Thursday night. He was a leading worker of the Rashtriya Ghri Kamgar Sangh.

Dagdu Gaikwad, Dattu Gund and Limbaji Lakshman have been arrested by the police in this connection. It is stated that he was set



Immediately after his arrival in the demilitarised zone in Korea, Maj-Gen. S. P. F. Thorat, Commander, Custodian Force, went into conference with Maj-Gen. Lodge, Commander of U. N. Communication Zone, Brig. Paintal and Brig. Gurbux Singh. They are seen in the picture discussing various arrangements at the demilitarised zone.

Plan To End 'Bloc' War

Peace Pledge As Gesture

(From Our Correspondent)

LONDON, Sept. 19. A PLAN to give Russia a "peace pledge" is being discussed by the Western Allies.

Suggestion is a sequel to the British and West German view that Soviet has developed such a fear of the West that a peaceful settlement of the existing disputes is almost impossible without such a gesture. So NATO may be persuaded to issue a statement reiterating that it exists solely for defence purposes and harbours no hostile intentions against Russia.

It is felt that Western "Peace Pledge" might induce Moscow to make a similar declaration.

While European countries favour such a declaration, it is said that America has yet to make up her mind.

It is believed that discussion on the Korean political conference may be reopened in U. N. Assembly, as the Secretary-General has circulated to the Assembly a brief report on his correspondence with China and North Korea.

SHILLONG: It is learnt that the Anthropological Department of the Government of India will shortly establish a sub-station in Shillong for scientific research and investigation regarding tribal population of the state.

Working Committee Discussions

STRIPPING POWERS OF RAJPRAMUKHS

Future Of Councils In Hands Of State Assemblies

NEW DELHI, September 19 (UPI).

THE Congress Working Committee devoted the afternoon session mainly to the issues of the future of the Second Chamber in the States, the functioning of the institution of Rajpramukhs, and various problems of part 'C' states.

The Committee heard from the President, Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, a review of situation in Korea and the role of India. The Prime Minister also reported to the Committee on his talks with the Pakistan Prime Minister and on the Kashmir situation.

While no decision was taken, the consensus of opinion of the committee was in favour of mending the institution of Rajpramukhs. In order to make it more acceptable, it was, however, felt that it could only be settled by negotiations.

Complaints had reached the AICC several times of interference in the administration and political manoeuvring by the Rajpramukhs. Leaders of Part 'B' states have also expressed themselves against the continuation of the institution. Views of the members were, therefore, elicited about the functioning of the institution as it is running, the difficulties that have cropped up and how they can be removed.

FUTURE OF UPPER HOUSE

As regards the future of councils in the states, the Committee decided to leave the matter to the State Assembly Congress Party members, who will be free to decide the issue without whip.

In Bombay, the Congress Assembly Party has already decided to abolish the Upper House and the matter is going to be put up before the Legislature soon.

Various problems with regard to Part 'C' states were reviewed. As a High Power Boundary

Commission is proposed to be set up soon, the Committee thought it better to leave the future of these states to the commission.

After reviewing the results of the by-elections the committee was of the opinion that in view of the problems before the country and the difficulties confronting the Government, the results were not too bad. According to the review, Congress has so far lost only four seats in State Assemblies.

The Committee considered the question of selecting more suitable candidates in order to avoid defeat, in future.

A sub-committee was appointed to consider ways and means of raising funds for elections.

The committee also considered the rules prepared under the new constitution. A Sub-Committee was appointed to go into the rules. The Sub-Committee will meet tomorrow. Presidents of various PCC's who are here and members of the Working Committee interested may join the committee's deliberations.

EARLIER REPORTS ON PAGE 3

AURANGABAD: The Osmania University authorities have invited an American professor in Journalism, who is now visiting India, to tour the State and recommend his findings on the scope of introducing a degree course in Journalism in the University.

OUR TABULATED ADLETS

2 ANNAS PER WORD
MINIMUM Re. 1/8/-

To be paid in advance

STAMPS

Seventy Ceylon Stamps over thirty varieties Rupees Six. No approval. Cash with order. D. Perera, 229, Boraesgamuwa, Ceylon. (3739)

THACKER'S FAMOUS DIRECTORY 1954

This 91st Edition now under preparation will contain new and valuable features in addition to a wealth of detailed and general information collected from all over the WORLD and in particular relating to INDIA and PAKISTAN. An indispensable book of reference.

Patrons and Subscribers should book their Orders NOW for the 1954 issue.

Advertisers must make certain of advertising space at once. Rates on application.

THACKER'S PRESS & DIRECTORIES LD.

6, Bentinck St., Calcutta 1.

FIRE KING

CHEMICAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER
INDISPENSABLE EQUIPMENT FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS, THEATRES, CINEMA HOUSES, HOTELS, BUSINESS PREMISES, GODOWNS, STORES ETC.

BENGAL CHEMICAL & PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS LD.
CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, KANPUR.

THE FAMOUS ASTROLOGER

Gold Medals and Certificates from Maharajas, Judges and notables. Annual monthly details Rs. 5 and 3 questions Rs. 2. Horoscope or writing time required. Pandit Kaliyur M. SRINIVASACHARIAR THAPONIDHI, Madras 17.

Saudi Arabia Protests

BRITISH ATTACK ON OASIS ALLEGED

BOMBAY, Saturday.

The Saudi Arabian Government has lodged their protest with the British Government "on the repeatedly committed infringements in the Buraimi Oasis, (Saudi Arabian territory), by the British officials and military forces stationed in the neighbourhood," it is stated.

The British military authorities stationed there, continued their hostile and aggressive acts, the last of which occurred on Tuesday last. The British troops launched a severe attack on the inhabitants of Buraimi, and in this attack rifles and machine-guns were used. British armoured cars also joined the attack. The attack lasted for one hour and a half. There was no retaliation and many of the inhabitants including some pregnant women were killed, it is stated.

The Government of Saudi Arabia has asked the British Government to stop the 'barbarous acts' and to solve disputes through peaceful arbitration.

CITY & SUBURBS

TODAY

HINDU: Bhadrpad Shud 12, 2009.
MUSLIM: Moharram 11, 1373.
PARSI: Farvardin 19, 1323.
SUNRISE 6-27 a.m.
SUNSET 6-38 p.m.
HIGHTIDE 09-44, 21-50.
LOWTIDE 03-02, 15-56.

Today's Engagements

TAMIL SANGHAM: Mr. S. S. Aiyar will speak on 'Words and Thoughts' at Sangham premises, Pioneer School, Telang Road, Matunga, 6 p.m.

CONVENTION OF GOWD SARASWAT BRAHMAN COMMUNITY: Open session Cowasji Jehangir Hall, 10 a.m.

GOWD SARASWAT BRAHMAN SABHA: Foundation Day celebration at Cowasji Jehangir Hall, 3 p.m. Earlier at 9 a.m. a reception will be held in honour of Mr. H. V. Kamathi at Majestic Hotel.

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS, Jehangir Wadia Bldg., Opp. Flora Fountain. Public lecture followed by question and answers on "Man, the Maker of his Destiny", at 6-15 p.m.

ARYA SAMAJ, FORT: Prof. Tarachand Gajra on "Arya Samaj and Present Situation," 9-30 a.m.

Widespread Rain In Assam

POONA, Sept. 19 (UPI): Following is the all-India weather summary report for Saturday summary of observations recorded at 08-30 hrs. IST:

Rain or thundershowers have been fairly widespread in Assam and West Bengal, occurred locally in Orissa, Bihar, south-east Rajasthan, Tamil Nad and Mysore, and at a few stations in Chota-Nagpur, Madhya Bharat, Madhya Pradesh, Deccan (Desh), and Coastal Andhradesa. An isolated very heavy fall has been reported from the Assam Hills.

Principal reported amounts: Cherrapunji 4 inches, Khandal 1½ inches, Salem 1½ inches, Mysore 1½ inches, Puri 1 inch, Berhampore 1 inch, Shillong 12 inches, Bihrahampore 12 inches.

Forecast valid until the evening of 20th:

Rain or thundershowers will be fairly widespread in Assam and sub-Himalayan West Bengal and occur locally in Gangetic West Bengal, Bihar, south east Rajasthan, south Hyderabad, south coastal Andhradesa, Rayalaseema, Tamilnad, Mysore and Travancore-Cochin.

Bid To Rob Youth Is Foiled

BOMBAY, Saturday.

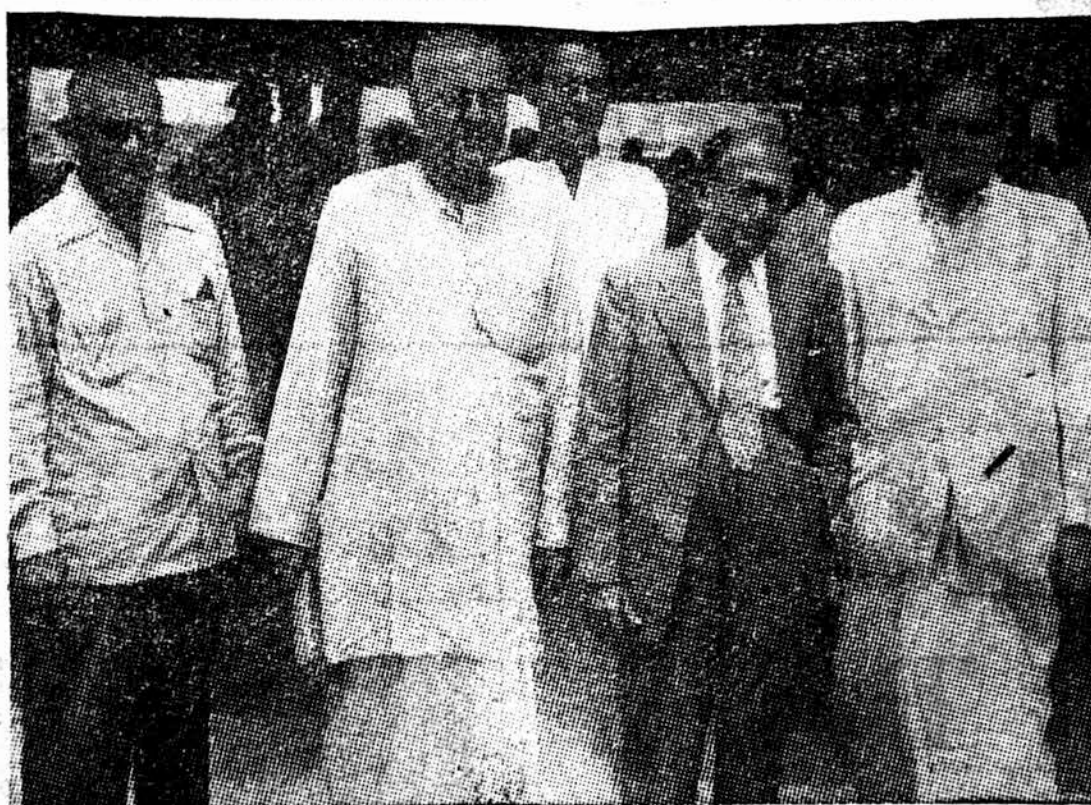
A daring bid by six desperadoes to waylay and rob a youth going along Club Back Road on Friday night was foiled by the alertness showed by a few passersby.

It was about 8-25 p.m., when Pheroze Framroz Balsara, residing at Marzban Colony, Lamington Road, was returning home, probably with a wad of currency notes in his pocket. He was followed by a gang of hoodlums, who are said to have been armed.

They seemed to have had a smell of what the lonely pedestrian was carrying in his pockets and were, therefore, waiting for an opportunity to challenge him the moment they found that the locality was quiet and there was nobody to catch them.

But before they could attack him, Balsara who had already got the wind of what was in store for him, and raised an alarm. Immediately a number of passersby going that way came to his rescue.

The miscreants realising that their plan had been foiled, made good their escape, brandishing their knives so as to keep the pursuers away. They, however, went empty-handed and Balsara returned home safe and sound, if a bit shaken.



Special arrivals in Bombay for the all-India premier of M. P.'s "BABLA" are the company's chiefs Messrs. Muralidhar Chatterjee and Deep Chandji.

Mr. Babuseth Mamoojee of Calcutta Film Exchange, well-known Bombay distributor who handles the Bombay distribution of the picture, also returned from Calcutta by the same plane.

Picture shows from L. to R. Deep Chandji, Mr. Babuseth Mamoojee, Mr. Muralidhar Chatterjee, and Mr. Cassimbhai Seedat.

Two Mistresses Fall Out ONE SETS FIRE TO THE OTHER

BOMBAY, Saturday.

A SORDID QUARREL BETWEEN TWO MISTRESSES OF A BUS DRIVER ENDED IN ONE OF THEM SETTING FIRE TO ANOTHER, IN A HUT AT KODIWALA VILLAGE. A REMOTE HAMLET ALONG THE PIPE LINE THAT RUNS NEARLY A MILE AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE, THIS MORNING.

Savitri, a woman of 35, who was the victim of the dastardly deed in which a gallon of oil was poured on her and she was left to burn inside the hut, with its door bolted from without, has been removed to the K. E. M. Hospital where her condition is critical.

It is stated that Raghunath Badal is a bus driver on the Kurla-Marol service. He lives in Kodiwala village. For some years he had Savitri as his mistress. A couple of months ago, it is stated, he brought home another woman, Chandrabhaga, 30, a woman of better looks.

Ever since her entry into the Badal household, there had been daily quarrels and bickerings. Recently, it is stated, Badal promised Chandrabhaga that he would marry her and thus give her a higher status in his household. This proposal came up against the opposition of Savitri.

It is alleged that Chandrabhaga decided to end this obstacle to her happiness.

This morning when Badal left for his early morning duty, she got her chance when she found Savitri still peacefully sleeping. She emptied a gallon of kerosene oil on her clothes and set a match to her, it is alleged. It is further alleged that she ran out of the hut, bolted the door from outside and ran for her life—in order to prevent the possibility of Savitri's escape.

It is reported that attracted by the shrieks and agonised cries of the woman who had been locked in the hut, some neighbours broke open the door and put the fire out as best they could.

One of them also informed the police. In order to do this, he had to walk a mile to the chowki at Marol and from there he rang up the Andheri Police.

Immediately on receipt of the message, Deputy Inspector Aga, Sub-Inspector Kulkarni and Sub-Inspector Pagate rushed to the cottage in a police jeep and helped to remove Savitri to the K. E. M. Hospital, where, it is stated, her dying declaration was recorded.

Later on, they tracked down Chandrabhaga, who thoroughly frightened by her own deed, is alleged to have been wandering about the locality.

Further investigations are in progress.

Kunte's Plea Parks In Cities

POONA Sept. 19 (UPI): necessity of having parks gardens in the heart of cities India was emphasised here by Shri D. K. Kunte, Speaker the Bombay Legislative Assembly. He was presiding over prize-distribution at the flower, fruit and vegetable show organised by the Horticultural Society of Western India at Empress Botanical Gardens.

Shri Kunte said that parks and gardens were to be seen strewn over cities like London and Ottawa.

He suggested to the Horticultural Society that it should also serve some place in its for scented Indian flowers, by side with colourful and resque flowers. India possessed many varieties of such flowers, he said.

Over two thousand people tended the show.

Trouble Over Cheque

BOMBAY, Saturday. Tejanmal Gordhandas Laxmidas Narayandas were arrested by the Pydhonie Police on Thursday for allegedly cheating a city business of Rs. 1,719.

Police alleged that the accused sent the second iron-pipe dealer for purchase. After obtaining the delivery goods, a cheque signed by dhandas was sent to the through Narayandas.

The cheque was dishonoured by the bank. On a plaint made by the both the accused were under arrest.

They were produced Yennamadi at the Presidency Magistrate Court yesterday and bail.

Today's Radio

BOMBAY

243 meters.
07-00 Mangal prabhat, 07-10 Programme, 07-15 M songs, 07-30 Instr. music, 07-45 S Khan, G songs, 08-15 D G Sahasrabudhye, vocal, 11-00 Your choice, 11-45 G T Tilak, vocal, 12-15 For women, G, 13-10 A J Thirakwa, tabla, 13-40 National Symp. orch.
17-30 D G Sahasrabudhye, vocal, 18-05 Music, 18-10 Locals, 18-20 S Khan, G songs, 18-30 G T Tilak, vocal, 19-00 A J Thirakwa, tabla, 19-30 For industrial workers, 20-15 V D Ghate, vocal, 20-30 S Khan G songs, 21-15 K music, 21-45 Guest, 21-55 Music, 22-00 Concerto. VARIATIONS 353m.

08-00 A J Thirakwa, tabla, 08-45 Usha Chitale, M songs, 12-15 J Mohan, H songs, 12-35 AIR artist, gottuvadyam, 13-00 Usha Chitale, M songs, 13-30 J Mohan, H songs, 13-50 J Bhole, madhad sarang.
17-30 For children. M, 18-20 For villages, in M, at 18-50 in K, 19-20 S R Shejale party, M songs, 19-30 Usha Chitale, M songs, 20-30 S Badayuni, U talk 20-45 Konkani prog., 21-15 J Mohan, H songs, 21-30 G T Tilak, vocal, 21-50 V D Ghate, vocal, 22-15 Jyotsna Bhole, mian malhar.

BARODA-AHMEDABAD
250 m., 312 m. — 07-30 Sant's words, 07-45 S K Panchakshari, yamani bilawal, 08-15 S K Panchakshari, khayal, v.d., 09-00 Pratibha Deshpande, jaunpuri, 09-15 Delhi recital 10-00 For children, G, 12-30 Chorus geets, 12-45 Pratibha Deshpande, vocal, 13-10 AIR quartet, 18-00 Pratibha Deshpande, geet, 18-10 Thumri, telang, 18-20 S Nathubhai, bhajans, 18-20 Locals (Baroda), 18-35 Mixed songs, 18-30 For rural listeners (Baroda), 19-00 S K Panchakshari, khayal, 19-15 S Nathubhai, bhajans, 19-30 For industrial workers (Ahm.), 19-30 Locals (Baroda), 19-35 Geet dhara (Baroda), 20-15 S K Panchakshari, maluha kedara, 20-30 Choice, 21-15 S Nathubhai, bhajans, 21-30 G play.

RADIO CEYLON

19 and 41m.—7-00 a.m. Music in March Time 7-15 Records at Random, 7-30 BBC News, 7-45 Orchestra 8-00 Serenade, 8-15 Voice of Prophecy, 8-45 Make Mine Music, 9-00 Choice of People.
25 and 49m.—6-00 p.m. Familiar Favourites, 6-15 Home News, 6-30 BBC News and News Talk, 6-45 I hear Southland Singing, 7-00 Swing and Sway with Kaye 7-15 Musical Flashback, 7-30 Waltzes of World, 8-00 Overtime Amateur Hour, 8-30 Melody Tour, 9-00 Hour of Charm, 9-30 Voice of Pro-

phesy, 10-00 Musicale, 10-45 tide Echoes.

Morning—Hindi: 31m. 8-00 a.m. Music Evening—41m., 7-45 Lipton Show—aca Geet Mala, 9-30 to 10-00 Gospel Hour.

GENERAL OVERSEAS VICE—15-15 Royal Phil. 16-00 Service, 16-45 Sports, Eng. mag., 17-30 Forces, 18-45 Mr. Music!, 19-45 Personal portrait, 20-45 Personal portrait, town tonight, 21-45 London, 22-15 Service, 23-00 Much, 23-15 Eastern Service—18-45 don calling Asia, 10-30 For 19-45 For students, 20-05 view, 20-15 For Pak, 20-15 dents, 20-35 Mail bag.

Farm Forum

Today, Sunday, September 20, at 6-20 p.m. Shri D. T. Salas, cultivator leader of Salas, North Satara, will be interviewed in Radio Farm Forum Programme, in connection with construction of a three-and-a-half mile road on co-operative basis. This can be heard on 353 metres.

Social Services In

Today Sunday, at 9-45 India Radio, Bombay will cast a talk on "Social Services in Britain" by Colin Jackson. This can be heard on 243.9 metres.

On Gammat Jamm

On September 20, at 17-00 AIR Bombay will relay from patty a commentary in "Jammatt" on how children are joying at Chowpatty by jaykar. The dialogue in gramme is written by Manjrekar and Party. This heard on 353 and 41.44 metres.

Kavi Dayaram

Today Sunday, September 20, All India Radio, Bombay, broadcast an illustrated fararati on Kavi Dayaram jarati on 243.9 and 31.4 hours on 243.9 and 31.4 The scheduled item at 11-15 will be broadcast only on 'B' up to 12-15 hours.

Congress Will Accept Prakasam

As Andhra C. M. ? BUT HE MUST QUIT P. S. P.

T.C. Cabinet To Seek Confidence Vote

NEW DELHI, September 19 (UPI).

THE PROBLEM OF MINISTRY-MAKING IN THE ANDHRA STATE AND THE FUTURE OF THE TRAVANCORE-COCHIN MINISTRY WERE THE TWO IMPORTANT ISSUES DISCUSSED BY THE CONGRESS WORKING COMMITTEE WHICH MET THIS MORNING AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRIME MINISTER.

A new pattern is being evolved to form a Ministry in Andhra by coalescing all the groups and independents in the local Legislature who are desirous of avoiding the President's Rule or having a fresh General Election.

Mr. Balwant Rai Mehta, the General Secretary of the Congress told pressmen today that Mr. Sanjiva Reddy, Leader of the Congress Assembly Party in Andhra, will meet Mr. T. Prakasam here this afternoon. He hoped it would be possible "for the two leaders to come to some arrangement in regard to the formation of the new Andhra Ministry." Mr. Reddy, added Mr. Mehta, would be free to negotiate and come to any arrangement with Mr. Prakasam "within the four corners of the advice given to him."

The Congress High Command has, it is learnt, agreed to offer the Chief Ministership to Mr. Prakasam, provided he can "release" himself from the obligations of the PSP, in spite of the Congress being the single largest party in the Andhra Legislature. Congress has agreed to accept him as the Chief Minister in recognition of his contribution to the cause of Andhra and of his being an old Congressman. Congress, it is stated, never insisted that he should join the Congress. If Mr. Prakasam dissociates himself from his party and becomes an independent, the Congress Party will accept him to head the new Government.

The local PSP Executive and the PSP members of Andhra Legislature have already agreed to "release" Mr. Prakasam from party obligations. The National Executive Committee of the PSP has, however, refused to "free" him.

DIRECTIVE TO T-C CABINET

The Committee discussed the recent developments in Travancore-Cochin in the light of talks between the Parliamentary Board and the State Congress Committee as well as some Ministers of the State. A direction has already been given to the Travancore-Cochin Ministry to seek a vote of confidence of the Assembly on the 22nd September. The future of chayat elections were concerned. The Ministry will depend on the attitude of the various groups in the local Assembly. If the Ministry fails to get the confidence vote, either the President's rule or dissolution of the Assembly is considered to be the alternative.

Mr. Mehta, the Congress General Secretary, said that they expected the local people to decide what action should be taken according to the circumstances.

The Committee considered the suggestion put forward by the PSP Secretary that elections to Panchayats and local bodies should be fought on non-party basis. The Committee was more or less in favour of the idea so far as Panchayats were concerned. The views of the PCC's will be invited before any decision is taken.

The question as to how the Congress organisation in the areas covered by the former Indian States can be strengthened was discussed today. After the members expressed their views, the Committee decided to take up the matter later.

ELECTIONS IN BIHAR

The Working Committee decided to proceed promptly with the

preparations for election of delegates in Bihar to enable the new delegates to attend the Calcutta session of the Congress. The Committee noted with satisfaction the present trend in Bihar Congress to work in complete harmony.

The Committee proposed to have further investigation into the complaints of anti-Congress activities indulged in by members of the Tamil Arasu Kazhagam, who were also members of the Congress.

A.I.C.C. SESSION

The President was given the discretion to decide whether a session of the A.I.C.C. should be held between now and the plenary session in January, 1954, and to fix the dates and venue, if a session is to be held. Ajmer is, however, being considered as the venue for the next A.I.C.C. session.

All the regular members were present except three including Mr. C. Rajagopalachari. Among the special invitees who attended the meeting were Dr. K. N. Katju, Mr. Kamraj Nadar, Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri, Swami Ramananda Tirth, Mr. A. N. Sinha, and Mr. Harekrishna Mehtab.

RED OVERTURE TO PRAKASAM

NEW DELHI, Sept. 19 (UPI): Two Communist leaders met Mr. T. Prakasam, the PSP leader of Andhra, today with a proposal to form a non-Congress coalition government on the basis of an agreed minimum programme.

Move For Non-Congress Coalition

NEW DELHI, Sept. 19 (UPI): Mr. P. Sundarayya, leader of the Communist Parliamentary Party, said at a press conference here to-

D.Ps ON THE WAR PATH

NEW DELHI, Sept. 19 (UPI): THE Working Committee of the All-India Refugee Association which concluded its two-day session yesterday, demanded that so long as the compensation to the displaced persons was kept in abeyance, collection of arrears of rent, realisation of State loans and ejection of the refugees from the evacuee houses be postponed.

It was a matter of great regret the Committee said, that while the compensation scheme was being repeatedly put off, collection of arrears of rent, realisation of loans and ejection of tenants was being vigorously and callously continued.

The condition of the refugees, the Committee added, had gone from bad to worse. While expressing grave concern over the postponement of all the measures connected with the implementation of the compensation scheme, it felt that any more delay in the matter would further aggravate the hardships and sufferings

day that a non-Congress Coalition Government was possible both in Andhra and Travancore-Cochin provided "the PSP leadership gives up a little bit of its anti-Communist attitude and join hands with the Communist party."

Such a coalition government, added he, would be a "stable affair." That was also the wish of the Andhra people as expressed in the last elections. Out of 140 seats, Congress could capture only 42 seats.

Mr. Sundarayya said once they agreed on a common programme there would be no difficulty about leadership and other matters.

Asked if Congress-Communist coalition was possible, Mr. Sundarayya replied in the negative. "It is contradictory in terms. We are poles apart."

Industrial Exhibition During Congress Session

The Congress Working Committee has approved of the proposal made by the Reception Committee of the 59th session of the Indian National Congress for holding an industrial exhibition during the Congress session at Kalyani, in the northern suburb of Calcutta.

The proposed exhibition is likely to make a departure from the practice that was being followed for the last several years. In addition to the Sarvodaya Exhibition there will be an industrial exhibition on a large-scale, where most of the heavy industries will be exhibited. The exhibition committee intend to give top-priority to hand-spinning and hand-weaving, and therefore those industries in conflict with them will be excluded.

FLOOD MENACE TO PATNA RECEDES

PATNA, Sept. 19 (UPI): Flood water from 100-foot breach in the Poon Poon river, in the south of Patna, is now subsiding and the city is no longer threatened by being inundated from the south. The Kamkarbagh embankment skirting the southern sector of the city has been able to hold back the flood and consequently patrols which were deputed to guard the embankment have now been withdrawn.

It might be mentioned that the flood water reached a gauge level of nine feet and ten inches at Kamkarbagh, which was only two inches below the danger level.

SECUNDERABAD: Blackmarketing in cinema tickets is a cognisable offence. From the year 1950 to 1952, 49 persons were arrested under this offence, in the cities of Hyderabad and Secunderabad.

P. S. P. EXECUTIVE'S FULL SUPPORT TO PARDI SATYAGRAHIS

NEW DELHI, September 19 (UPI).

THE National Executive of the Praja Socialist Party which concluded its two-day session here on Thursday, extended its full support to Pardi Satyagrahis and hoped that the inherent justice of the demands of the Kisans would give them strength to continue their struggle till success was achieved.

The Executive also congratulated the Adivasi men and women of the Pardi Taluka who rallied in their thousands under the PSP flag and offered satyagraha.

The following resolution on Pardi Satyagraha in Gujarat and the Azamgarh Kisan Satyagraha in Uttar Pradesh was adopted by the PSP executive.

"The National Executive of the Praja Socialist Party congratulates the Adivasi men and women of Pardi Taluk, who rallying in their thousands under the flags of the Gujarat Kisan Panchayat and Praja Socialist Party, have been offering satyagraha since September 1".

Don't Yield To Linguism

ADVICE TO DELHI

BOMBAY, Saturday.

Prof. Balaraj Madhok, Secretary of the Akhil Bharatiya Jan Sangh, advised Government today not to yield to the pressure tactics adopted by protagonists of linguistic States. He urged that Government should tackle the problem on scientific lines on the basis of the Boundary Commission's report.

Referring to Kashmir he said that in view of all that happened in that unfortunate land, a plebiscite was uncalled for and harmful to the interests both of India and Kashmir. He added that the future of any part of India could be settled by the country as a whole and not by the people of that particular area. The principle of giving the right to any part of the country to decide to go out of the country in its very nature pernicious and anti-national, he said.

Warning against the Communists' growing activities in Kashmir, Mr. Madhok said that the Communists themselves had denied the idea of independent Kashmir into the ears of Sheikh Abdullah; but the moment they realised that Abdullah's Kashmir had leanings towards the USA and not towards the USSR or China, they described a somersault.

40 M.Ps To Tour Kashmir

NEW DELHI, Sept. 19 (HS): The Congress Parliamentary Party is understood to be drawing up a scheme to take about 40 Congress M.Ps. from different parts of India on a 15-day tour of Jammu and Kashmir during vacation of Parliament.

It is learnt that each member will be charged Rs. 175 as expense of the tour. It is stated that the idea behind the tour is to give the M.Ps. a first-hand knowledge of the conditions prevailing in the State.

Backward Classes Commission

NEW DELHI, Sept. 19: The Backward Classes Commission will hold meetings in New Delhi from Monday, September 21, to Wednesday 23rd instant.

The Commission will be leaving on a 23-day tour of Himachal Pradesh on the night of September 23. They will visit Nahan, Simla, Rampur-Bushahr, Mandi and Chamba among other places.

MOHARRAM ARRESTS IN POONA

POONA, Sept. 19 (UPI): Some miscreants tried to set fire to a 'Taboot' in Narayan Peth in Poona in the early hours of this morning as a result of which the some of the 'Taboot' was burnt. The miscreants also assaulted two persons who were keeping guard over the 'Taboot'.

Police have so far arrested two persons in this connection.

As today is the last day of Moharram and the 'Taboots' will be taken out in procession tomorrow, police precautionary measures in the city have been further strengthened.

Personal

BOMBAY, Saturday.

Mr. B. K. Gupta, Principal Officer and Registrar of Shipping, Mercantile Marine Department, Government of India, has proceeded on two and a half months' leave. Mr. G. S. Singh will officiate in his place for the period.

STOP PRESS

SEARCH FOR MISSING PLANE NORFOLK, (Virginia) Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): Planes sent to the rescue of a weather reconnaissance plane missing since last night over the Atlantic reported today having seen this morning three rafts at the spot where the plane last signalled its position. The plane with 16 persons aboard was on its way from Hunter Airbase to the Bermudas. S. S. 'Nassau' is on its way to the spot where the rafts were located as well as the coastguard ships 'Aurora' and 'Blackhaw'.

THREAT TO EGYPT

CAIRO, Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): Egypt is threatened by a small-pox epidemic. About 100 cases were discovered among pilgrims returning from Hedjaz.

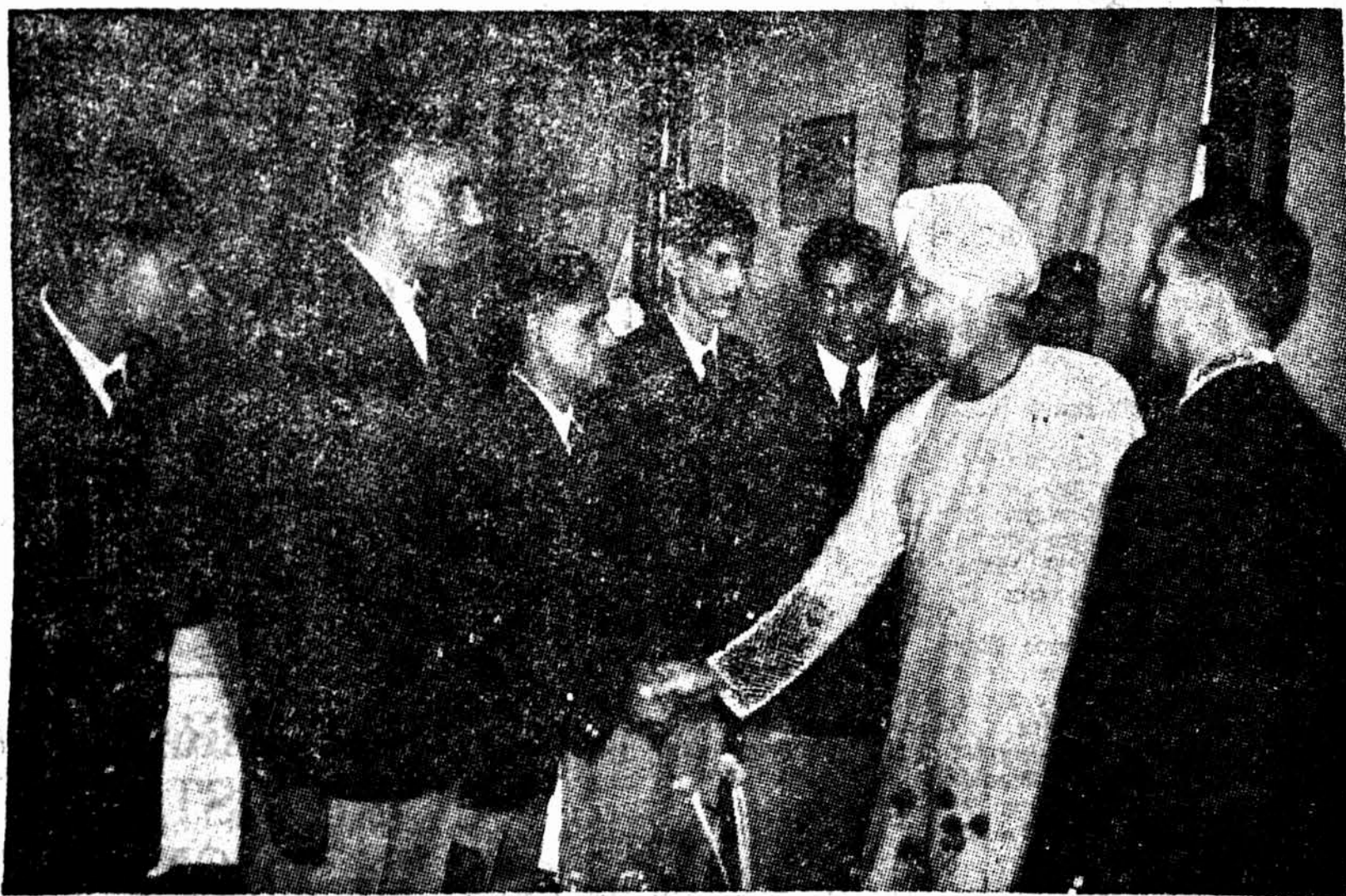
OFFICIALLY CONFIRMED

DUNSFOLD, (Surrey), Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): It was officially confirmed today that Squadron Leader Duke had broken the 100-kilometres closed circuit air speed record. The record was confirmed by the official observers who were present. It must now be submitted for confirmation by the International Aeronautics Federation.

NEW COMET RECORD

LONDON, Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): The British Overseas Airways Corporation jet Comet today set a new civil air lines record by flying from Madrid to London in one hour 55 minutes. The distance is 814 miles.

Services Swimming Team



The Services Sports Control Board gave a farewell party to their swimming team at the Defence Services Club, New Delhi on September 17. Photo shows the team being introduced to Sardar Surjit Singh Majithia, deputy defence minister. The team left on September 18 for Cairo to take part in an International swimming meet.

Windermere Park Annexes Southern Command Cup Whiteside Excels With Two Winners

(By Our Racing Correspondent)

THE Maharaja of Parlakimedi's Windermere Park, with Kheem Singh astride, annexed the Southern Command Cup, the chief event at the Poona Races today, with a terrific late charge.

Punters at Poona were disappointed in the performance of the favourite in the chief event, Dark William, who came third, while Gagan Doot, an odds on favourite was second. Dark William, who is a lone pace was strangely ridden by Khade, who seemed to keep the horse in check; this cost him the race.

Norman Whiteside acquitted himself with a brace of winners due to his rare judgment on Charmed Flight and Rangeeli.

Punters fared considerably well, but for the two outsiders that scored in the second and third legs of the daily treble event. Only 8 tickets were cashed on the event which returned Rs. 3118 each, while the double event was paid off to 112 solvers, each of whom collected Rs. 39.

The results were:—

THE ALANDI PLATE—1 Mile
RAKESH (Messrs. H. R. and M. R. Shantidas) 9-0 Jagdish 1
HAPPY DREAM (M/s. A. S. and T. A. Motabhoj) 8-11 Hanumansingh 2
IQBAL AL NASSER (Mr. A. G. Khan) 8-11 Kheemsingh 3
MASHUQA (Mr. Badridas Daga) 8-11 Kasbekar 4
 All ran.
 Won by 2-1/4Ls. 3Ls. Dist.
 Time: 1 min 47 secs.
 Tote: Rs. 14 for win, Rs. 13, Rs. 16 for places.
 Winner trained by W. Buckley.

THE PANVEL PLATE—6 Furs.
MAID OF PERSIA (Mr. M. N. Kering) 9-2 Purusingsh 1
ALI JANAB (Mr. F. A. Irani) 9-4 Damodar 2
FREE PORT (H. H. Akkasahab Maharaj) 7-4 Jagdish 3
PAPER MONEY (Mr. V. Daga) 8-3 Ganpatsingh 4
 All ran.
 Won by 3/4L. 2 1/2Ls. 1-3/4Ls.
 Time: 1 min. 17-4/5 secs.
 Tote: Rs. 34 for win, Rs. 14, Rs. 22, Rs. 24.
 Winner trained by Dinslaw.

THE SANGLI PLATE—6 Furs.
DARK DESTINY (Mr. Baburao Patel) 8-6 S. Chavan 1
CASANOVA (H. H. the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior) 9-2 Dinker 2
FOREST FLAME (Mr. R. G. Rajput) 7-7 Shiba 3
FIRELIGHT (Mr. N. E. D. Pandole) 7-11 I. Khan 4
 All ran.
 Won by Short head, 3 1/2Ls. 1-1/4L.
 Time: 1 min. 15-4/5 secs.
 Tote: Rs. 34 for win, Rs. 18, Rs. 63, Rs. 41 for places.
 Winner trained by B. R. Patel.

THE SOUTHERN COMMAND CUP—1 Mile.
WINDERMERE PARK (The Maharaja of Parlakimedi) 9-0 Kheemsingh 1
GAGAN DOOT (Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Shah) 8-10 Purusingsh 2
DARK WILLIAM (Mr. Hugo Wachsmann) 8-12 P. Khade 3
PAPER KING (Mr. S. A. Poonawalla) 8-13 S. Chavan 4
 Not run: Sangram.
 Won by 1 1/2Ls. 3Ls. 1-3/4Ls.
 Time: 1 min. 42-4/5 secs.
 Tote: Rs. 37 for win, Rs. 19, Rs. 30 for places.
 Winner trained by Uttamsingh.

THE OOTACAMUND PLATE—1-1/4 Miles.
CARPALA (Rajya Ratna and Mrs. M. C. Patel) 9-3 Devanay 1
PESSIMIST (Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Aswani) 8-9 Amir 2
SELF RESPECT (M/s. A. H. Ahmedbhai and Purshotam Jethabhai) 8-4 Damodar 3
PRINCESSA (Mr. Roomy D. Aria) 8-6 P. Khade 4
 Not run: Shere Khan.
 Won by 3Ls. 1L. 3/4L.
 Time: 1 min. 13-4/5 secs.
 Tote: Rs. 96 for win, Rs. 24, Rs. 38, Rs. 22 for places.
 Winner trained by Noshir M. Patel.

THE JOHN KENNY PLATE—1 1/4 Miles.
CHARMED FLIGHT (H. H.

6 Winners By Our Tipster

BOMBAY, Saturday.
 Our racing correspondent at Poona has again succeeded in naming 6 winners in a card of seven — 3 outright (Rakesh, Dark Destiny and Charmed Flight) and three next best (Maid of Persia, Windermere Park and Carpala).

Last week our tipster named 6 outright winners in a card of seven.
 Another creditable performance!

the Maharajahdhiraj of Jammu and Kashmir) 9-1 Whiteside 1
DER-NUE-WAY (The Maharaja of Parlakimedi) 7-4 Jagdish 2
LONELY LIGHT (Mr. and Mrs. J. F. G. Stevenson) 8-4 Damodar 3
SANGRAM (Mr. B. R. Patel) 8-0 Kheemsingh 4
 Not run: Camisole.
 Won by 2 1/2Ls. 1 1/2Ls. 2 1/2Ls.
 Time: 2 mins. 36-3/5 secs.
 Tote: Rs. 25 for win, Rs. 18, Rs. 56 for places.
 Winner trained by W. Buckley.

THE SHIROLI PLATE—5 Furs.
RANGEELI (Mr. Ramnath Daga) 7-9 Whiteside 1
NO ARGUMENT (H. H. the Maharaja of Idar) 8-1 Deshmukh 2
FOX TROT (H. H. the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior) 8-4 Dinker 3
JAHAN ARA (Mr. A. L. J. Talib) 7-12 I. Khan 4
 All ran.
 Tote: Rs. 91 for win, Rs. 23, Rs. 2, Rs. 26 for places.
 Winner trained by Mahomedali.

GUHA EXTENDS FERREIRA

Shashi Bhat Gets Game Off Mumtaz Lotwala

BOMBAY, Saturday.
WITH the exception of Henry Ferreira, who had to struggle hard for his victory, the remaining two seeded players, Amrit Lal Dewan and India's number one Trilok Nath Seth found little difficulty in overcoming their rivals to enter the semi-final round of the singles in the Cricket Club of India Open Badminton Championships today.

Ferreira lost the first game to Bengal's Manoj Guha at 11-15, but rallied splendidly to win the next two at 15-9, 15-12. Top-seeded T. N. Seth made short work of the recently-turned amateur Laxman Salvi, defeating him for five and three points in the two games played. Amrit Lal Dewan got the better of local star Dhongade at the cost of nine and six points.

Shashi Bhat created a stir by getting the first game off the champion Mrs. Mumtaz Lotwala, but was not able to hold on to this heaven-sent gift. In the last two games, Shashi was hopelessly beaten. Top-seeded Mumtaz Lotwala entered the final of the singles.

A very interesting doubles encounter resulted in Homi Talyarkhan and Shirke overcoming seeded Amrit Lal Dewan and Majumdar in three games to qualify for the semi-final round. The results were:—

Men's Singles
 Quarter-finals: Amrit Lal Dewan beat D. N. Dhongade 15-9, 15-6; Henry Ferreira beat Manoj Guha 11-15, 15-9, 15-12; T. N. Seth beat L. G. Salvi 15-5, 15-3.
Women's Singles
 Semi-final: Mrs. Mumtaz Lotwala beat Miss Shashi Bhat 5-11, 11-3, 11-7.

Men's Doubles
 Quarter-finals: M. K. Bhopardkar and R. A. Dongre beat D. G. Damani and C. P. Merchant 15-7, 15-4; K. K. Talyarkhan and G. P. Shirke beat R. N. Majumdar and Amrit Lal Dewan 15-12, 7-15, 15-10.

Mixed Doubles
 Quarter-final: G. L. Lewis and Mrs. G. N. Lewis beat L. G. Salvi and Mrs. N. Kelkar 15-5, 15-7.

Juniors Singles
 Semi-final: M. G. Patel w.o. N. J. Marshall.

Juniors Girls Singles
 Semi-final: Miss P. S. Parekh w.o. Miss A. Gubbay.

Professionals Singles
 P. Mohanlal beat Bapu Chimaji 15-2, 15-3; Shankar B. Jadhav w.o. Rambharose.

FIXTURES FOR SUNDAY
 4-00 p.m. Miss S. D. Bhalsey vs. Miss Minocha, 4-20 p.m. A. Lekharaj vs. D. Fernandes, 4-40 p.m. R. Madeo vs. G. Ramji, 5-00 p.m. Miss T. Dandige vs. Miss S. D. Rege, 5-20 p.m. T. N. Seth vs. Henry Ferreira, 5-40 p.m. N. M. Natekar vs. Amrit Dewan, 6-00 p.m. Miss S. M. Bhat and Miss T. H. Vakeel vs. Miss S. F. Motiwalla and Miss R. Dastoor, 6-20 p.m. B. D. Shroff and Miss S. Motiwalla vs. G. Lewis and Mrs. N. G. Lewis, 6-40 p.m. Mrs. M. K. Lotwala and Mrs. N. G. Lewis vs. Miss T. Dandige and Mrs. N. Kelkar, 7-00 p.m. T. N. Seth and M. Guha vs. B. D. Shroff and S. A. Phalnikar (all semi-finals).

All-India Rugby Football Tourney

CALCUTTA, Sept. 19 (UPI): The All-India Rugby tournament will commence here from tomorrow, September 20. On the first day, Doars will meet Bengal Tiger.

Howrah Side Triumph

ALLAHABAD, Sept. 19 (UPI): The Divisional Sports Club, Howrah, entered the semi-final of the All-India Chess Memorial Football tournament defeating Allahabad Sporting, last year's runners-up, by three goals to one, on the D.S.A. Ground this evening.

Alurkar Stays In Lead

BOMBAY, Saturday: Balwantrao Alurkar accounted for S. M. Mazumdar in their adjourned encounter and has still not lost even half a point in the Matunga Gymkhana Invitation Chess Tournament at the Gymkhana Premises this evening.

Alurkar was a piece up for the end-game and Mazumdar chose to resign. It was a Queen's Pawn irregular opening and Mazumdar was holding his own till the middle game stage when he fell into a trap and lost the vital piece.

The game between M. M. Rao and D. Chowdhury which was adjourned twice before resulted in a victory for the former. Rao was badly placed at the time of the first adjournment but he recovered and was the exchange up and had little difficulty in scoring the full point.

V. K. Kelkar in another adjourned game defeated D. P. Ratnagar. The game between V. D. Gangal and D. Chowdhury was adjourned. The scores of the players with the number of adjourned games are as follows:

R. B. Sapre 7 1/2 (2 adj.), B. D. Alurkar 6 (4 adj.), M. M. Rao 5 (2 adj.), S. M. Mazumdar 5 (2 adj.), M. K. Gavande 4 1/2 (1 adj.), D. Ratnagar 3, Dr. J. G. da Cunha 2 1/2 (5 adj.), D. Chowdhury 2 1/2 (3 adj.), V. K. Kelkar 2 (5 adj.), P. S. Gangal 1 (1 adj.), V. D. Gangal 1 (6 adj.).

BATH BETTING COURT

Bookmaker-Owner Charged

LONDON, Sept. 19 (NAP): Bookmaker-owner Maurice Williams who early this month threatened to sue Scotland Yard for return of his two arrested horses, was today appearing in Street Police Court charged with conspiracy to defraud the Racecourse Company Limited.

Williams' horses, Franciscan and Santa Amaro, were involved in an alleged switch coupled with cutting of the course bookmaker's phone line in the recent Bath betting coup.

He was arrested Friday night with three other men—two bookmakers and one owner.

For his part in the cutting phone cable, Leonard Phillips, 31-year-old Welsh rag dealer, was sent to prison for three months by a magistrate. Phillips, who is known to have been paid £35 for his part in the maintenance arrears to his wife, was already serving a 12-month sentence for non-payment of maintenance arrears to his wife. He was brought from Canterbury prison to appear in Bath.

Williams and four others charged with conspiracy against Bath Racecourse Company are each ball and sureties valued at £100 each.

They also must surrender passports to the police.

CALCUTTA VARSITY FINAL

ALLAHABAD, Sept. 19 (UPI): Calcutta University qualified for the Final of the North-Zone Inter-University Football tournament by defeating Rajputana by five goals to two on the Central College ground this evening.

More than 10,000 soccer fans witnessed the match, which was really a treat to watch. The Calcutta team was superior and well-knit. They dominated the show, particularly in the second half and showed team spirit and nice combination with short passes and accurate kicking.

Kendall Medals For 3 City Fire Heroes

PARSI ASSOCIATION ALSO PRESENTS CUPS

BOMBAY, Saturday.
THREE young men, Mr. N. Shanbhag, Mr. H. P. Dave and Mr. D. S. Patil, who at great personal risk saved the lives of a number of persons in the disastrous fire at Girgaum were honoured at a public meeting here today.

Mayor P. A. Dias presided over the meeting which was held under the auspices of the Bombay Parsi Association at the 'Green's' this evening.

Silver cups on behalf of the Association and Kendall Humanity Medals on behalf of the Bombay Humanitarian League were presented to the three heroes by the Mayor.

Major Sohrab R. Bamje, Vice-President of the Association, applauding the brave deeds of the young men said that this honour should have been accorded by the Municipal Corporation or the Government. "Even now it is not too late."

In a passing reference to the threat of strike by the municipal sweepers, he said that the Mayor should not hesitate to lead the city fathers in "a clean up drive", if that threat ever materialised. "If the Mayor takes the broom, I am sure that the 124 members of the Corporation would follow suit!"

The Mayor while appreciating the selfless service rendered by the three young men in a noble cause, observed that the question of public co-operation in an emergency like a disastrous fire raised several issues which called for careful consideration.

He said that firstly there was the question of discipline. There was no doubt that overall command should rest with the Fire Brigade Chief. The whole question had to be looked at from the point of view of efficiency of the operations. It was for this reason that the Corporation was undecided about the merits of active public co-operation in an emergency.

KENDALL MEDALS

Mr. J. N. Mankar, Secretary of the Bombay Humanitarian League, requested the Chair to present the bronze medals to the heroes. He said that the League had already presented 113 such medals in recognition of deeds of bravery or humanity throughout the country in the past.

The medals were in memory of the late Miss Georgian Kendall of New York, a great fighter in the humanitarian cause in America, who had left a legacy of 5,000 dollars to the League in appreciation of its work.

The three young men in a suitable reply thanked the Association and the League for the honour done to them.

Earlier, Mr. Vicar A. Tarporewalla, President of the Association, welcomed the guests.

27 Workshop Men Arrested

CALCUTTA, Sept. 19 (UPI):—Twenty-seven ore workers of the Calcutta Port Commissioners workshop were arrested yesterday on charge of unlawful assembly when they started a hungerstrike in the premises of the workshop.

Today is the sixth day of the campaign for getting their union recognized and for revision of pay according to the Pay Commission's recommendations.

New Iraq Minister

BAHDAD, Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): Said Quazaz was appointed today Minister for Interior or Iraq by royal decree. Premier Fadil Jammal had taken over the Interior post on a provisional basis when he formed his new Cabinet last Thursday.

'Daily Mail' Offers £10,000 Reward

For Clue to Macleans' Whereabouts

LONDON, Sept. 19 (NAFEN): The 'Daily Mail' has offered a £10,000 reward for fresh, exclusive evidence of the MacLeans' whereabouts.

Since Friday, the conjecture Mrs. MacLean and her three children had left Switzerland and are now behind the Iron Curtain, has hardened into belief.

Support is lent to this conviction by the Swiss police permitting Mrs. MacLean's mother to leave Switzerland for Paris—previously they had advised her to remain and await developments.

A porter at Vienna's West Station also claims to have helped Mrs. MacLean with her luggage from the Paris-Vienna Express last Saturday. The porter, who identified Mrs. MacLean from photographs, said he had taken her luggage—two trunks—to a taxi. He was unable to hear her destination but claims he would recognise the driver who is frequently working near the station.

LEBANON WANTS MORE MONEY FOR OIL

BEIRUT, Sept. 19 (NAFEN): Lebanese Premier Abdullah Yafi said here that he is considering making amendments to the agreements concluded with the Trans-Arabian Pipeline Company and Iraqi Petroleum Company by which the products of these companies are permitted to pass through Lebanese territory.

He is understood to have requested the American and British envoys in Beirut to use their influence with these companies to increase payments made to the Lebanese Government by way of royalties.

Lebanon at present receives revenue of 1,500,000 Lebanese liras annually from these companies and wants this sum increased to 35,000,000 liras (about £4,000,000).

Pakistanis Sentenced For Anti-Indian Conspiracy

CALCUTTA, Sept. 19 (UPI).

TWO Pakistani nationals, Sonai Sardar and Shaik Abdus Sattar, and Abdul Hakim and four other residents of Basirhat area were sentenced by Mr. E. N. Banerjee, Magistrate of Alipore, to two years R.I. each for being parties to a criminal conspiracy to do subversive acts endangering the safety and stability of the state of West Bengal and organising the illegal acquisition of arms and ammunition and communicating information of strategic importance to their agents in Pakistan.

It is stated that in June and July 1951 when relations between India and Pakistan were strained and troops had been deputed to border areas, the police, on receipt of some secret information kept a strict watch along the border. On July 20, 1951 two policemen, who were on duty on the other side of Basirhat, noticed accused Sardar and Sattar coming on cycles from the Pakistan side. Their movements aroused the suspicion of the two policemen who shadowed them.



Mr. C. C. Shah M.P. who is going as a member of the Indian delegation to the United Nations was given a farewell party at the Sunderbhai Hall. Mr. Pranlal Devkaran presided and about 25 organisations garlanded Mr. Shah. (Photo shows: Left to Right) Girdharlal Dattary, Durlabji Khetan, Pranlal Devkaran Nanjee, C. C. Shah, Shantilal Shah, Finance Minister.

FAROUK-NARRIMAN DIVORCE CASE FOR HEARING SOON

BY W. W. ROISSETTER

LONDON, September 18 (INS)

THE last echo of the once-torrid romance between ex-King Farouk of Egypt and his commoner bride, Narriman Sadek, soon will be sounded in the Cairo divorce courts.

Lawyers acting for the ex-Queen are now preparing her petition for divorce in which the pudgy Farouk is charged with "maltreatment, misconduct and mental cruelty."

The first hearing is expected to be held early in December. The romance lasted just over two years.

Narriman, now back in Cairo, is claiming 14,000 dollars a month alimony and her lawyers anticipate no difficulty in collecting.

Farouk, languishing in exile on the Italian and French Riviera, left a fabulous fortune in cash and worldly goods when he hastily abdicated after General Mohammed Naguib's military coup in August, 1952.

Queen Narriman obediently accompanied her husband into exile, taking along Ahmed Fuad their six-month old son and heir. But the love match did not last.

With Farouk sulking in exile and frequenting nightspots and gambling casinos, Narriman soon sent for her mother

for a showdown with the ex-king.

THE PARTING

Early this spring Narriman departed for Switzerland and declared the marriage had failed. With General Naguib's permission she returned to Cairo and divorce proceedings were started.

The money Narriman is claiming would not cover one night's losses at the gambling tables which Farouk used to frequent. The bulky ex-king could lose 140,000 dollars a week and was good-humored in the process.

Since his dethronement, however, Farouk has become more careful with money and looks sourly upon wastefulness.

Only Farouk knows the actual extent of his fortune but it has been reported that over 50,000,000 dollars, is salted carefully away in Switzerland and the United States in addition to his shares in Italian auto and textile concerns.

But this is pin money compared to what he left behind in Egypt.

Farouk inherited 20,000,000 dollars from his father and an income of 2,800,000 dollars a year in addition to palaces, estates and other property.

When he abdicated it was estimated that his fortune—home and abroad—was well over 140,000,000 dollars. More than 8,000,000 dollars of this reportedly was in hard cash.

The rest was invested in stamp collections, precious art objects and such things as diamond-studded foibles, chess pieces and walking canes.

FOREIGN CURRENCY

During his uneasy reign Farouk apparently did not have too much confidence in the Egyptian piastre. When his palaces were searched after his abdication box upon box of foreign currency were discovered.

The boxes included at least one of every gold coin struck in the world for several years, rare banknotes and bundles of English currency.

Under orders of the new government the contents of Farouk's four palaces and large estates are being sold, including his 150 personal automobiles and 400 Court motorcars.

Farouk's personal autos included Packards, Cadillacs, Chevrolets, Rolls-Royces and Daimlers worth 2,800,000 dollars.

—INS. Copyright.

S. Korean Threat

SEOUL, Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): North Korean Guards told one of today's South Korean repatriate prisoners that he would be imprisoned for three years if he returned to South Korea. He is Leechubok and was flown from the Indian Camp to Seoul today with eleven other South Korean prisoners.

In reply to questioning, Leechubok said: "I first refused repatriation because my family lived in Pukchung in North Korea. Lee was employed as a civilian worker in the United States Third Infantry Division. He was captured at Wulchung in August, 1951. He was living in North Korea when the war broke out and followed the 10th Army Corps when it evacuated Hungnam on December 25 in 1950.

Six N. Korean POWs Repatriated

HIND NAGAR (Korea), Sept. 19: Six North Korean prisoners, who had expressed a desire to return to the Korean People's Republic were repatriated yesterday at Pan Mun Jon by the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission. Lt. Col. Ujjal Singh handed over the prisoners to the representatives of the Korean People's Army. Others present were Brigadier Gurabakh Singh, Brigadier Paintal and representatives of the NNRC. The ceremony took place opposite the historic Peace Pagoda.

So far the NNRC has repatriated fifteen North Korean prisoners and one Chinese prisoner.

U.N. POWs Not Wanting Repatriation

PAN MUN JOM, Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): A spokesman for the Indian Custodian Forces said today that he had been informed that the Communists would deliver United Nations prisoners of war not wanting to be repatriated to the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission from September 24th.

The spokesman added that the date for the start of Operation Brain-washing had not yet been decided.

King Hussein's Operation

LONDON, Sept. 19 (NAFEN): King Hussein who underwent a 50-minute operation for sinus trouble is stated to be quite comfortable and his condition is most satisfactory.

He is expected to leave the clinic within a few days.

SECUNDERABAD: The ten Minimum Wages Committees appointed by the Government of Hyderabad to probe into the various trades and recommend "fair wages" are expected to submit their proposals before the end of the current year.

JAP METHOD MAKES GREAT HEADWAY

4.72 Lakh Acres Under Kharif Rice Cultivation

NEW DELHI, September 19 (UPI).

PRELIMINARY reports received in the Ministry of Food and Agriculture show that 4.72 lakh acres of land have been put under the Japanese method of paddy cultivation during the current 'Kharif' season.

So far 17 states have given information about the number of small-size holdings which have taken to this improved method of paddy growing, and the total number of farmers with holdings of less than five acres each, who have grown paddy this season, the 'Japanese way' is nearly 46,300.

Giving this information a spokesman of the Union Food and Agriculture Ministry said that taking into consideration the fact this was the first time that the improved technique had been popularised on a country-wide basis, the results had been "beyond expectation". He had no doubt that the area under the new method would be much larger next year.

BURNPUR BACK TO NORMAL

CALCUTTA, Sept. 19 (UPI): The situation in Burnpur continued to be peaceful on the second day of the withdrawal of lock-out by the management of the Indian Iron and Steel Company and the Standard Wagon Co., according to information received at the West Bengal Secretariat.

Out of 14,000 workers 5,000 are now working in the two factories.

Industrial Finance Corp. Directors

NEW DELHI, Sept. 19 (UPI): Mr. S. C. Roy (Calcutta), and Sir S. V. Ramamurthy, ICS, (retired), (Madras), were elected today as directors of the Industrial Finance Corporation of India to represent the Insurance Companies and Investing Corporations and Scheduled Banks respectively.

JAPS WANT ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP OF U.N.

TOKYO, Sept. 19 (NAFEN): Japan is considering asking for associate membership of the United Nations.

Full membership is still being opposed by Russia with an effective veto.

There is no precedent for the status Japan seeks, but officials believe the General Assembly could find a way.

Some experts hold that a simple majority vote should authorise associate status to an invited non-member without ordinary voting rights.

ROSICRUCIANS COMMEMORATE

On September 23, when the sun on its elliptical journey crosses the equator for the autumnal equinox, Rosicrucians throughout the world will commemorate the building of the Great Pyramid.

D. D. Patel, Master of the local AMORC Rosicrucian Pronaos, states that Rosicrucians throughout the jurisdiction of the philosophic Order will gather for a ceremony on Sunday (27th) at 5 p.m. at which time they will symbolically re-enact the building of the Great Pyramid of Cheops.

The outdoor fete and ceremony will be enacted locally at Plot No. 37 of N. D. Lukman, Juhu, at 5 p.m.

According to the Rosicrucian traditions, Pyramid of Cheops at Giza was begun about 4000 BC, on the occasion of the fall equinox.

£100 For Relief Of Burnpur Workers

BOMBAY, Saturday (NAFEN): The Trade Unions International of Metal and Engineering Industries (Trade Department of the W.F.T.U.) have sent £100 for the relief of the striking workers of the Indian Iron and Steel Company of Burnpur, according to an announcement by the All-India Trade Union Congress here.

ATTEMPTED MURDER

5 Years' R.I. For Two Reds

CALCUTTA, Sept. 19 (UPI):—Ahindra Bhattacharya and Niren Das Gupta, two members of the Rebel Group of the RCPI, whose leader is Pannalal Das Gupta, were sentenced yesterday by the Assistant Sessions Judge of Alipore to a total term of five years' rigorous imprisonment each on charges of the attempted murder of Jogeswar Mitra, throwing bombs to endanger life and trespassing into the house of Sachindra Sarkar of Belghoria.

The jury returned a unanimous verdict of guilty on all the charges.

Sachindra Sarkar belonged to that group of RCPI whose leader is Soumyendranath Tagore. In the middle of 1947, Pannalal was expelled from the party as he was working against the ideology of the party. He later formed a new party under the name of RCPI Rebel Group.

A Million-Rupee Session

CALCUTTA, Sept. 19 (UPI):—The West Bengal Pradesh Congress Committee, which is making arrangements for the plenary session of the Indian National Congress at Kalyani, about 35 miles from Calcutta, has drawn up a blueprint which, when executed, will cost them nearly Rs. 10 lakhs.

The blueprint envisages construction of an auditorium with a capacity to accommodate one lakh people.

The exhibition on the occasion will be the biggest ever held in India and, besides all the State Governments and Central Government, foreign countries, including U.S.A., U.K., U.S.S.R., China and other Asian countries will participate in the exhibition.

Thai Protest To Burma

KAREN RAIDS ON WOLFRAM MINES

BANGKOK, Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): The Thailand Government is understood to be planning a sharp protest to the Burmese Government over recent raids on three western Thailand wolfram mines at Kanchanburi by well armed and organised gangs, supposed to be Mons and Karens coming from the Burmese territory. The Thai Ambassador has been recalled from Rangoon for consultations on this matter, it is learned.

Although the Mons and Karens are rebels against the Burmese Government, Thailand considers they are under Burmese jurisdiction and that the Burmese Government should ensure security.

Research On Haematology

NEW DELHI, Sept. 19: The Indian Council of Medical Research has just published a "Review on Haematology" which brings out the dimensions of the problem of anaemia in India and summarises the extensive research work done in the field.

FRENCH DELEGATION WALKS OUT

Zafrullah's Charges In U. N. Assembly

UNITED NATIONS, September 19 (UPI-AFP).

THE French U. N. delegation walked out of the Assembly hall yesterday, when the Pakistani delegate, Choudhury Zafrullah Khan, declared to the Assembly that French domination in Indo-China, Morocco and Tunisia was an affront to human dignity.

The Pakistani delegate said, "There will be no peace among men until there is full acceptance of the principles of brotherhood in the world and the goals set out in the UN Charter are reached everywhere."

He added, "The domination of France over those two countries constitutes an affront to human dignity." He recalled the glorious history of the peoples of North Africa, laying emphasis on the sharp contrast with the inglorious and humiliating state in which they now find themselves due to the indifference of the Western powers.

"Moroccan and Tunisians are merely seeking their liberty through peaceful negotiations," The Pakistani Foreign Minister went on. "While France seeks shelter behind Article

to "perpetuate the political dependence of the Sultan of Morocco," Zafrullah said, "French nationals, who are not even citizens of Morocco, and constitute a minority, are nevertheless entitled to a fifty per cent representation in the so-called municipal councils and consultative assemblies."

The Pakistani Foreign Minister recalled that last year the U.N. General Assembly had expressed its confidence that France would indeed further the rights and liberties of the peoples of Tunisia and Morocco in conformity with the Charter.

France's reaction, he stated, has been the "thorough suppression of freedom in those States, the unceremonious deposition of the Sultan and an aggravation of the present tension."

DOCKER ARRESTED

BOMBAY, Saturday. Shaikh Sikandar Shaikh Husein, a dock-worker was arrested by the Dongri Police on Thursday on a charge of assaulting a fellow-worker.

Police alleged that Husein gave a fist blow to the complainant in a quarrel over the question of dock entry badges. The complainant suffered a broken nose.

Husein was put up before Presidency Magistrate D. D. Yennamadi at the Mazagaon Court yesterday and ordered to be released on bail.

GOLD & SILVER

BOMBAY, Sept. 18.

The local bullion market was quiet with small liquidation.

The Board has passed a resolution to pay a penalty of Rs. 3-8 on Silver and Rs. 2 on Gold for failure to tender. This penalty is to be paid over the average rate of ready and forward. This resolution will be placed before the general body and if passed will need Government sanction.

At the opening Forward Silver was quoted at Rs. 156 and declined at Rs. 155-14. Ready Silver was quoted at Rs. 155-10.

Forward Gold opened at Rs. 87 and declined at Rs. 86-13. Ready Gold was quoted at Rs. 87-3 and Sovereigns were placed at Rs. 52. Later on there was further selling and Silver declined at Rs. 155-2 and Gold was quoted at Rs. 86-10. At this level there was scattered covering and the market closed as under:—

Ready Silver	Rs. 155 0 0
Forward	155 4 0
Ready Gold	87 2 0
Forward	86 12 0

Bombay Cotton

BOMBAY, Sept. 19.

The local forward cotton market ruled steady and in the short session there was limited business. There was scattered short covering.

At the opening February delivery was quoted at Rs. 613-8 and advanced at Rs. 615 under small buying. May delivery was quoted at Rs. 618-8.

Later on there was increased selling on hopes of a big crop and quotations declined. The market closed at 2 p.m. as under:—

I C C February	612 4 0
I C C May	616 0 0

Hapur Market

HAPUR, Sept. 19.

Futures Silver Rs. 157/8, peas mangsoor Rs. 13/7, jeth Rs. 10/5 arhar mangsar Rs. 13/4, jeth Rs. 11/1, urd maha Rs. 15/10, guwar maha Rs. 8/4, procurement of rice start in Meerut region shortly licences required delivery 60 per cent of their purchases towards government procurement purchases rates same as the last year. Inter regional rice movements banned. Ready wheat Rs. 16/8 to 16/12, Gram Rs. 15/8, barley Rs. 11, belhar Rs. 11/6 maize Rs. 12 to 12/8, rice basmati Rs. 80/8, hansraj Rs. 7/8, sela Rs. 25, coarse Rs. 15/8, peas Rs. 13/12, arhar Rs. 13, urd Rs. 20, moong Rs. 16/8, masor Rs. 16/4.

Trade stocks wheat 70, gram 11, barley 5, belhar 14, peas 50, arhar 34 khatties.

Gur pansera dry Rs. 19/8, wet Rs. 17 to 18, crystal wholesale mill delivery ready Rs. 29/8 to 31/8, khandasari Rs. 25 to 30, oilseeds sarson Rs. 23/8, taramira Rs. 62, groundnut Rs. 17, to 19, vegetable products Rs. 39 to 40, cotton seed Rs. 13/8, mustard oil Rs. 62, linseed oil Rs. 48, groundnut oil Rs. 75, oilcake Rs. 9, bardana laldhari Rs. 70, sufedhari Rs. 89, kalidhari Rs. 110, half bags Calcutta Rs. 44/8 to 45, sajanwa Rs. 47 sutli Rs. 83.

Produce Market Closed

BOMBAY, Sept. 19.

Today being "Mohuram", the local produce market remained entirely closed.

Art Silk Yarn

BOMBAY, Sept. 19.

The market remained closed on account of Bank Holiday.

Share Bazar Closed

BOMBAY, Sept. 19.

Today being a Bank Holiday, the Bombay Stock Exchange remained closed.

Bombay Pepper

BOMBAY, Sept. 19.

Bhardarva	2050 to 2080
Aso	1910 to 1940
Magsar	1590 to 1620

Sugar Prices

BOMBAY, Sept. 19.

Ready	92 to 95
Bhardarva	91/12

Calcutta Share Market

CALCUTTA, Sept. 19 (UPI): Steadier tendency maintained today in the local share market with restricted business recorded. Indian Iron and Howrahs were quoted at Rs. 22-14 and Rs. 23-1 respectively. Following are today's final transactions upto 1 p.m.:—

GOVT. SECURITIES: 3 per cent loan (1936) Rs. 82-3, 3 per cent loan (1963-65) Rs. 92-3 sl., 4 per cent loan (1960-70) Rs. 101-13, 3 1/2 per cent loan (1961) Rs. 8-8 sl.

BANKS: Allahabad Bank (Conty) Rs. 383-8.

COALS: Burrakur Rs. 9-1, Bengal Rs. 510, New Churulia Rs. 2, West Bengal Rs. 4-7.

JUTES: Barnagore Rs. 144-3, Champdany Rs. 146-8 sl, Kanknarah (A) Rs. 140, Kamarhatti (A) Rs. 183 sl.

TEAS: Howrah Rs. 23, Reliance Rs. (Pref.) Rs. 116 sl, Hantapara Rs. 167, Bhatkora Rs. 25-14, Jayshree Rs. 7-12, East India Rs. 18-8, Basmatia Rs. 27-4.

SUGARS: Belsund Rs. 7-12.

ENGINEERINGS: Indian Iron—Opening Rs. 22-15, Closing Rs. 22-14, Indian Galvanizing Rs. 13-1, Marshalls Rs. 5-2.

MISCELLANEOUS: Orissa Minerals Rs. 35-4, Indian Copper Rs. 2-13 xd, F and C Osler Rs. 6-15, Calcutta Electric Rs. 13-14, Sone Valley Cement Rs. 6-9, B. I. Corporation Rs. 8-8, Shaw Wallace Rs. 22-5, Rallis India Ltd. Rs. 65-12, Rohtas Industry Rs. 8-12, Shree Gopal Paper Rs. 18-1, B. B. Petrol Rs. 1-6, India Steamship Rs. 7-5.

Meerut Markets

MEERUT, Sept. 19.

Gur pansera Rs. 17, to 17/4, khurpapur Rs. 19 to 19/4, khandasari Rs. 26 to 32, crystal sugar jastwant Rs. 29/13, modi Rs. 29/15, mawana Rs. 30, ramkaxman Rs. 29/6, daurala Rs. 30/11, sakoti Rs. 29/14, retail Rs. 31/8 to 32/8, sarson Rs. 24 to 25, taramira Rs. 20/8 to 21/8 groundnut Rs. 18 to 22, til Rs. 30 to 36, cottonseed Rs. 13/8 to 15/8, oilsearson Rs. 61 to 62, taramira Rs. 60 to 61, groundnut Rs. 74 to 78.

Kanpur Bullion Market

KANPUR, Sept. 19 (UPI): The following are today's official quotations of Kanpur Bullion Market at the time of closing:

SILVER WAIDA: Opening Rs. 156-6, Closing Rs. 155-4, Lowest Rs. 155-2, Highest 156-12.

GOLD WAIDA: Closed Rs. 87-4. Silver arrivals 2 bars. Offtakes 5 bars.

BOMBAY MARKETS

BOMBAY, Sept. 19 (UPI): Kerb quotations in Bombay today at 9 p.m. were as follows:—

Tata Defd. Rs. 1,805, Indian Iron Rs. 22-12, Silver forward Rs. 154-12, Gold Rs. 86-10, Cotton February contract Rs. 610, May contract Rs. 614, Castorseed May 1954 delivery Rs. 118-8.

New York Cotton

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.

The New York cotton future market was weaker at the opening today. Later short covering and mill buying caused a technical upturn.

At close New York quotations were unchanged up to one to two and at New Orleans unchanged up to one to five point.

Future index 155.02 up, 0.44, spot index up 0.91.

Closing quotations:—October 32.88, December 33.14, March 33.53, May 33.68, July 33.56/7, October 33.13, December 33.18.

CHICAGO GRAINS

CHICAGO, Sept. 18.

At Chicago grains market, wheat closed today up 1/8, corn up 1/1/8, soya beans up 3/4. At Winnipeg flaxseed closed up 4/1/2.

LATEST COMMERCIAL NEWS

NEW YORK COTTON
NEW YORK, Sept. 19: New York Cotton market was closed today.

Founder Of Ganapati Festival Featured Beside The Idol



The late Lokamanya Tilak garlanding the image of Ganapati, is the subject chosen by the artist in modelling the idol. This image of Ganesha was installed at the festival held by Vikas Mandal, Raste Wada Chowk Merchants Association (East) Poona.

Photo—Kakade.

All Set To Save Egyptian Girl's Life

OXFORD, Sept. 19 (NAPEN): Thanks to prompt Anglo-Egyptian co-operation and the fact Egyptians gave up their seats in a Comet to allow her to reach the Radcliffe Infirmary here with the greatest possible speed, there are great hopes six-year-old Ginette Cohen, accidentally shot during exercises in Egypt, will be saved.

It was stated at the infirmary she spent a comfortable night her condition is good and she is conscious and appears to be happy. Some of Britain's greatest brain specialists under the eminent surgeon, Mr. Pennybacker, have started preliminary investigations to find out whether it is possible to extract the bullet lodged in her brain. Owing to the intricacies of such an operation, it is impossible to proceed hurriedly and if such a step is feasible — and there is every indication this is the case — the operation will not take place until at least Tuesday.

SOVIET PLEA TO U.N.

U. N. (New York): Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): The Soviet Union today asked that the reply of China and North Korea upon the composition of the Political Conference on Korea should be placed upon the United Nations General Assembly agenda.

The Soviet Union based its request on the communication made by the United Nations Secretary-General to the Peking and Pyongyang Governments and their counter-proposals to the Assembly.

THREE SURVIVORS FOUND

MIAMI, (Florida), Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): Three out of the 16 persons aboard the B-29 weather reconnaissance plane which disappeared last night have so far been found. The aircraft had disappeared off the Georgia coast. The three survivors were found on rafts which had been spotted by reconnaissance planes. They were put aboard two ships which were in the vicinity of the accident. Ten military airplanes were participating in the search operations.

Neville Duke Beats 100-Metre Record

DUNSFORD, (Surrey) Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): Squadron leader Neville Duke today unofficially beat the 100-kilometre close circuit air speed record. According to unofficial observers, Duke beat the record by a narrow margin.

Moscow Ready To Oblige

REPATRIATION OF JAP WAR CRIMINALS

TOKYO, Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): The Soviet Union might repatriate Japanese war criminals still detained in Russia, according to a statement made by the political adviser to the former Russian Mission. It was learned here today.

The statement was reported to the Japanese Foreign Ministry yesterday by a delegation which saw G. I. Pavlychev, a spokesman for the former Mission. The Japanese Foreign Minister sent an appeal in August last for the repatriation of some 1,400 Japanese criminals still in Russia, and it is understood that he is ready to send a representative to Moscow for negotiations in this connection.

HUNGER-STRIKERS ARRESTED

CALCUTTA, Sept. 19 (UPI): The sixth batch of 14 employees of the Port Commissioners' workshop in Kidderpore went on hunger-strike this afternoon. They were arrested and removed from the workshop.

This brings the total number of arrests of hunger-strikers to about 145 during the last six days.

100 TUDEH MEN SENT TO PENAL ISLAND

TEHERAN, Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): About one hundred "Tudeh" members were deported yesterday to an island in the Persian Gulf, it was learned today. Dangerous criminals are usually sent to this island.

Calcutta Police Story Before Commission Deny Assault On Journalists And Charge Latter With Violence

CALCUTTA, September 19 (UPI). In the statement submitted to the Commission of Enquiry into the alleged assault on journalists by the Calcutta police, the latter have denied all the allegations made by the Indian Journalist's Association.

The statement says that "the Calcutta Police are more zealous than any other body in upholding the principles of the constitution and the fundamental rights guaranteed thereunder."

It denies that the police tried to stop the collection of news by pressmen by closing the normal sources of information. According to them, police stations were debarred from giving any news to the press and the police had no jurisdiction over hospitals.

POLICE AS VICTIMS

While denying that any action was taken by the police against anyone excepting law breakers, the Calcutta police in their statement add that "it is unfortunate that whereas photographic representations of the operations carried out by the police against the law-breakers were given prominence in some of the newspapers, no incident in which planned attacks were made against the police with stones, crackers or bombs received any photographic representations in the newspapers."

Prior to July 22, the statement says the police had not taken any action against any reporter or photographer possessing identity cards.

The statement admits that there were policemen in uniform, as well as without uniforms in and about the maidan on July 22. It says, "to cope with the strategy of the miscreants, it was decided that a large number of plain-clothed officers and men would be deployed and police picket and patrols placed in all neighbouring streets, lanes and alleys."

On the incident of July 22, the statement says: "While assisting the uniformed police in making arrests, Amulya Bhattacharjee, Inspector, Special Branch, who was on duty in plain clothes, noticed one Sunil Sen Gupta, whom he knew beforehand as an ex-detenu."

Among the law-breakers who had formed the unlawful assembly (Sunil Sen Gupta is a reporter of the "Swadhinata" daily organ of the CPI). The said inspector, who was busy at that time in arresting other law-breakers, who were close to him, could not arrest Sunil Sen Gupta immediately. Shortly afterwards, the said inspector saw that Sunil Sen Gupta was in the midst of a group of persons who were standing about fifteen or sixteen cubits away from the base of the Ochterlony monument (in the maidan) towards the south-east and appeared to be composed mostly of press reporters.

HOW TROUBLE STARTED

The said inspector then mentioned this to one of his colleagues. Inspector Nripen Sen of the Special Branch then walked up to that group and enquired if they were all press reporters. Someone from the group said that they were all press reporters and that they had their identity cards with them which could be checked. Thereupon, the Inspector enquired whether there was anybody of the name of Sunil Sen Gupta. At this, one gentleman came out in front from the middle of the group and said that his name was Sunil Sen Gupta. Inspector Nripen Sen asked Sunil to show his identity card, whereupon the latter pounced upon the Inspector, caught him by his shirt and told him that he (Sunil) was being troubled every day by being asked to produce his identity card and that he would not tolerate this everytime. With these words, the said Sunil Sen Gupta started giving blows to the Inspector. Some other persons belonging to the said group immediately joined Sunil Sen Gupta and started assaulting the said Inspector.

SCUFFLE AND MELEE

"Sub-Inspector K. P. Banerjee, who also was on duty in plain

clothes and was standing by, noticed the assault on Inspector Sen and came to rescue the said Inspector from the clutches of the reporters who had been assaulting him. Simultaneously Shri K. P. Banerjee raised an alarm by shouting out: "Inspector is being beaten up." His alarm drew the attention of other plain clothes policemen standing nearby who came to the assistance of Inspector Sen.

There was a scuffle and a melee in this attempt to rescue Inspector Sen from the clutches of the assaulting pressmen. In the course of such scuffle and melee, the said Inspector and Sub-Inspector Banerjee received injuries. Soon, however, more policemen came up and arrested a number of pressmen, including Sunil Sen Gupta, who were in that group. The arrested pressmen were placed on a police truck standing slightly to the north-east of the monument."

Shri P. K. Sen, Deputy Commissioner, Headquarters, according to the statement, was at that moment dealing with certain other law-breakers towards the north-east of the monument. Later, he went to that truck and requested the arrested pressmen to come out and he actually released some of them and recovered a camera from a constable and gave it back to the photographer.

NOT POSSIBLE TO IDENTIFY

The statement says: "The Calcutta police are, however, unable to identify the individual policemen or pressmen involved in the said incident or the exact manner in which the alleged injuries were sustained. The Calcutta police, however deny the allegations of assault or violence on Mrs. Vidya Munshi." Mrs. Munshi is the Calcutta representative of the Bombay Weekly 'Blitz'.

Repatriation Of K.M.T. Troops

THAILAND TAKES ACTIVE STEPS

BANGKOK, Sept. 19 (UPI-AFP): The Thailand Interior Ministry last night urgently instructed the Northern Provinces authorities to continue their co-operation regarding the withdrawal of Chinese Nationalist troops led by General Li Mi, despite the Burmese walk-out from the Bangkok Four-Nation Commission. It was learned today.

The Commission is reported to be ready to provide for the evacuation of 1,000 Nationalist Chinese soldiers from Burma before the end of September. But Burma refuses to believe in the sincerity of Chinese intentions.

It is understood that the police department has ordered the Northern Units to assist and control repatriation.

BURMA TO MOVE U. N.

The Burmese Ambassador to Thailand U Pe Kin has been instructed by his Government to go to New York and ask the United Nations General Assembly to take positive steps to get Chinese Nationalist troops out of Burma.

This followed the walk-out from the Four-Nation Commission on the Repatriation of General Li Mi's troops yesterday when the Chinese Nationalist delegate turned down a Burmese proposal for the evacuation of the troops through Thailand.

NEW DELHI: Five convictions were secured during the month of July 1953 in cases prosecuted by the Special Police Establishment of the Government of India.

BOUNDARIES COMMISSION

Congress Against Public Evidence

NEW DELHI, Sept. 19 (UPI): The Congress Working Committee, which met here this morning, held a general discussion on the terms of reference for the proposed high power Commission on re-organisation of the boundaries of States.

The Commission will be appointed by the Government of India before the end of this year and is not expected to take more than a year to submit its final report.

Members were not in favour of the Commission making any interim report; but felt that if the Commission wanted to give any interim report, there should be no objection. It was suggested that if the Commission had before it a complete picture of any particular aspect of its work, it might present it to the Government before hand.

The Committee was understood to be against the Commission taking public evidence. While the Commission should be free to ask for the views of any organisation or group of individuals, there shall not be any public session for taking evidence, it was decided.

11-Day Fast For Demanding 'Dry' Area

NAPUR, Sept. 19 (HS): Shri Kanayalal Malvani, a Congress worker of Ramtek, a holy place near here, has embarked on a 11-day fast to persuade the Madhya Pradesh government to declare the part a 'dry' area.

Shri Malvani, who has begun his fast on September 15, has requested the government to ensure that no wines are sold under the name of Kamla tonic.

Shri M. D. Tumpaliwar, President of the Nagpur Pradesh Congress Committee, has sent a letter to the faster commending his self-imposed penance and has said that where law fails the only way left was that of service.

Two Goods Trains Derail

BANGALORE-POONA EXPRESS DIVERTED

MADRAS, Sept. 19 (UPI): Two derailments of goods trains were reported on the Southern Railway today.

At 2 p.m. today a loaded goods wagon hauled up and caused train derailment between Satara Road and Koregaon resulting in the main line being obstructed for a few hours.

Another goods train proceeding from Bangalore city to Arasikari met with an accident between Mettur and Sampang road with a number of wagons getting down from the line, and causing obstruction to the main line.

On receipt of information, the railway officials rushed to spot with necessary breakdown specials.

The Bangalore-Poona Express train, were being diverted via Mysore.

WHEN TAGORE WAS WRONG

Inhuman Aspects Of 'Varsity System In India

AN astronomer-cartographer goes through the panorama of Indian Universities and evaluates the real assets and defects in modern parlance.

*Then felt I like some watcher of the skies.
When a new planet swims into his ken.*

The Indian observer of universities quoted this to himself when he finally discovered his own universities. For, so long had he been sweeping the heavens for foreign universities, of third magnitude and brighter, he had entirely forgotten that India too had universities. One day he noticed an object he hadn't noticed before—and it turned out to be his own university.

Now, our cartographer-astronomer was more than scientifically trained. He had a scientific attitude, an open mind; and he decided to map his university on the charts. To do that he had to study it first. He could not rely on traditional reputations. Because, for many years Indian students of educational cartography had been taught to look at Indian universities through the wrong end of the telescope.

There is no doubt that originally Indian universities were to produce trained clerks. There is no doubt that Indian universities still are too much dominated by the clerical tradition. But, for the first time in his life, this Indian observer, scientific observer, of universities sees that Indian universities are "not so bad" as they are made out to be.

This does not mean that he sees them to be good. But he discovers that the faults are more the faults of society than of the university institutions. As Tagore pointed out, "It is convenient for us to overlook the fact that among Europeans the living spirit of the university is widely spread in their society, their parliament, their literature, and the numerous activities of their corporate life. In all these functions they are in touch with the great personality of the land...."

TAGORE WAS WRONG

But if we examine the Indian universities for a moment as universities, and not as institutions of a special society, we see that they compare not too unfavourably with the universities of America or Europe.

Tagore claimed that "we have in India all the furniture of the European except the human teacher."

He was wrong.

Teachers are very much human in India. Unfortunately too much so, they suffer from the strenuous efforts made to give them an inferiority complex. But there are inhuman aspects of the university system in India which are imposed by society.

"We are made to tread the mill of passing examinations (again Tagore), not for learning anything, but for notifying that we are qualified for employments under organisations conducted in English. Our educated community is not a cultured community, but a community of qualified candidates. Meanwhile the proportion of possible employments to the number of claimants has gradually been growing narrower, and the consequent disaffection has been widespread. At last the very authorities who are responsible for this are blaming their victims." (The italics here are added by our Indian observer.)

Now, the Indian cartographer who is making this "educationist's map" is not a Bengali. He does not quote Tagore out of a narrow partisan spirit. But he thinks that Tagore showed insight when he talked about education. (All of the above, it will be noted, was written in 1920). And he reads one more passage from the Poet before he finalizes his charts.

"Once upon a time we were in possession of such a thing as our own mind in India. It was living. It thought, it felt, it expressed itself. It was receptive as well as productive. That this mind could be of any use in the process, or in the end, of our education was overlooked by our modern educational

dispensation. We are provided with buildings and books and other magnificent burdens calculated to suppress our mind. The latter was treated like a library-shelf solidly made of wood, to be loaded with leatherbound volumes of second-hand information. In consequence, it has lost its own colour and character, and has borrowed polish from the carpenter's shop. All this has cost us money, and also our finer ideas, while our intellectual vacancy has been crammed with what is described in official reports as Education. In fact, we have bought our spectacles at the expense of our eyesight....

"The Western education which we have chanced to know is impersonal. Its complexion is also white, but it is the whiteness of the whitewashed class-room walls. It dwells in the cold-storage compartments of lessons and the ice-packed minds of the school-masters...."

SOME COMPARISON

And then our astronomer-cartographer proceeds to think, to ponder, to compare. And here are some of the things he thought.

1. The Indian universities are often very good institutions. But so long have we been told that they are third-rate, or rateless,

that we generally believe it. It takes a strong personality, indeed, to go against the "vested interests" in this matter. And the vested interests are Oxford and Cambridge graduates who find it to their benefit to perpetuate an unholy myth. These interests are still very strong in India, despite "independence" and freedom.

2. The traditional habit of always under-rating our own universities and over-rating the foreign universities is senseless and suicidal. If Indians would be less overawed by things white, by things Western, the nation could not but benefit. And among things white and Western, our Indian observer thought, are people—Americans and Britishers and Germans, etc., as well as buildings and institutions.

3. There is too much arbitrary rating of Indian universities. The belittling process started by the Oxbridge men of old is today continued by men who never saw the shores of foreign continents. Their rating of Indian universities is often as much related to fact as is the rating of the English-trained "scholars" who belittle the products of Calcutta, or Madras or Bombay. And yet, a man trained in the Lucknow University is no less trained than one trained in Madras. And similarly, Saugor University and the Patna University and the other Indian universities are, in some departments, of considerable rank. (But playing the game of "equivalences" gives many paper-shufflers an interesting, and sometimes profitable, pastime!).

4. Our observer thinks of the training offered by Nottingham University and the University of Durham, and of the education given by such universities as Arizona, Liege, Lyons, Washington, etc. And he thinks (because he saw) that students in Nagpur and Delhi and Aligarh and Waltair do not need to feel so frustrated. Western universities, as well as Indian, have problems. And many Western universities have even fewer "facilities" than the Indian ones.

5. Students in India are second to none in the West—and superior to many. The Englishman some-

By **ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN**

International Institute of Educational Sciences, University of Utrecht.

times tries to make the Indian out to be an inferior type of being. It just isn't so. On the other hand the Indian student has to work in an atmosphere of unreality where unreal and unrelated-to-education examinations take each year a frightful toll of life. The destruction of life (save for breathing; That still goes on.) wrought by the examination system in India is about as unethical, and as wholesale, as the destruction of thousands of people by atomic bombs.

FAULT OF SOCIETY

6. Tagore was right when he said that the Indian "cultured community" is a "community of qualified candidates." The candidates are inspected, qualified, and stamped. But it is not the fault of the universities that students have to study M.A. Final or M.Sc. (Previous) instead of "subjects". That is the fault of society. Though the very representatives of society "who are responsible for this are blaming their victims."

7. Tagore was also right when he spoke about the difficulty that some students have in mastering languages. "There is nothing so terrible as the English language for one whose mother tongue is Bengali." In his words, the mother tongue is for students what mother's milk is for infants. He was, even thirty years ago, pleading that education in India be given through the medium of the local languages. "If my plea, which then fell on deaf ears hypnotised by the repetition of foreign texts, still fails to go home, I can only hope that other voices will put it forward again and again."

Our Indian astronomer, who has been much bombarded these days by the frantic appeals to "retain English" thinks back to Tagore's wisdom and gets from it inspiration and consolation to help him bear the narrow-mindedness of the "vested interests." And he says to himself, as Tagore so well said: "There is one great difference between our country and a free country. In the latter only those students learn a foreign language who consider it necessary for finishing their education,—it is not necessary for their daily avocations because all the work of the country is carried on in its own language. In our country most of its work is carried on in English.... Therefore, I only say let the full courses within the university be cooked in English style and served on English utensils for those who can afford to pay for them, out let the rest of the guests, waiting outside, be given some of the food, if not on tables at least on plattin leaves laid on the ground."

LANGUAGE PROBLEM

8. From the language problem, which is a very serious problem in India today, our astronomer - cartographer proceeds to think about the Indian university teacher. This teacher, who is one of the victims of society blamed by society, is not much different from the university teacher in other countries. He is sometimes competent and he is sometimes not competent. But, despite the post, he is human. Often he takes out his own frustrations on his students. Perhaps



Deputy Minister of Culture of the U. S. S. R. I. G. Bolshakov speaking at the opening ceremony of the Indian Art Exhibition in Moscow. Next to him in the picture is the Indian Ambassador K. P. S. Menon. At the extreme end is Barda Ukil, Leader of Indian Artists' Delegation to Moscow.

even more often he just ignores them, or treats them as inanimate beings. (He sometimes tries to make out a case, not unconvincedly, that this is because he is overworked). But there are instances, as in other countries, where the teacher teaches. And so our observer comes to the conclusion that the Indian university teacher is sometimes as bad a teacher as could be imagined—and that he is sometimes as good. And

something which is native to the Indian university. It is superimposed by society, and it can be removed from the university environment when society wakes up to see the need of doing so. Besides, there are aspects of politics and of "human relations" in Western universities which are also unsavoury!

10. And then there is the talk. In India education is the favourite subject for "leaders" to talk about. But because the problems are so complex the "leaders" skip the level of concrete reality and move to the heights of abstract generalities. ("The lowering of the standards." We must raise them! "The indiscipline of students." We must discipline them. The number of failures. "We must scrap the whole system." In India everyone talks about education. And no-one does anything about it!

These are some of the things that our Indian astronomer-observer thought about, and pondered, and fretted over. And then he said to himself: "But I am a cartographer, not a philosopher. I have a map to draw." He takes out a blank map of the world—where India is drawn to a realistic scale, and not to a scale one tenth the size of Britain—and he proceeds to dot in, and to name the Universities of Aligarh, Allahabad, Bombay, Benares, Calcutta, Delhi, and the other universities in this great subcontinent. He folds the map carefully. And then he says, with his best Oxford accent, "So-o! Gods—doesn't mean that this is The desert has finally produced!"

TWO LITTLE LAMBS WENT TO SCHOOL

BY **MARGARET B. UNTHANK**

Norwich, England.

THIS is a true story of two little woolly lambs that went to school. I know that it is a true story because the lambs, Patsy and Pansy, came from my farm. This was how it all began:

In this part of England there are not many farmers who keep sheep, and most of the children at the junior high school had never seen a sheep or lamb except in pictures. So Miss Esdalle decided to take her form for a nature walk on my farm, and there they found a real shepherd, Mr. Hambling, who took them to see some newly born lambs. The children were allowed to feed some of them with bottles of milk, and they enjoyed picking up and making a great fuss over them.

All the way home the children

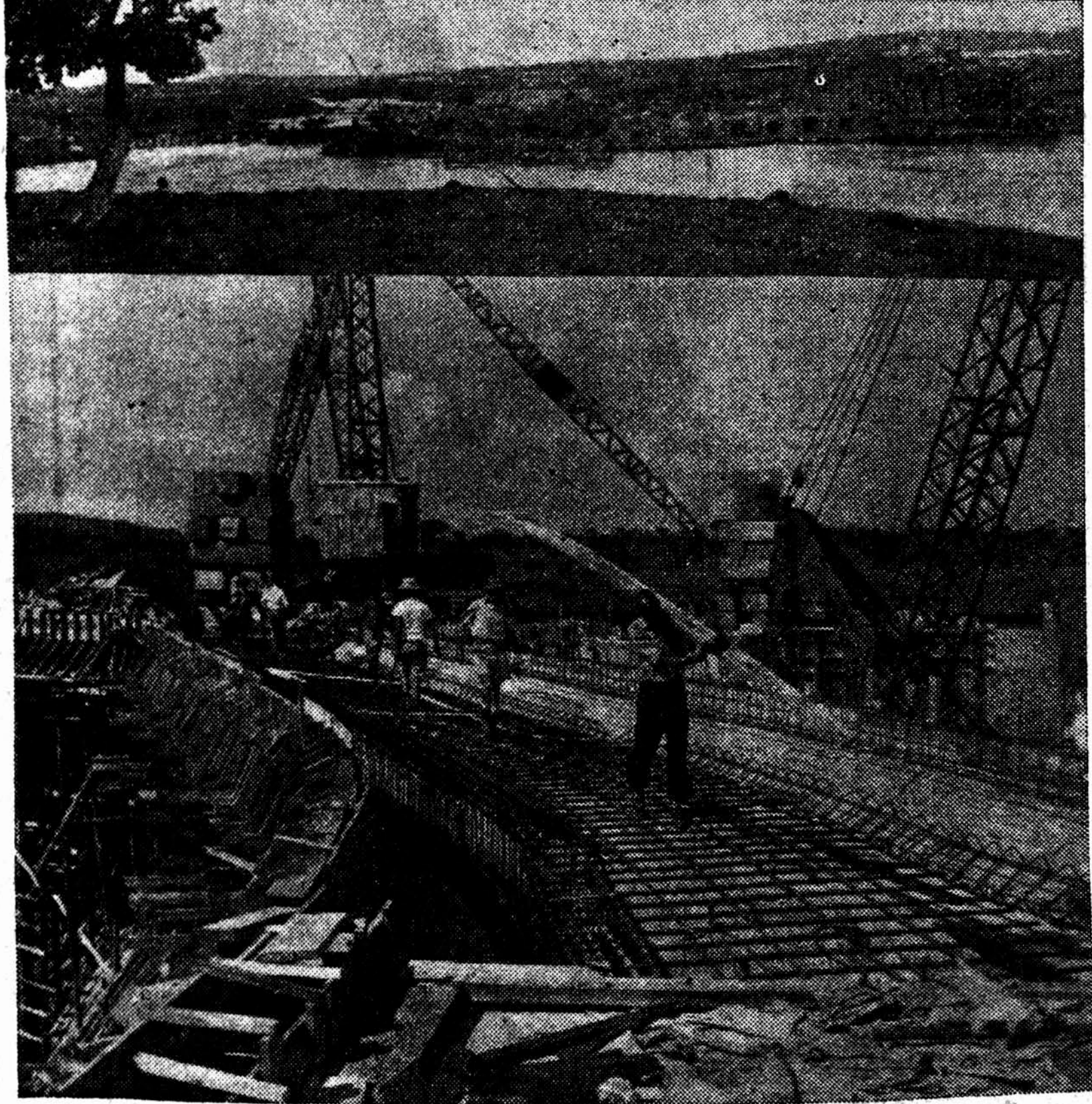
kept asking Miss Esdalle if they could not possibly have a lamb at school. And so, the very next day, she wrote to me and asked if I would lend them two lambs that had no mother and allow the children to bring them up. So I put Pansy and Patsy into my little car and drove them into the city and left them at the high school.

The children and Miss Esdalle made a little house for them with two wattles leaned together, and put a piece of wire netting up to give them a little run. And last of all, a red leather collar and lead were brought for Pansy and a green collar and lead for Patsy. Two of the girls, six-year-old twins who live just around the corner, take the lambs home with them at night.

One day after the lambs had been at school for about a week, the postman brought me a very fat envelope, and inside it I found fourteen letters, one from each little girl in Miss Esdalle's form, telling me all about Patsy and Pansy, and thanking me for letting them come. — Christian Science Monitor.

This is the general view of the Owen Falls Dam, looking south from the east bank of River Nile.

Bottom picture shows the main Uganda-Kenya road which will go over the new Dam. Photo shows the turn-off road to the Hydro-Electric Power Station under construction.



BRITISH PROJECT TO HARNESS THE NILE

Egypt Will Benefit From Uganda Power Scheme

By ALASTAIR MATHESON

AFRICANS, AIDED BY HUNDREDS OF TECHNICIANS FROM BRITAIN AND ELSEWHERE, ARE BRINGING REALITY TO THE VISION OF THE MIGHTY NILE'S TREMENDOUS ENERGIES PUT TO THE SERVICES OF MAN AND INDUSTRY.

WORKING by day and by night amid the waters of the White Nile men of several nations are throwing a vast concrete harness across the Uganda bottle-neck which squeezes the waters of Lake Victoria into a couple of hundred feet at Owen Falls—the start of the Nile's 3,400-mile journey to Egypt and the sea.

The £25,000,000 (Rs. 33.3 crores) Owen Falls hydro-electric scheme recently passed the half-way stage in its construction when the Governor of Uganda, Sir Andrew Cohen, pressed an electric button and diverted the waters of the Nile, flowing at the rate of 37,000 tons a minute.

Now work is in progress on the second half of the dam, which when completed will contain about 250,000 tons of cement and 4,000 tons of steel. The entire hydro-electric installation may take another decade yet, but by the end of 1953 the first turbines will be whirling to feed power into Uganda's newly-established industries.

26,000 Sq. Mile Reservoir

But there is a much wider purpose behind this great

After long negotiations, the British and Egyptian Governments early in 1953 reached an agreement which brings the Owen Falls Dam within Egypt's 25-year irrigation programme. Through this and other schemes it is hoped to extend Egypt's cultivated land by a further 1,500,000 acres.

With the completion of the Owen Falls scheme, millions of gallons of water which flow down the Nile and into the sea each rainy season will be put to good use, both to help increase food supplies in Egypt and the Sudan and provide a cheap, plentiful source of power for Uganda, where the opening up of rich mineral deposits ushers in a new and important era in the economic development of the country.

New Use For Old China Cabinet

NEW YORK (INS).

GOT an old, ornate China cabinet in the attic?

Don't throw it away.

Remodel it into a custom made phonograph instead.

According to Virginia Brandon of Webster-Chicago, the largest of the phonograph makers, this is one of the simplest do-it-yourself ideas.

She says all that has to be done is to strip the legs, hardware and carved panels from the old china cabinet, and remove the centre glass.

Give the legless, stripped cabinet a good sandpapering, then varnish or paint it.

Cover the centre panel that used to be glassed with a strip of drapery fabric, monks cloth or a piece of bamboo slatting for that "loud-speaker" appearance. The original cabinet shelves will hold records; just nail a strip of wood to the shelf to keep them up front.

RECORD-CHANGER

Miss Brandon also says that instead of putting in a complete portable phonograph unit with the speaker facing the cloth opening, it may be more efficient and economical to use a base-pan three-speed record changer. Just put it on one of the shelves, bore a hole through the back, and run a cord up the back of the cabinet to plug into a radio. The sound will seem to come out of the radio, and the record-changer will be hidden.

The Horse That Is A Sample Of Idleness

ITS NEIGHING IS LIKE BAGPIPE MISPLAYED

By R. G. C. PRICE

BESIDE MY GARDEN RUNS A BROOK; ACROSS THE BROOK IS A FIELD: IN THE FIELD LIVES A HORSE. WE ARE NEIGHBORS, IN A RATHER REMOTE, COOL SORT OF WAY. I LIKE THE HORSE AND HE SHOWS SIGNS OF WISHING ME WELL; BUT WE ARE NOT WRAPPED UP IN EACH OTHER.

I am careful not to become so emotionally entwined with the horse that I cannot bear to go away for a vacation. When I get back from one, I am always quite glad to see the horse and he gives me a nod that shows he is as glad to see me as he feels is compatible with my not being a horse. It is a pleasant, relaxed relationship.

He is even lazier than I am. Often I look up from work out of the window and there he is, obviously not looking up from his own work but just looking. He is in the field day in and day out. He is quite young so there is no question of his being a veteran spending the evening of his days in peaceful vacancy. I have never seen him pulling any vehicle or agricultural implement of carrying riders. He does not seem to be a farmhorse or a racehorse or a hack.

He is just part of the landscape, an amenity for which I do not pay anything and from which I draw continual enjoyment. Why he is kept there I cannot imagine, but I hope that somewhere tucked away on the further edge of the field is an owner who likes just looking at him as much as I do.

I must not give the impression that he is bovine, that he stands in one place ruminating dully. He is a very active inhabitant of the area. He bustles about the field as though he wants to, not as though he has to. He will cover a hundred yards between mouthfuls of grass, like a man at a dinner dance where the band is better than the food. Sometimes he will circle the field in a dignified lope as if deliberately working up an appetite. At other times he will roll on his back and wave his legs in the air as if he is trying to reduce his waistline by exercise.

He has a great deal of curiosity. He will suddenly rush wildly to the other end of the field to stare intently at a small shrub. He will lean across towards my garden stretching his neck further and further with astonishment when I struggle to put up deck chairs. He will become transfixed with interest when a rook comes into sight.

I believe that experts on horses have an elaborate vocabulary, almost a code, to describe the different types. I am not an expert and I have to be content with saying that this horse is brown, with some white carelessly distributed over his face. He is a long, thin horse and has a sardonic smile. He also has a very penetrating voice. Most horses do not neigh very much; it is an occasional sound, not a part of their personality like a cuckoo's ditty. This horse will rarely let a morning go by without a solo, a long solo that seems to go on and on and, more often than not, on. He seems to be able to eat while doing it.

I do not know the horse's owner so I have not found out what his name is. Probably he has quite a long family tree and a name that puns cleverly on the names of his parents. I call him Melchior, for the persistence, not

the quality, of his vocalism. Melchior seems to know I am impressed with his lungs and always neighs toward me, neglecting all the other points of the compass that are available to be neighed at.

I am using "neigh" as a vague word for the noise that horses make. I do not understand such refinement as the difference between a neigh and a whinny. This is really a bit unfair to Melchior as the noise he makes is not a bit like the noise made by any other horse I have ever met.

The cheeks as well as the upper lip are curled and wreathed into strange shapes. If one can imagine hearing bagpipes played by someone who did not believe in bagpipes, a Welshman, perhaps, who had been jilted by a bonny Scots lassie, one might feel well on the way to knowing what Melchior's solos are like.

The other animals round about find the exuberance of this solitary horse a bit alarming. Birds swoop down on the field in flocks, intending as birds do to peck about on the ground in large, matey packs; but the arrival of Melchior, all eager to investigate, scares them off. He follows the upward departure of his visitors with a sad wonder. The point about him is that he is not continuously ebullient. Like other overhearted characters he is subject to sudden doubts about it all.

This inconsistency of emotion is very noticeable in Melchior's dealings with squirrels. They have a good deal in common with him and when he is one side of the field and they are the other they will play as energetically as he does. Unfortunately, as soon as they have attracted his ever-vagant attention, he tears up to inspect, not, I think, to join. He is too inquisitive to be really sociable. Squirrels would not be at ease romping with him. They would feel he was festing them, initiating games with diagnostic value, watching when he ought to be letting himself go. Hence squirrels dart up trees when he appears and this he has never managed to do.

Occasionally a dog gets loose in the field and runs barking and snapping towards him. Does expect even large animals to run away. They are put out when the quarry runs toward them, not threateningly but with a kind of avoid intellectuality. As a zoologist, when as often happens, Melchior advances neighing with that eerie relish of his, dogs run away and they have to keep very fast indeed not to keep finding Melchior planted in front of them.

I suppose that some kind of representative of the management visits the horse from time to time, but he always seems to be alone. The field does not lead any where in particular and it is only when that people cross it. When they do, Melchior becomes obsequious. He follows them across the field half a length behind, with his head almost brushing the grass. When they look round he sidles. If they offer him food, he swings round and presents his tail. If they do him he looks quite lost and seems to glare round in every direction.

(Continued on page 15, col. 5)

OUR DELHI LETTER

House Of People Has A Budding Ideal Speaker

ANANTASAYANAM DOES WELL IN THE CHAIR

Communist M.P.s Lose Their Fire

MONSOON session of the Union Parliament is drawing to a close and is expected to terminate during the week.

The Andhra State and the Estate Duty Bills dominated the session and their passage was its principal achievement. Some minor bills were passed but the bulk of the legislative programme was held over for future disposal.

The problem of unemployment was discussed by both the Houses of Parliament, but the problem remained where it was. In fact, it shall remain a problem and will accentuate in the process of time. As reported earlier, the problem has existed for over thirty years or more. It was temporarily eased during the war, when thanks to war activity, controls and business boom, employment had increased to undreamt of levels. War was over long ago. The business men and Congressmen did not like controls, which, one by one have been abolished, throwing more and more men on the unemployment market. Business boom is on the reverse gear. The problem is further complicated by the labour policy of the Central Government. This policy may keep in employment nearly all those, who are in employment, but will hardly assist unemployed to secure employment.

Here are some of the contributory factors to the growing unemployment:

1. Unchecked growth of population.
2. Stoppage of emigration from India.
3. Advent of women into professions.
4. Immobility of urban labour, and
5. Wrong system of education.

Facing Both Ways

It may be pointed out that no Government in Asia can have the resources to create two and a half million new jobs every year. The Congress approach to the problem is a classic one and could be traced to its approach to the communal problem. Apropos the Communal Award, it had said that it neither accepted it nor did it reject it. The same Facing Both Ways policy has continued and is in operation at present. It lays emphasis on the role of village and small industries to solve the problem of unemployment. Side by side, it encourages industries, which have the effect of killing village industries.

The case of Vanaspathi should illustrate the point. This industry has had the effect of killing village oil-pressing industry. On the one side, new and improved types of ghanis are invented and on the other side, the development of Vanaspathi is planned. Then again, the Congressmen, and particularly the Indian National Trade Union Congress, is opposed to Labour-saving devices. The Government's own Fertilizer Factory at Sindri has the latest saving devices and the per capita employment at it is disappointingly low. It will be thus seen that there is utter confusion over the problem of unemployment.

The huge hangover of legislative programme raises various issues. Firstly, is it necessary to have that large number of bills, many of which have to wait for several sessions for their enactment and many of them are not implemented at all? It will be a revelation, if the list of labour bills, enacted during last five years were placed on the table of the House together

with a statement, showing their implementation.

Secondly, Parliament shall have to sit longer, if the bills, pending and being drafted were to be enacted. Thirdly, the Congress Party being in suffocating majority in Parliament, the system of Party control over its own members shall have to be improved. The Party having accepted a measure, should assist in its speedy enactment. The Prime Minister is the leader of the Party. He is also the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister, the Defence Minister and the Congress President. Nobody has replaced the late Sardar Patel as the party boss and under-study to Pandit Nehru.

Popular Chairman

The Deputy Speaker, Mr. Anantasayanam Ayyangar did well in the Chair. He did his best to maintain discipline and parliamentary traditions. He insisted that Ministers responsible for questions or motions must be present in the House to deal with them. He, on more than one occasion, called upon the Ministers to prepare themselves for their parliamentary work. He, likewise, gave no quarter to the non-official members and deprecated their talk or spitting in the House. He is shaping himself into a popular and ideal Speaker.

Amongst the Ministers, the Finance Minister, Sir Chintaman Deshmukh, the Food Minister, Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai and the Commerce Minister, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, added to their reputation. Mr. Kidwai's Food Policy has been a success. Sir Chintaman piloted the Estate Duty Bill with great skill and tact. Mr. Krishnamachari had the courage to declare that only industrialisation could solve the unemployment problem. Amongst the Junior Ministers, Mr. Alagasan has been shaping well. Mr. Tyagi manages to retain his cheerful face and wit, notwithstanding his hard work. Many others, however, lost whatever little reputation they had for parliamentary work.

The Communists

Talking of parties, the Communists have lost their restlessness and nuisance value. They have realized that one song tires out even the most patient listener. Here is an example of their illogical attitude. They demanded confiscation of foreign capital and elimination of foreign enterprise from India. Side by side, they objected to the retrenchment by the General Motors following the Government's decision to liquidate the assemblers of motor vehicle.

The Jan Sangh-cum-Hindu Mahasabha group has not recovered from the loss of Dr. S. P. Mukoorjee. The party remains, but made little contribution to the debates in the House.

The Socialists have a new leader in Acharya Kripalani.

Part C States

The Chief Minister of the Part C States had another conference in Delhi during the week. Having got powers and a declaration by the

From Our Correspondent

Union Home Minister that he did not approve of the categorisation of States into A B and C, the Part C States have been agitating for the enlargement of their powers.

These Part C States in reality are a constitutional anomaly. Firstly, they should never have been created. Having been created, they should never have been given the toy of parliamentary institution.

Let me illustrate the point. Delhi was created a centrally administered area in 1912. Ten years later, the Incharge Committee held that there was no room for a Chief Commissioner in the undersized district of Delhi. In the opinion of the Committee, a Deputy Commissioner or a Chief Commissioner was all that was required. Today, there is a Chief Commissioner, who is assisted by two Ministers, two Deputy Ministers, one Chief Secretary, four Secretaries, three Under-Secretaries, three Assistant Secretaries, one Deputy Commissioner, two Additional District Magistrates, one Inspector-General of Police. To enable the two Deputy Ministers to serve the public adequately, two motor cars, priced at Rs. 16,000 each were placed at their disposal. And what has this democratic setup brought to the public of Delhi? The rare privilege of paying more taxes. The efficiency has so much increased that a most urgent letter takes a week to travel from Old Delhi to New Delhi! Democracy and jobocracy are like husband and wife. They breed faster than locusts.

Agitation for the democratisation of the Municipal Administration of Delhi continues side by side. There has been a demand for Corporation for Old Delhi. The Municipal Committee of Old Delhi already regards itself a sort of an independent and sovereign republic, which ignores the existence of the Delhi State Government. It likes to have its dealings directly with the Central Government.

It may be mentioned, that in the degenerate days of the British, the Municipal Committees were required to submit their annual reports, which were examined by the Chief Commissioner who used to publish a resolution commenting on their activities. This practice was suspended during the war and has not yet been revived. Even the Chief Commissioner, who is a seasoned serviceman, has insisted on the resumption of the practice.

Money Burnt

Secondly, the directives under the Municipal Act have banned the expenditure from the Municipal revenues on garden parties, fireworks and musical bands. The Municipal Committee of Old Delhi in the post-independence period has specialised itself in arranging parties and receptions.

Over ten thousand rupees were spent on fireworks alone last year when a reception was given to the President.

It is not a question of personalities but of legalities. The members might have had the emotional comfort of shaking hands with the President, but rate-payer's money was literally burnt. According to reports, Rs. 22,000 were spent on a party to Mr. Mohammed Ali. Was this a legitimate charge on the Municipal revenues? More money was spent on the Kutab Fair. Was it, again, a legitimate charge on the Municipal Funds?

And while money is so squandered, the Municipal Committee is considering a scheme of an educational cess to enforce its scheme of free and compulsory primary education. What is urgently needed is an independent enquiry into the working of Municipal Committees in Delhi in order to put their administration on stable footing.

An enquiry, if held, may prove the case for the suspension of some Committees.

"Do you know why President Pieck returned from the Soviet Union so suddenly?"

"No, I have no idea."

"He heard that all East Berliners whose names begin with 'P' will receive food parcels this week."

WORLD'S FIRST PILOT WAS A WOMAN

THIS is the Golden Anniversary year of powered flight—but whose anniversary is it?

You'd probably say the Wright Brothers, but it could be Aida de Acosta Breckinridge. Actually, Mrs. Breckinridge predates the Wright Brothers by five months as a powered aircraft pilot. Although her accomplishment has been forgotten by all but a few people.

It was June 29th, 1903, in Paris. Miss de Acosta, an American girl, had just left school. She met Alberto Santos-Dumont, a wealthy young Brazilian, who was intrigued with the idea of putting power to the balloons of the day.

Santos Dumont explained the workings of his "Runabout" to the fascinated girl. She was an eager and apt pupil. She wanted to fly herself, and Santos-Dumont felt she would prove his theory that anybody could fly. She practised with the powered balloon—but it was always safely at rest in the hangar.

On that June day, most of Paris was watching an international polo match on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne. But Santos-Dumont and Miss de Acosta were talking powered flight at his airfield at Neuilly St. James. It was a perfect day for balloons.

"Today you will fly the Runabout," Santos-Dumont said, suddenly. "I will ride my bicycle below, and I will signal you with my handkerchief. If I wave it with my right hand, you will turn right, and so on. When I wave it in circles, you will make the motor go as fast as it can. You shall fly to the polo field."

The girl wedged herself and her voluminous skirts into the light wicker basket. Santos-Dumont tied a cord to her wrist, and explained that this was a safety precaution—the rip cord, which she was to pull if she got too high. That would rip a panel in the gas bag and let the balloon come safely to earth.

The plans went well. The Runabout soared over Paris, the inventor pedalling his bicycle below. Every once in a while he would stop, get off and wave violently with his handkerchief. He led her to the polo field, and guided her in for a landing.

They watched the game for a while, then Miss de Acosta climbed back into the pilot's basket and Santos-Dumont remounted his bicycle. And back went the Runabout to its hangar.

MOTHER HORRIFIED

When news of the event reached Miss de Acosta's mother, she was horrified. She whisked her daughter out of Paris and persuaded Santos-Dumont never to mention the world's first woman pilot. In her memoirs, she identifies her only as "a young and very pretty Cuban."

But Miss de Acosta never told of her exploits. Not even her husband knew until a dinner party in 1932, when a young Naval officer turned the conversation to lighter-than-air craft. The guests were astounded when their hostess smiled and said, "I've flown dirigibles myself; they are a lot of fun."

The Wright Brothers' flight took place on December 7th, 1903, and, while it was a heavier-than-air craft, Miss de Acosta's flight was in a truly powered aircraft, too.

At the Berlin Industry Fair, Berliners are struck by a man who is buttonholing a technician, asking him in broken German about a huge machine on display. The technician is willing to furnish the information requested by the stranger, but is very curious and finally asks the man why he is so eager to learn all the minute details about the operation of the machine.

"Oh," the stranger says, "I'm a Soviet scientist. This machine was invented in Russia 20 years ago, and I have been sent here to find out what it can be used for and how it is operated."

"So Karl is dead. How did it happen?" one East German says to another.

"Too much food."

"Food? How could he have gotten it all?"

"He read about it in the newspapers and couldn't digest it."

Double-Purpose Skirt

By Phyllis Battelle

NEW YORK

Fashion hit a remarkable new peak in versatility recently by previewing a combination petticoat and skating skirt.

How practical can lingerie get? The new under-skirt or overice fashion, introduced by the Saramse Co., is a full "Can Can" skirt made of red or black acetate taffeta. The "Can Can" has two underflounces that are trimmed with white rabbit to give them a plush extra "body" when they're whooshing about the dance floor.

But, say the makers, the rabbit is also festive enough to allow the skirt to be turned inside out and worn—with another skip, perhaps—as a skate skirt.

Slightly less fancy and practical models in the Saramse Lingerie line include molded-to-the-hip nylon taffeta under-skirts which are trimmed about the hem with delicate floral embroidery, with rhinestones or multi-coloured sequins.—INS.

Strange But True

BIRD MAIL: Postman Crow recently delivered a parcel from Mr. Partridge, of New York, to Mr. Rook, of Minehead, Somerset.

EXCUSED: Frank Pies, of Milwaukee, was excused jury duty when he told the judge: "I fall asleep whenever I sit down."

BAD START: Lecturing in Dublin on "How To Improve Your Memory," Mr. R. Backley found that he had forgotten half his manuscript.

The Lazy Horse

(Continued from page 14, col. 5)

to pick up a hint, a crumb of advice, on the proper etiquette. When the visitors leave, but not till then, he throws back his head and lets them have it.

Sometimes the sound hurries them on their way. The bolder are attracted back. Then the neigh dies into a few embarrassed giggles. I am the only human being in whose company Melchior seems to feel no constraint. I do not think this is because he thinks me the only connoisseur who can really appreciate the performance. To him it is just like singing to one's dresser or to a younger brother, I am just a prop in his world.

I find one of the most attractive things about this horse is that nobody could use him to teach improving lessons. Nobody would tell the sluggard to go to Melchior. Writers of fables would never hold him up to their victims as a model. He spends his life easily, happily, but as far as I can see, in complete uselessness. In his field-home he just chews the carpet when hungry and that is all he needs to do. The squirrels, storing nuts and building dreys, are little dynamos compared with him. The rooks with their complicated nests; the migrant birds with transoceanic voyages; the rabbits and moles with their elaborate burrowing and mining, are like parodies of man kind. Melchior toils not, neither does he spin. I do not think one can take his neighing as a life's work.

As long as Melchior is there outside my window I feel that there are better things to do with one's time than work; and whenever I do work I feel superior to Melchior and rather patronizing. He gives me all the emotions that are most enjoyable. As long as he is there I shall never be in danger of taking things too seriously, or perhaps more important, of taking myself too seriously.—The Christian Science Monitor.

The Next Move?

What is the next move? This question is being asked by every ICL supporter who wants to see the suspended players, Walter D'Souza and Parab, back on the field of play. ICL's petition was 'thrown out' by the emergency committee meeting of the WIFA and there seems to be little hope for a change of heart.

ICL have now got Walter back in the city to try to appease the WIFA, I suppose, and his bosses have him back, ready to work. But I have seen Walter working in other directions, as well. May be some startling news is expected very soon and soccer 'bossmen' will be dancing to new tunes. There will, however, be no Dhobitalao Bands in attendance.

Suspensions

I expected that the WIFA would have decided at their emergency meeting to call the suspended players before them and give them a hearing. They have made up their minds. It is not new in this country to take action of this type, but for argument sake and for keeping sport well above criticism, it would have been better to call these men up before the committee and ask for an explanation. Something new and different may be revealed. Why condemn a man without a fair trial, whether he be guilty or not? No court does this without a trial. But the WIFA is no court! It is 'Buchenwald', I suppose!



NEVILLE D'SOUSA...Youngest probable to be selected for training for the forthcoming Quadrangular Football Tournament at Rangoon in October.

Expunged!

The manager of the Bombay team expunged himself of the statement made by Parab that they had offered their services in Calcutta to play for the Bombay team. No such statement was made. On the other hand, the manager asked for the services of Shanker and J. D'Sa; the latter played, but Shanker gave the excuse that he was tired. I suppose, he refused because he came at the expense of the I.C.L. team. He was within his right, but his playing would have been a sporting gesture and may be the Bombay team manager and the WIFA, at that may not have been so vexed about their failure and not suspended Walter and Parab.

However, the whole affair begins to vex one and all and the WIFA, would do well to consider the cases of these two players, afresh.

Forced Player

I am beginning to wonder about the case of a man who is forced to play for his State and then being tied down plays a very indifferent game. Would it be good or bad? Therefore, the State Association would do well to have sportsmen, rather than men who sport their colours. This is harmful and in the long run liable to ruin the game as such; even the name of the organisation.

The present incident and its aftermath is just an example of the many that go on all over the country. We have seen this happen with our competitors who take part in international cricket, athletics, boxing and the like, but nothing was done, because no one can tie a man down when his mind is not on the job. So why all this fuss about two players? The best would be not to select them in future for any representative team.



By Dribbler

Rovers Dur

THE Rovers Cup Football tournament commenced on Saturday, September 19 on a rather tame note. Kores and Bombay Gymkhana, two second division sides have made their exit at the hands of Indian Navy and Dynamos respectively.

Considering the fact that this tournament is a booted one, our local sides should have been pitted against up-country sides as the standard of booted play, both in the senior division and second division, is quite below the standard elsewhere in the country.

Ground Hard

The Cooperage ground has now been hardened considerably by the respite it had for well over a fortnight, but there seems to be something radically wrong in the groundsmen having put in so much sandy stuff that patches have begun to form already. Whether the ground will stand the strain of a month of football remains to be seen, but with the rain of Wednesday evening the water soaked in well and everything seemed all right.

Memorable

The Rovers Cup is truly a memorable tournament, this being its 62nd year of existence. But strange to say, I learnt of a player, Bombay Gymkhana's Collins, who has played since 1931 in every Rovers Cup. Quite a long stretch this!

With the arrival of outstation teams next week brighter soccer is expected. But till then, local favourites will provide us with stale play. This brings me to the fact that Globe and Goan Sports have met each other in three different tournaments and are now thrashing it out in the Rovers Cup. Can we have a change and have a heart for the spectator?

ICL's Win

The IFA Shield at Calcutta has provided two Bombay sides—Tata Sports and India Culture League with creditable successes. ICL surprised Calcutta's leading side Mohun Bagan with a clear four goals to two win, while Tatas trounced Bata Sports of Patna by six goals to nil.

ICL's victory is all the more creditable because they were deprived of the services of Parab and Walter D'Souza, who have been suspended by the WIFA. But with assistance from the Central Railway players, they put up a good show.

Transfer Note

News fluttered around that there was an idea among the Mohun Bagan players that some of the Railway players had not obtained transfers and that a protest would be in order, but these hopes were dispelled.

It was not only the talk in Calcutta, but also in Bombay. "D'Sa played for ICL without a transfer," so said a committee member of the WIFA, but on verification, I found that the transfer paper of D'Sa was well in order before the player left for Calcutta. Strange how some people have little knowledge!

The powerful Tata attack seemed to be inert in the initial half against Bata's, but that must have been to goal-shyness. They soon made amends and that happy three some, A. Braganza, P. Ferrao and Neville D'Souza, played havoc. Sawant, on the right wing, was of course the main supply for cannon fodder and the Bata defence co-operated with him. They just didn't mark him.

This brings me to a statement I made last week about Sawant being injured in the National Championship and not being played and how the WIFA took him, though injured.

Sawant's Injury

I am now informed that Sawant was perfectly all right in Bombay

and was medically fit. Every player underwent a medical examination. Ask anyone of the players, they'll tell you! But on the morning of the match in Calcutta he was injured and had to be kept out. Yes, only practicing! The injury may have been a recurrence of his old trouble, but then the doctor pronounced him cent per cent fit yet, I was given to understand that though injured in Bombay, his injury was slight and would improve by the time he played at Calcutta.

However, let us hope that both the Bombay teams fare well. It may be an all Bombay final at Calcutta, at this rate.

Good Old, Pansy

So Pansy Thomas was elected vice-captain of the touring Women's hockey side that left the shores of India on September 3.



PANSY THOMAS...elected vice-captain of the Women's touring hockey side.

She secured 8 votes against 5 gained by Zarina Madraswalla, Dhyani Chand's nominee.

It is good to know that it was not a question of nomination, but the democratic way of doing things. And now Bombay's hockey supporters of the fair sex will be consoled and stop all that 'catism'.

Laudable

The Bombay Cricket Association held its annual general meeting on Wednesday evening and decided upon having its original committee, except for Manohar Nalk. But he will be co-opted and his experience will be of value to the Committee.

The disclosure by Justice Tendolkar that Government aid to schools for cricket was not forthcoming under the present regime was expected, but that the BCA is going to provide the necessary finance for coaching schoolboys is indeed worth a mention. It is also happy to feel that the Cricket Association is financially well off and not on the same footing as our other Sports bodies, like Hockey, Athletics, etc.

Old Rates

The Cricket Association is maintaining its old rates of admission to the stands on the North end. No one should grudge this because the BCA is using its funds for the good of our youth and they need every encouragement.

The Tour

The Commonwealth Cricket team is due to arrive in about three weeks time, but the tour arrangements have not been finalized. We, yet, hear of squabbles for fixtures. Andhra, Maharashtra, Kanpur, Lucknow and others are in the news.

The Commonwealth team will play Maharashtra at Poona on October 16, 17 and 18. This has been done after Maharashtra

made a demand to the Board of Control for Cricket in India.

To Be Trained

Thirty-one players have been selected by the All-India Football Federation to undergo intensive physical training and coaching in their respective States. Eighteen out of this contingent will be picked up to form India's team for the quadrangular football tournament to be held in Rangoon in the last week of October.

The 31 players chosen are: Goal: Varadaraj (Bengal) Sanjiva (Bombay) and Kuppaswamy (Mysore).

Backs: S. Manna (Bengal) Aziz (Hyderabad), Muthu (Mysore), K. S. Mani (Bihar), Dalu Sarkar (U.P.) and P. Barua (Bengal).

Halves: Patrick (Hyderabad), Chandan Singh (Bengal), Middlecoat (Bombay), Gokul (Bengal), Noor (Hyderabad), Mari (Mysore), R. Sen (Bengal) and S. Roy (Orissa).

Forwards: Venkatesh (Bengal), Kannayan (Bengal), N. D'Souza (Bombay), Thangaraj (Madras), Mewalal (Bengal), Hachin (Orissa), Pareira (Services), Ahmed Khan (Bengal), Sattar (Bengal), Laiq (Hyderabad), Kittu (Bengal), P. Chatterjee (Bihar), Jayaram (Services) and R. Guha Thakurta (Bengal).

The Committee have decided to train these players in their respective States, and then put them out on a final trial in exhibition games. Eighteen players will be chosen from this list of 31.

Bombay have had two in the side: Middlecoat and Neville D'Souza. On their showing at Calcutta, these players undoubtedly caught the selectors' eye and the only disappointment has been the non-inclusion of Anthony Braganza. But, Neville D'Souza needs to be doubly congratulated because in his very first outing he has been included among the probabilities for a team of an All-India standing.

The team leaves for Rangoon on October 20 from Calcutta and they will make the trip by air.

IHF Team's Tour

The Indian Hockey Federation's team that will tour Malaya and Singapore in February next will play 14 matches there.

The team will arrive here on their way to Malaya on February 1. It is likely that the Bengal Hockey Association will arrange one or two matches for them here.

In view of the IHF team's tour of Malaya and Singapore, a suggestion has been made to the Services Sports Control Board, who will send out a team to tour the Far East, Japan and New Zealand, to exclude Malaya from their itinerary.

The following is the itinerary of the IHF team in Malaya and Singapore: v. Singapore at Singapore (February 5); v. South Malaya at Singapore (February 7); v. Malacca at Malacca (February 9); v. Negri Sembilan at Seremban (February 10); v. Selangor at Kuala Lumpur (February 12); v. Malaya at Kuala Lumpur (February 14); v. Perak at Ipoh (February 16); v. Federation of Malaya at Ipoh (February 18); v. Penang at Penang (February 20); v. Combined Malayans and Chinese at Ipoh (February 22); v. North Malaya at Kuala Lumpur (February 24); v. Combined Schools of Malaya at Malacca (February 26); v. Malaya at Singapore (February 28); v. Malaya Indians at Singapore (March 2).

The team will be entertained at an official dinner at Kuala Lumpur on February 14. The team will leave Singapore for Calcutta on March 3.

Swim Contest For S. R. C. C.

It is good to hear that the Indian Swimming Federation's secretary, Mr. Ahir has accorded the "Million Dollar Mermale" Swimming Competition, sponsored by Murphy Radio the okay and the competition will be held on an all-India basis for men and women at the Mahatma Gandhi Memorial Olympic Pool under the auspices of the Bombay State Aquatic Association on Thursday 29, Friday 30 and Saturday 31 of October.

The proceeds of this meet will be donated to the Children's Orthopaedic Hospital at Worli. This hospital is well patronised, but lacks equipment and beds.



This original bathing suit worn by Esther Williams for water ballet sequence in MGM's "MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID" has been specially flown to India to be awarded as 1st prize in the WOMEN'S section of the MURPHY RADIO sponsored MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID SWIMMING COMPETITION, the costume is now on display at the Metro Cinema, Bombay.

Polio victims, especially children, need specialized treatment and the efforts of the organizers need generous support.

This competition is open to swimming clubs, state or services associations and not to individuals. One person is permitted to participate in more than one event and the events are as follows:-

MEN: 100, 400, 1500 freestyle; 200 metres breast stroke; 100 metres back stroke; 200 metres butterfly stroke; 4 x 100 metres freestyle team relay; 4x100 metres medley relay; spring and highboard diving and water polo.

WOMEN: 100 metres freestyle; 100 metres back stroke and breast stroke; 50 metres butterfly stroke; 4x50 metres freestyle and medley relays.

Already the services have entered a team and elaborate arrangements have been made for visiting teams from outstations. Third class return fares are being paid and a staying allowance of Rs. 6 per day. The men's team is limited to 11, including a manager and the women's to six, including a chaperon.

Entries must be forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, Bombay State Aquatic Association by Saturday, October 10 at 7 p.m.

Our Youngsters

Three youngsters—Indian test caps—Vijay Manjrekar, S. P. Gupte and M. L. Apte, will play in a festival match in Karachi to aid the late Syed Wazir Ali's family. The Board of Control have granted them the necessary permission and the match is to be played on October 2, 3 and 4.

S. P. Gupte has signed a contract to play for Rishton in the next season's Lancashire League. More Indian Cricketers are making their presence felt in this big league cricket, which is certainly a pat on the back for our youngsters.

Charming Wife Behind His Golf Success

BY MARY DOLL

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, (INS).

MUCH of the drive behind the Championship golf swing of Ben Hogan is supplied by his charming and beloved wife, Valerie.

She doesn't play golf, talk golf or even watch as her husband chalks up victory after victory in the top tournament of the world.

But she always is beside him — except during tournament play — encouraging him, consoling him, believing in him.

Valerie says she stopped years ago travelling the fairways with Ben when he play competitive golf.

"It isn't that Ben minds," she said shyly, "it's no. I just can't stand to watch — it makes me too nervous."

Even though she doesn't accompany him around the course, "Mr. Golf" is always ready to give Valerie much of the credit for his amazing feats. He refers to the couple as "The Hogan Team" and adds:

"She is my trainer — she is my partner."

Soft-spoken Mrs. Hogan modest-

head doubtfully. But Valerie spoke up:

"I'm sure Ben's going to be himself again — he's shown me more will power through this terrible spell than he ever did on the golf course."

Less than a year after the crash which left him with a fractured vertebra, broken pelvis and a crushed leg, Ben Hogan was back on the golf course. The rest is golfing history.

Valerie admits she loves to read and knit, which she does while Ben is playing tournaments. But she claims just one real hobby.

"My husband is my hobby," she said. "It takes most of my time doing the things that he likes me to do for him."

How do the Hogan's feel about each other?

That is what they told the throngs who viewed the 1952 Fort Worth premier showing the motion picture "Follow the Sun" which depicted their lives:

Ben introduced Valerie and said:

"She's been through the miseries of hell with me... I know she's the finest person that ever lived."

Valerie answered simply:

"I've been the luckiest girl in the world because a guy like Ben Hogan wanted me."

A Poser!



Was the ball glued on to his head and is he trying desperately to get rid of it? Maybe it just landed on his head whilst he attempted to get up from the ground? Puzzling isn't it.

Hungarian M. P. Is Soccer International

LONDON,

Britons are looking forward to seeing something they have never seen before—a Member of Parliament taking part in an international football match.

The MP is a member of the Hungarian Parliament—28-year-old Jozsef Bozsik. Before taking up politics he was a building labourer. He lives in a Budapest suburb.

Bozsik has already played for Hungary more than 40 times.

The Hungarians are sending an international side to play England at Wembley on November 25.

Bozsik is practically certain to be picked for the game.

RECORD BID FOR FOOTBALL POOL FORTUNE

By Fred Smith

LONDON, (INS).

AN estimated 14,000,000 Britons are making their annual bid for an overnight fortune in the football pools—and many base their hopes on the accuracy of the common pin.

The 38-week football season is now under way and before it finishes next spring nearly \$200,000,000 will be wagered in the belief that a stake of as little as 14 cents can bring as much as \$210,000 in return.

The odds against that happening have been rated by mathematicians at something like 670,000,000 to one, but that doesn't deter the bet-loving British public.

Fortunes of as much as \$300,000 have been won in the past on the minimum 14-cent bet. The biggest individual prize is now limited to 75,000 pounds—\$210,000.

advice, pointing out that if the tips were good the experts would have made enough money to quit work long ago.

After small start in the 1920's football pools are now very big business in Britain. But the British government and the pools promoters are the certain winners.

RECORD FIGURE

The takings of football pools in 1952 were around the \$184,000,000 mark, with about 90 per cent of the takings handled by three big pools promoters.

First, to make a grab is the British treasury, which gets 30 per cent of the stake money—in 1953 the government is expected to collect over \$56,000,000. In addition to this direct taxation there is an annual \$6,000,000 additional plum for the British treasury from postal money orders and postage stamps sold to pools punters.

After the government has taken its 30 per cent cut from the takings the pools operators take their commission, "not exceeding five per cent of the total staked" and "expenses." Exactly what the five per cent and expenses total is not known for the pools companies do not publish accounts.

The remaining stake money goes in prizes, called "dividends," which vary from less than one pound (\$2.80) to thousands of pounds, depending on the pool played and the number of people with winning coupons.

KNOW NOTHING

It is generally agreed by Britons who play the pools that the big prizes usually go to the people who know nothing about the soccer game.

For the main \$210,000 prize, the punter has to pick eight games, out of 52 listed on his coupon, which end in ties. Many winners have stabbed their way to fortune by picking the teams with a pin. Others have picked the teams blindly from a hat while some have won with a complicated formula involving birthday dates of their family linked with the apartment numbers of their friends.

Other punters studiously follow tips supplied by "experts" in the majority of British newspapers. The tips are based on form shown by the team in previous matches. But cynics question the "experts"

Big Offer For Pinza

LONDON, Sept. 10.

An American offer of £350,000 for Sir Victor Sassoon's horse, Pinza, winner of this year's Derby, has been refused, it was learned yesterday.

Pinza, who is now to go to stud, is to be syndicated, with Sir Victor holding £20,000 of the £45,000 stock to be issued.

The offer for Pinza is a record in British turf history, but experts think that in the long run the stallion will probably earn more by his services and sale of off-spring than if he was sold for a lump sum.

ly denies that she is the one who sees that her famous husband gets the proper rest, relaxation and diet to carry him through strenuous play in top form.

"Ben gives me too much of the credit," she says. "We do it together."

Valerie Hogan is a pretty brunette, a native of Fort Worth, Texas, and the "only girl friend" Ben ever had, according to his mother.

The former Valerie Fox and Ben met at a Sunday school class in Fort Worth when both were in their early teens. They were married in 1935 before Ben was much of a success as a golfer.

Ever since then Valerie has been at his side, through all the ups and downs.

She is completely unselfish where Ben is concerned.

"I am a bad traveller — I get car-sick, train-sick and sea-sick," she admits. Yet she is constantly travelling with her champion husband.

She is eagerly looking forward to settling down in the home they plan to build "somewhere in Texas, probably Fort Worth," but she adds:

"That will be at least a year, though, maybe, two. My home is where Ben is."

When Ben was critically hurt in an automobile crash as they were returning from a Phoenix tournament in 1951, Valerie, who was slightly injured also, took up residence at the hospital and was constantly at his side as the plucky little golfer fought for his life.

Not once during the long months of recuperation did she have any doubt that Ben would play with the champions again—even when Ben's courage waned.

When a sports writer asked the battered little champion during his "recuperation" when he would be playing again, Ben shook his

Outstanding Performance By Yanofsky In The British Championship Chess

CANADIAN D. A. Yanofsky won the recently concluded British Championship with an outstanding performance by scoring 9 1/2 points out of a possible eleven of the Hastings Chess Congress.

He lost his first round game against Horne and drew with C.H.O.D. Alexander. Since Sultan Khan won the British Championship twenty years ago nobody had claimed the title with such a fine performance. Mir Sultan Khan had also reached the same score, also at Hastings.

Milner Barry played fine chess to secure second prize with eight points. On this occasion he played, steadily throughout whereas in Buxton 1950 he was leading throughout until the last three rounds where he scored only 1/2 pt. and had to be content with the third prize. Wade came third and though he lost the championship gave a good performance and enhanced his reputation by the quality of his play and took his defeats sportingly.

C.H.O.D. Alexander, Leonard Barden and H. Golombek shared the fourth place after making a disastrous start in the first five rounds.

King's Indian Defence

The following game was played during the Congress.

WHITE: — Harris

BLACK: — Yanofsky.

1. P-Q4. Kt-KB3; 2. P-QB4. P-KKt3; 3. Kt-QB3; B-Kt2; 4. Kt-B3; Castles; 5. P-KKt3; P-Q4 (*1); 6. B-Kt2 (*2) PxP (*3); 7. Castles; Kt-B3; 8. P-Q5; Kt-QKt5; 9. Kt-K5 (*4); Kt-K5; 10. KtxKt; BxKt; 11. B-R6; R-K1; 12. P-B4 (*5); B-R1 (*6); 13. Kt-Kt5; P-QB3; 14. P-B5; PxBP; 15. Q-Q2 (*7); Q-Kt3ch; 16. K-R1,

PxP; 17. BxP, KtxB; 18. QxKt, Q-QB3 (*8); 19. QxQ, PxQ; 20. QR-B1, R-Kt1 (*9); 21. RxQBP, RxP; 22. P-Kt4 (*10); P-B3; 23. Kt-B3, PxP; 24. Kt-Q4, K-B2 (*11); 25. KtxQBP, K-Kt3; 26. KtxPch, RxKt; 27. RxB, Kx3; 28. RxB, K-Kt2; 29. R-QB8, R(K2)xP; 30. R-B7ch, K-Kt3 and white resigned (*12).

Notes

(*1) A deferred version of the Gruenfeld Defence.

(*2) Simpler is PxP.

(*3) Black refuses to commit himself in any way, and the recapture of this Pawn will set White a problem. In fact it will occur only after another seventeen moves, when White has some more difficulties.

(*4) An error of judgment. He discards 9. P-K4 because of 9... Kt-Q6. But after 10. Kt-Q2, KtxB; 11. RxKt White has a good game.

(*5) White's plan is clear, an all-out attack on K-B7. White is a Pawn down and he will lose more Pawns; now he must attack or lose.

Needed For Defence

(*6) Theoretically the worst square for a Bishop, but the strongest here as the Bishop is needed for defence and retains control of the diagonal.

(*7) Not so sound is 15. P-K4, PxQP; 16. Q-R5 as it falls against 16... Q-Kt3ch; 17. K-R1; Q-Kt3.

(*8) The end of the attack. White is now two Pawns down.

(*9) He now gets a Rook on the seventh rank.

(*10) The last attempt.

(*11) White keeps on losing Pawns in a desperate attempt to force through his attack. Now comes the most spectacular phase of the game. The Black king takes up his own defence, but it is all well calculated.

(*12) White resigns as he is

mated or loses his last remaining Pawns. A game full of interest.

Queen's Indian Defence

Fine tactical play is the keynote in the following game and White gives a dazzling display against Tolush who is himself a tactician.

WHITE: A. Konstantinopolsky

BLACK: — A. Tolush.

1. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2. Kt-KB3, P-QKt3; 3. B-Kt5, Kt-K5; 4. B-R4, B-Kt2; 5. QKt-Q2, P-QB4 (*1); 6. P-K3, P-Kt3; 7. KtxKt, BxKt; 8. B-B4 (*2), P-B3, (*3), 9. Castles; B-QKt2 (*4); 10. P-K4 (*5), BxP; 11. R-K1 (*6), P-Q4; 12. B-Kt5 ch (*7), K-B2; 13. PxP, B-Kt2 (*8); 14. P-B4 (*9), KtPxP; 15. PxP, BxP (*10); 16. R-B1, Q-Q3; 17. P-QKt4 (*11), PxP; 18. R-B7 (*12), QxR (*13); 19. QxB ch, K-B1; 20. QxR, P-K4; 21. B-Kt3, P-K4; 22. Kt-Q4 (*14), Q-Kt3; 23. Q-Q5. Black resigned.

Comments

(*1) Better was 5... KtxKt; 6. QxKt, P-Kt3. The same comment applies to his next move as well.

(*2) The difference is that Black's Bishop is an exposed piece, against which attacks can be directed. White's immediate threat is 9. BxP ch, KxB; 10. Kt-Kt5 ch, followed by 11. KtxB.

(*3) An ugly move, but what can Black do? If 8... B-KKt2; 9. BxP ch, or if 8... B-QKt2; 9. Kt-K5 (threatening 10 BxP mate), P-Q4; 10. B-Kt5 ch wins at once. Finally if 8... P-Q4; 9. B-Kt5 ch, Kt-Q2; 10. Kt-K5 wins.

(*4) Not 9... P-Q4; 10. B-Kt5 ch, Kt-Q2; 11. Kt-Q2, threatening 12. KtxB, PxKt; 13. B-B6 as well as 12. P-KB3, B-B4; 13. P-K4.

(*5) A beautiful Pawn sacrifice.

(*6) Sets Black a difficult problem. If 11... BxKt; 12. QxB, Kt-B3; 13. QxP wins. Or if 11... P-B4; 12. Kt-K5, Q-B1; 13. P-KB3, B-QKt2; 14. Kt-B7 threatening 15. KtxR, as well as 15. Kt-Q6 ch winning the Queen.

(*7) Black's king must move as

after 12... Kt-Q2; 13. Kt-Q2 give White a powerful attack.

(*8) Of course not 13... PxP, 14. RxB, and Black cannot recapture.

Weakens The Bishop

(*9) White plays to open up more lines, and to weaken the position of Black's Bishop.

(*10) On 15... QxP White wins nicely by 16 Q-K2, BxKt; 17. QxP ch, K-Kt1; 18. BxP, BxB; 19. QxB, B-K5, 20. QR-Q1.

(*11) A brilliant surprise move! If in reply 17... P-B5; 18. RxP, BxR; 19. QxQ, PxQ; 20. BxB ch, K-B1; 21. B-Q5 wins a piece.

(*12) The Pawn sacrifice cleared the way for a Rook sacrifice. White threatens 19. R (K1)xP ch, QxR; 20. QxB ch and mate in two more moves.

(*13) There is nothing better. If instead 18... B-B1; 19. B-Kt3, Q-Q1; 20. B-QB4 wins a piece.

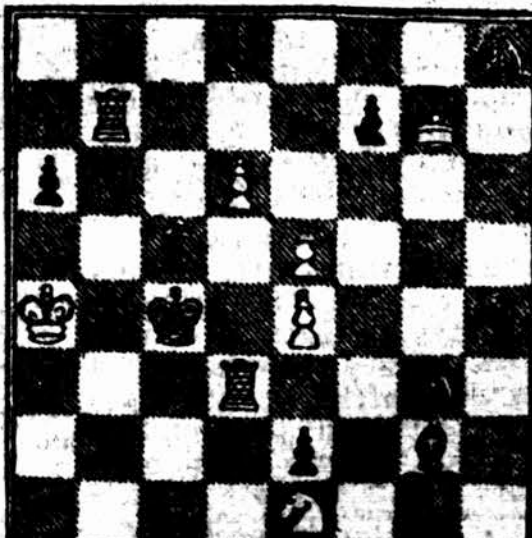
(*14) White threatens 23. Kt-K6 ch winning the Queen.

—Bhalchandra V. Khare

BHALJI'S CHESS CORNER

PROBLEM N. 53

BLACK



WHITE

White to move and mate in three moves. Solution next week. Problem No. 52 Maymove: — Q-B6.

Australia Presents A

GEOLOGICAL PUZZLE

Clue To Lost Continent
Of Gondwanaland

As seen through the eyes of the geologist, Australia is a physical freak, a unique mass of land more ancient than any other part of the earth, a land where geological time has stood still for countless ages.

While civilisations in the world outside flourished and went down in decay, man lived on in the stone age in Australia until the European arrived in the 18th century; the aborigines of Tasmania had not even learned to tie their flint axe heads to handles.

From the time the Australian continent was cut off by the disappearance of the land bridge to the north 100 million years ago, its strange marsupial animals evolved in isolation from the rest of the animal world. Following their own weird lines they produced the kangaroo, the platypus and their kind.

Australia's stone age man and unique marsupials can be relied upon to continue attracting overseas anthropologists and zoologists on scientific safaris.

But lately there has been a resurgence of interest in the land that gave them birth—the world's oldest continent with its red corroded hills, its slow rivers, its deserts, its silent scrawny eucalyptus forests, its margin of fertility.

This interest is currently being stimulated by the appearance of Charles F. Laseron's "The Face of Australia", a 244 page book which has been welcomed as a major contribution to our knowledge of Australia. It tells the fascinating story to be read by those who have the key, in the timeless pages of Australia's rocks and land forms, a story that began 1,500 million years ago. Laseron's graphic study of the hills and rocks has been compared for its vivid treatment with Rachel Carson's brilliant "The Sea Around Us", published last year.

Not Science Fiction

Laseron's book is not written in the style of scientific fiction, nor is it solely an imaginative triumph, but it reconstructs the workings of time on the face of Australia in terms of accepted scientific principles.

Laseron is a geologist who accompanied one of Sir Douglas Mawson's expeditions to Antarctica. Besides his account of that experience in "South With Mawson", he has written well-known books on Australian corals.

The face about which he writes is the face of an ancient. Its main features have not changed much since remote ages. The earth's crust, fracturing, folding, crumpling and straining, underwent cataclysmic changes as it moved uneasily on its plastic core.

But while the massive tectonic convulsions were thrusting up the Rockies, the Alps, the Andes and the Himalayas, little happened in Australia but the relentless eroding of the landscape by water, wind and frost. Only rarely in the past few million years, says Laseron, have there been uneasy stirrings of the earth, sufficient to leave their imprint on the surface of the land. These have been no more than gentle risings and fallings like the rhythmic breathing of a sleeping giant.

Such comparatively slight disturbances created such high land as exists in Australia today. This consists mainly of table-lands, rising at most a few thousand feet above sea

Australian scenery is the attribute of antiquity. It is not a landscape of high perpetually snow-capped peaks with glaciers creeping down their sides, of yawning gorges or active volcano craters—all the products of more recent earth movements. The highest and newest land forms are in the south-east corner of the continent, but not a single peak rises above 7,316 ft. and there are no alpine ranges in the accepted sense.

The country would probably have been settled by the Dutch, the first Europeans to sight the shores of the Great South Land,

nery. There is broad uniformity, but contrast in detail.

Much of the continental land surface took on its basic shape when the rocks were first pushed up from the primordial ocean about 1,500 million years ago and changes occurred with immeasurable slowness.

Desert As Sea Bed

The dead flat inland desert of today was the ancient seabed and into the sea flowed the great rivers from the mountains of Queensland. Today the rivers come flooding down, swollen by summer monsoons, but their onrush is halted by the old uplifted seabed and the water disperse themselves over 10,000,000 acres

By John Loughlin

Scientists at present are unearthing their skeletons from shallow graves in Lake Callabonna, South Australia.

Lure Of Gold Mines

Across to the west are the timeless land surfaces of Yilgarnia, Mullagine and Stuartia, classified among the most ancient existing today. They belong to the early Archaean period, before the appearance of any form of life, either plant or animal.

Yilgarnia is an arid region that took on its permanent shape before geological history and has remained stable through incredible periods of time, except for the unceasing erosion of water, wind and frost. Only the lure of mineral wealth—especially the gold belt of Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie—has brought settlement to this region.

Standing on the rugged western highlands of the island State of Tasmania, Laseron gazes westward where the Southern Ocean stretches unbroken around the Southern Hemisphere, except for the intrusion of South America. He recreates the lost continent of Gondwanaland, a mountainous country long drowned beneath the Southern Ocean. Geologists have inferred its existence from many clues and Laseron shows unmistakably where the glaciers and ice sheets from its mountains overrode the island of Tasmania from the west to plunge into the Permian sea to the east.

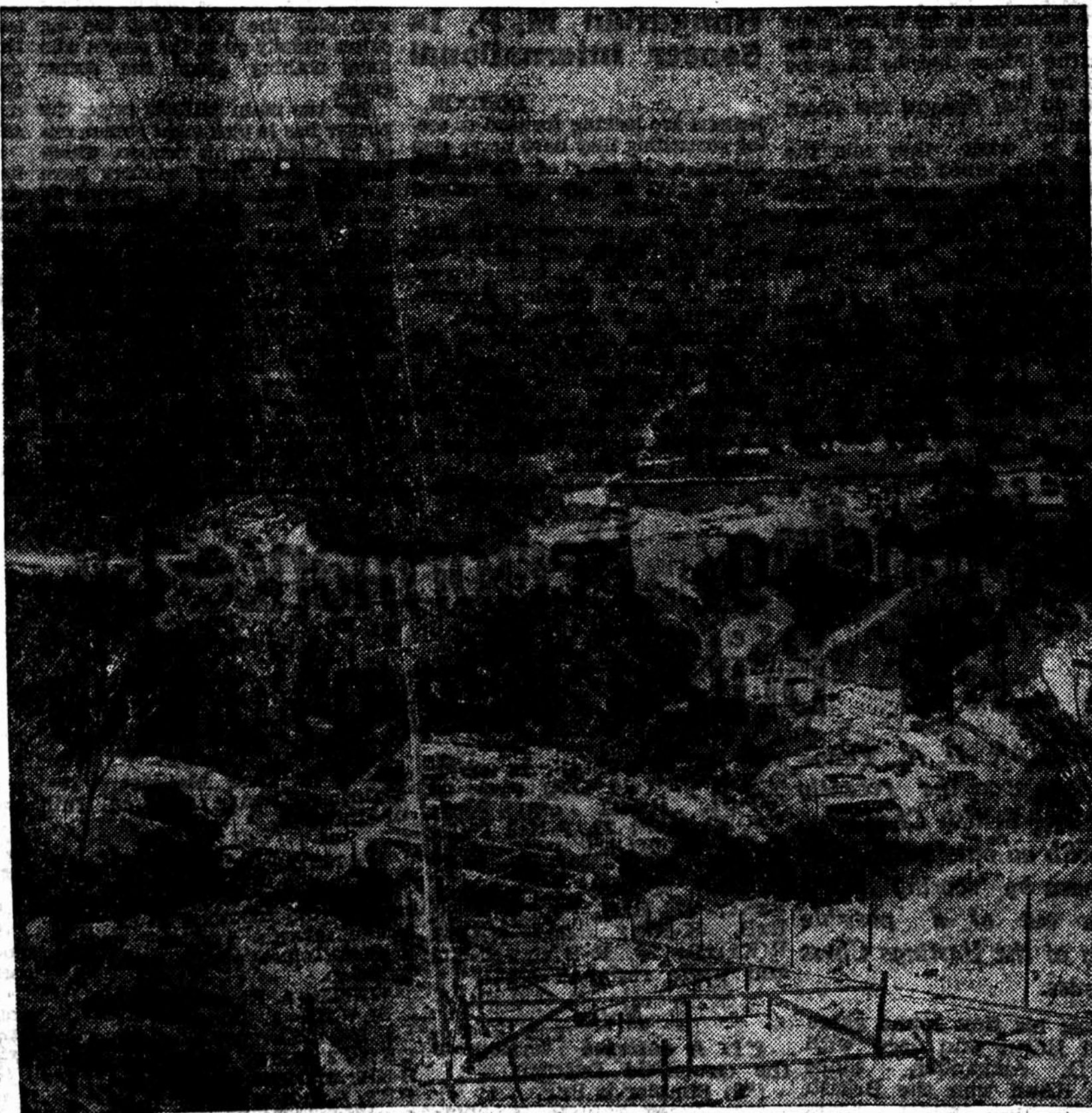
Before it sank beneath the waves Gondwanaland either stretched southwards across the South Pole to the South American continent, or extended westwards across the Indian Ocean to South Africa. Geology turns up evidence in hundreds of places in Southern Australia, Antarctica, South America and South Africa, pointing to the existence of Gondwanaland about 20 million years ago.

The subsidence of such a huge land mass was a global cataclysm that crumpled the Tasmanian rocks like a sheet of paper, leaving it a tangle of Alpine peaks, all now worn down to much below their original height.

In the same graphic way Laseron reconstructs the events that shaped other features of Australian scenery—the painted hills and deserts of the interior, as fascinating as America's Colorado Plateau; the wonderland of the Great Barrier Reef, stretching 1,200 miles down the Queensland coast; the 1,000 sq. mile lava plain in the south-eastern State of Victoria, smaller only than the Snake Plain of the United States and the Deccan of India; the vast mysterious caverns eroded out of the ancient limestone under the Nullarbor plains.

Every fragment of scenery has within it the story of an illimitable past, says Laseron. To those with any knowledge of the causes of scenery there can be no boredom in travel. Love of country goes further than pride in its human achievements. It involves a love of the land itself. Much of the national character is shaped by the land. Hills, plains and forests all leave their imprint on the human mind and a proper understanding of the land is a basis for true patriotism.

THE FACE OF AUSTRALIA by Charles F. Laseron, Angus and Robertson Ltd., Sydney and London.



Foundations for the Munyang power station pipe line in Australia. This is designed to bring water from the Guthega dam across the Snowy River more than three miles away. The first power from Munyang, and from the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric scheme, should come in 1954.

When Inland Desert Was A Seabed

level. There are some ranges, the remnants of once active volcanoes; and these are undergoing dissolution by erosion.

Falling some gigantic spasm of the earth that would thrust up new mountains, Laseron sees the level of Australia's remaining hills growing lower and lower until the continent is reduced to one vast plain just slightly above sea level.

The author knows the ancient face intimately as a travelled geologist and he writes with the affection Australians feel for their tawny plains, wild unkempt forests and desert landscapes. Few first generation Europeans share this love and the early settlers were wrung by nostalgia for the scenes of their homelands.

Attribute Of Antiquity

All the spectacular scenery in the world is the attribute of youth, Laseron reminds us,

had their seamen not been depressed by the sight of the arid coasts of the west.

Abundant evidence, too, indicates that Indonesians and Chinese from the crowded lands to the north-west frequently landed on Australian soil in the north, stayed for a time and left, overwhelmed perhaps by its harsh alien scenery and its great loneliness.

It is just the characteristics that affronted those early comers and broke the hearts of the pioneers, Laseron points out, that bind the Australian to his country. The unfamiliar has become familiar to those who have put down roots and has become the inspiration of national pride.

Not spectacular by overseas standards, the Australian panorama is distinctive and fascinating. It is a land of low relief, but with a great diversity of sce-

of desert in a gigantic irrigation system of intricate natural channels. The Channel Country, remote in the desert, is one of the world's wonders, a green miracle of clover and grasses where cattle grow too fat to walk.

In comparatively recent years inland Australia had a good rainfall and what is now desert is envisaged by Laseron as a green fertile land teeming with life. Great herds of the giant kangaroo, the diprotodon, as well as many other extinct marsupials fed on the grasslands. As the present era of aridity set in from 5,000 to 10,000 years ago, the rivers dried up and the lakes contracted to muddy salt pans. In their thousands the giant marsupials trampled to their doom in the boggy lakes.

Children's Own Corner

CONDUCTED BY

BALKAN-JI-BARI-AKHIL HIND BALAK SANGH

My Dear Sisters & Brothers,

ONE WORLD MEMBER

THE Children's Page of a recent Sunday's issue of the "Bombay Chronicle" was very disgruntled. He lay on the sofa in a dejected attitude, knowing very well he would soon be completely on the shelf.

Yesterday he had been greatly in demand and as soon as he had appeared on the breakfast table the children had made a rush for him. They had studied him carefully, and in their anxiety to know him better had almost quarrelled over him. Today he was forgotten and discarded.

But just as he was resigning himself to his fate a gust of wind came through the window and cheered him up. "Come along with me," it cried gaily "and see a bit of the world. Hurry up, before the maid comes along and finds you lying around."

The page didn't wait for a second invitation but helped by his new friend, he flew out of the window and danced across the garden and over the wall. "This is fine," he chorled, and abandoning himself to the wind, he al-



Swagata Bose of Calcutta looks as if she is planning some children's pranks.

lowed it to take him where it willed.

Knowledge Today

One minute he was gambolling over the grass, and the next he was sailing through the air. On one of his flights he got stuck on a thorn bush and it looked as if his fun was finished, but his friend came to the rescue with an extra big puff and blew him off again. At last his gambols brought him to a pond where some little boys were playing and here the wind deserted him, for winds are very changeable and this one was tired of the sport and decided to take a little rest. So the page lay quietly by the pond until one of the little boys saw him. "Hurrah," he cried "here is a sheet of paper; let's make a boat and sail it on the pond," and picking him up they soon turned him into a neat little



A friend from abroad—Ulife Orluoh of Turkey.

boat. The page felt rather nervous at first as he had never been in the water before, but soon forgot his fears when he found himself floating gaily along.

He sailed right across the pool until he reached the bank on the other side. There he was rescued by a man who was sitting on the bank, enjoying the beautiful scenery. After unfolding him and examining him closely the man threw him down on the ground, where the sun soon dried him and restored the spirits.

Suddenly along came his friend the wind again, and away they went till the page found himself in the crowded streets of a large town. There for a time he amused himself teasing sedate people by getting in their way and knocking off the hats of sober old gentlemen.

At last he grew tired and fell down exhausted in the middle of the road, and a great big lorry ran over him. It was a tragic end to a short life, but perhaps the page preferred it that way to living on the shelf for the rest of his life.

Knowledge To-day

THE commonest of clichés, glibly spoken, is that "one is never too old to learn." And yet how many are prepared to even consider themselves as students throughout their lives?

As for being teachers, that task is conveniently left to those few who have been trained for that profession. Indeed, it is a sad fact that young people, on stepping out of schools and universities, cease altogether to think in terms of learning or teaching. Their mental apathy and moral indifference are deplorable. For have there not been teachers outside educational institutions, and does not the process of learning continue after academic training?

Knowledge has no beginning and no end. Neither is it the prerogative of any particular individual, or of a class, race or people. Before its ocean-like vastness, even the greatest of masters feel humble. The eternal and time-

honoured paradox is 'the more one knows, the more there is to know.'

Particularly in our time, knowledge has become more diffuse, exacting, highly technical and immensely practical. The belief that learning is its own end and thereby a lore, has lost its fervent appeal. Education should aim at improving and bettering human conditions. It then becomes a social asset and a benefactor. Maybe it is more material to favour the slogan 'learning for living.'

But an individual, no matter how vast his experience and great his skill, cannot by himself bring about a radical change in his mode of living without his first taking into account the structure of the society in which he lives, moves and has his being. Modern man is a social product, and hence he has to abide by it, improve through it. For instance, take a civilized man having to go among uncivilized African tribes in the heart of the Congo. Could he be expected to continue living his former standard of life among primitive surroundings? He will be forced to come down to their ways of living, and then if he wishes to improve his lot, he can only do it through the co-operation and help of the tribesmen. Thus the dual role of teacher-learner is a social obligation imposed on all, irrespective of his or her vocation or calling in life. Having combined the enthusiasm of a student with the conscientiousness of a teacher, this role can be effective like a double-edged sword that cuts good both ways.

Since our civilization is widespread and global, human relationship is no longer confined to the family, the community or even to the nation. Man is fast becoming

SMILING WORKERS



Sulechana (left) and Sumati, two well-known workers.

at times we may taste the salt of sea spray on the wind. During a great gale spray is carried far from the coast.

Trees are affected by any considerable amount of salt in the air, and after a very heavy gale leaves turn brown and wither.

PROTECTION OF SHOES
Your shoes will last longer by resting them between wearings. Polish improves their good appearance and helps preserve and keep

seen that the Sun's surface is covered with a curious mottled appearance, somewhat like the skin of an orange. It was thought that this was due to a violent effervescence of gases, but the question remained, apart from sunspots, of how these gases operated, and just what was the mechanism that kept them in circulation.

Now a scientist has stated that this mottled appearance of the Sun's disc is due to atomic type "mushroom" caps. There must, he said, be a continuous series of atomic explosions in the interior, which send up the familiar huge mushrooms of hot gases, and it is these which give the Sun its curious mottled appearance. Thousands of these explosions are occurring every second, and new "mushrooms" take the place of the old.

City Made Of Cardboard

Visitors to Glasgow's Kelvin Hall feel much as Gulliver must have felt in Lilliput. They see hundreds of buildings, row upon row of streets, and dozens of parks. They see buses, and cars on the streets, overhead railways, and ships aloft in docks—all in miniature.

This Lilliputian "city" is a model made mainly of wood and cardboard, and is one of the many wonderful exhibits at the "Glasgow Today and Tomorrow" exhibition.

Balkan-ji-Bari

A general meeting of the Gujarat Provincial Balkan-ji-Bari workers was held at Bhavnagar recently. Shri Harbhai Trivedi was re-elected President of the Gujarat Provincial Balkan-ji-Bari, Shri Giridharil Kotak, Vice President, Shri Shamji Jamod, Provincial Secretary, Shri Satish Pandya, Joint Secretary, and Shri Chandubhai Bhatt, Treasurer.

A new Balkan-ji-Bari Unit has been started at Rajendra Nagar, New Delhi. At its recent gathering Shrimati Shyama Devi entertained the children with Sitar music and Shri Ram Motwani with stories.

Who have not yet joined the Balkan-ji-Bari, Akhil Hind Balak Sangh? Please send for its full particulars and enrolment forms from Dada—"Gulistan", Khar-Bombay 21, mentioning your full name and address and age, and enclosing a one anna stamp for postage. Dada will be glad to receive from you short contributions for publication in this "Corner" if found suitable. So long! JAI HIND!

LATEST TRENDS IN COSTUME



Drapadi, spick and span, in a Padma has a too capacious costume.



ing a citizen of the world. What takes place on it has its repercussions on him, and there is no escaping its effects. It is then required that the civilized man's interest and help should be extended to reach the remotest parts of the earth, where the human race still struggles and ekes out an existence that is both primitive and full of hazards. That way alone lies the future progress of humanity.

SEA SPRAY

Although we may be living many miles inland it is quite likely that

the leather soft. Heels should be straightened as soon as they begin to wear unevenly. Run-down heels may twist the shoe out of shape and so shorten its life.

A SECRET WRITING CODE
A very simple way to write secretly is to put the first letter of each word at the end of it. It is very puzzling.

For instance, if you wanted to write a secret message to a friend of yours, saying "Come to tea this afternoon," this is how it would look: "Omec ot eat histernoonh."

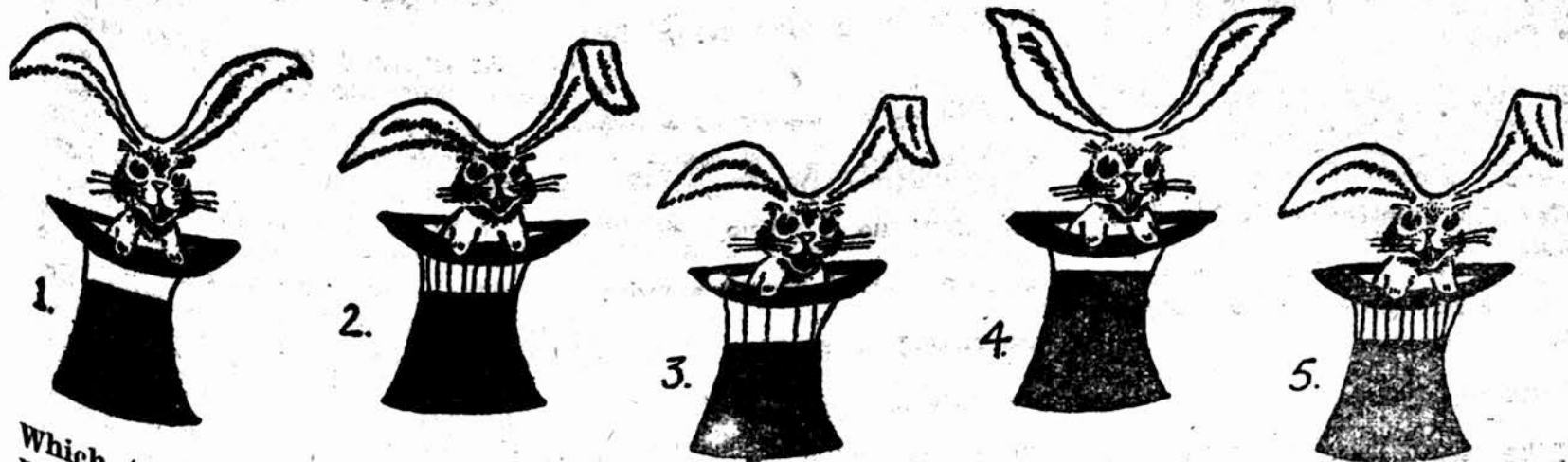
It looks very mysterious, doesn't it? Just show it to your chums.

By using other letters you can vary this code and make it more puzzling.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
"Now, what is your name?" said the boss as his office-boy came in to clear his boxes. "I always have to hear a name half-a-dozen times before I remember it."
"Well, sir," said the boy. "It's John Webb. John Webb. John Webb. John Webb. John Webb. John Webb."

"Mushrooms" On The Sun

Ever since astronomers have begun to observe the Sun through large telescopes they have



Which two rabbits in hats out of these five are alike? Write your answer on a postcard mentioning also your full name and address and age and post it to Dada—"Gulistan" Khar, Bombay 21.

All Good Wishes from
Your Loving
Dada

Tandav Dance Ballet



K. A. Mani as Shiva and Smti. Sushila as Parvati did Shiva-Parvati ballet at the sixth anniversary celebration of Sri Bhagavati Nritya Kala Mandal.

LITTLE MISSES LOOK BETTER IN LONG SKIRTS

PARIS, (INS): The controversial question of skirt lengths may still be open to debate for adults, but for very little girls it has been settled by a Frenchman named Albert Lempereur.

This gentleman, whose name suggests Royal Courts and regal dictums, has decreed that very little girls will wear skirts which reach the middle of the knee-deep.

The international battle over Dior's short hemlines for grown-up women left Monsieur Lempereur unperturbed.

"Whatever the fashions for mother may be," he announced, "little girls should not wear skirts with hemlines above the knees."

And since Lempereur is practically the leading expert in Paris for junior sizes, a lot of little girls are going to do exactly what Lempereur says.

In fact, the dresses in Lempereur's autumn and winter collection for little girls establish the Parisian fashion laws for toddlers, school girls and teenagers.

For a three-year-old baby the skirt just reaches the middle of the knee-cap. For Miss Seven-year-old—whose knees often are bony and scratched—the skirt should just cover the knees. Girls aged ten to twelve should wear skirts dropping half-an-inch below the knees.

Emperor Lempereur admitted defeat in one field.

"We don't set a rule for college girls," he said. "They do as they please....anyway."

"The way of dressing little girls in the Paris manner is dictated by rules of harmony and decency," added this expert in children's clothes.

He argued that little Misses look much more graceful with slightly longer skirts. Under no circumstances should they show their knees.

Lempereur said he wants young misses to wear "happy" dresses. No tight and sheath styles, but flaring skirts for sports, play and parties.

Necklines on children's clothes should not be halfway. Round necks with little collars for city wear and strapped tops on sun

and beach dresses for the country are the Parisian styles for those between four and fourteen.

How To Make Mirror Shots

WHETHER mirrors are on the wall, or on a dressing table in some other place small children usually find them fascinating. They view themselves, particularly for the first time, with wonder and amazement. The same holds true for household pets.

And this natural situation adds up to an opportunity for making snapshots that are unusual and which can be highly effective. In fact mirror shots are often so interesting that some people have the idea that they must either be difficult to do or require considerable experience and special equipment. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

With one exception, it's just like any other indoor picture taking. The exception lies in how you figure the distance in order to determine exposure. When photographing your subject's reflection in a mirror, the distance becomes the sum of the distance from your camera to the subject and from the mirror to the subject.

Subject & Lens

You can use either photoflash or photoflood lamps for your illumination, but if small children or pets are your subject, you'll probably want to use the faster, more convenient flash method.

You can do this with a simple camera. But if you are using an adjustable type, you should use the smallest lens opening in order to achieve the greatest depth of field and bring the reflection of your subject into sharp focus.

The subject possibilities of mirror-shooting are unlimited as are the possibilities for creating both familiar and dramatic situations. A pretty girl with a new hat is an ideal subject. With a reflection in the mirror picture, she can see exactly how it looks from both front and back.

Poets visualise and give shape and colour to their thought to produce

THE PICTURESQUE IN LITERATURE

AN ARTIST CREATES OUT OF A BLANK, BY A FEW DEFT DABS OF HIS BRUSH ON THE CANVAS, A BEAUTIFUL COLOURFUL PICTURE ALMOST ALIVE WITH BREATH. A WORD-ARTIST SIMILARLY CAN CREATE ON YOUR MIND AN IMPRESSION GIVING NOT ONLY GRAPHIC OUTLINES OF WHAT HE WANTS TO CONVEY, BUT PAINT A PICTURE THROBBING WITH COLOURS. SUCH IS THE POWERFUL EFFECT OF CHOICE USE OF WORDS.

A poet uses the same words, the same language, but with an inspiration and genius which make them excel in emotional content, word artistry and melodic effect. These may let a smile play on your face or make your mind linger on those far-away things which, like glimpses of forgotten dreams, leave the fragrance of fresh flowers and delight of variegated colour on your mind and soul. Some of these picturesque observations are real cameos in speech. I have treasured these in my collection as artistic word pictures. Minds with emotional bent, sensitiveness to colour scheme and turn for the picturesque phrase will find a peculiar joy in these collections.

HE called his wife and like a skeleton in motion, she appeared

He bent down his head like a lotus under the weight of rain water.

The dread of loss hangs like a dark cloud over his life.

Birthday are like measles—everyone has them.

Burst on us like a revelation.

Passing away like the tale that is told.

Dissolving into nothingness like a vision.

Her eyes gleamed like those of a Siamese cat.

The cat fell into my trap like a rat.

To pass away like a dream.

For a while it was like he lived inside a shell.

His laugh hurt like fury.

He felt a deep love for the runaway boy like a wound.

I looked like a girl in a catalogue.

Something in me glowed like live coal.

She is squeaking like a wheel which needs greasing.

She blurted out the words like water from an inverted bottle.

The eyes looked at them—burnt like flame and cut like a knife.

The blind was still down like a closed eyelid.

She hung over him like a mother-bird over a broken nest.

It raced along like ignited powder.

The rain was pelting on the pavement with a sound like that of an army in retreat.

Memories flowed back on him like a tidal wave.

His eyes were beaming like sunshine.

The deep hush was like a great peace after a great war.

Her hair flew about her head like flag.

The words rang into his ear like the screech of an owl through the darkness of the night.

He talked continuously like the brook.

His heart swelled like a troubled sea.

Shot up like a meteor.

Like water in a vessel, he adapts himself to his surroundings with remarkable ease and speed.

By R. K. DALAL

He leapt over the hedge like a tiger.

His eyes shone behind his eyebrows like fire beneath a thicket.

The children who had gathered scattered like a flock of birds.

He looked like a monk.

He smiled like the one who holds the word of Destiny.

His beard hung like a cloth on his chest.

She lay there like a log.

The show dragged on like an age.

Trembling like a frightened deer, which is seeking a place of refuge.

He moved like a drunken man.

She crouched down in a corner, motionless and silent, like a frightened dog.

She sprang to her feet at once like a spectre from the ground.

Surrounded him like a swarm of flies.

Receding like mist in early dawn.

It was a beautiful morning—tranquil as the sky and noiseless as the dew.

As mutual as a shared bed.

As vague as a faded dream. As old as the Vedas.

She came back as white as a sheet.

As pretty as a picture.

As merry as marriage-bells.

As wide as life.

As silent as a church.

As sweet as honey; as bitter as gall.

Her eyes are as black as sloe.

He left her as a drunkard leaves an empty wine jar.

As foolish as a chicken-head.

As uncertain as the vagaries of the monsoon.

Limbs as thin as crab's legs.

As gentle as a gull.

As morose as a blown kiss.

As private as a grove.

As silent as a man being shaved.

As still as an image in a niche.

As inquisitive as an X-ray.

As silent as a grave.

Hat—as dated as a calendar.

As strong as ebony.

As soft as a wax doll.

It is as enjoyable as a Lord Mayor's feast.

As happy as a King.

Had 26 Names

How many names should a child be given in these days of rush and bustle? General tendency, a registrar of births tells me, is towards fewer Christian names. A German official journal has suggested that their number should be restricted to two.

That wouldn't have pleased the American father who a few years ago gave his child sixteen names. "It's a world record," he claimed, proudly. But he was wrong.

An Englishman in 1882 was so proud of his pretty baby daughter that he inflicted on her a name for every letter of the alphabet, starting with Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny and going right on up to Zeus. He was quite annoyed when somebody pointed out that Zeus was a man's name!

Queerest of all lists of baptismal names was that borne by one of the famous Tollemache family. It was Lyulph Yderallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toemag Hugh Erchenwyse Saxon Esa Orme Nevil Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache!

As pitiless as predestination itself.

Salesmen are as amiable as a father trying to marry off his daughter.

Flower—as fresh as the soul of a young girl.

Heart as sound as a bell.

Evidence is insufficient to hang even a fly.

With the rapidity of a tornado.

I felt as a rheumatic nonagenarian, ninety years old.

As true as steel.

His stare was as piercing as a gimlet.

He welcomed human faces as he might welcome the sudden blend of colour in sunset.

He passed through the twilight passages as one passes through twilight corridors of a tree.

My heart fluttered helpless as a trapped bird.

His gaze was as cold and unforgiving as the grave itself.

As immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

As simple as a dove.

As cunning as a fox.

As cool as a refrigerator.

As tall as a tower.

As lonely as a cloud.

As difficult to recognise as one egg from the other.

To live as lonely as a mountain.

The vicar, who was leaving the parish, was visiting George, his oldest parishioner, to say farewell.

"Wonder what sort of man we'll be getting now?" said George.

"Oh, somebody much better than me," replied the vicar.

"I doubt it," said George.

"I've lived through five vicars and every one has been worse

Strange Experiences

THE TENTH NOTCH

An Unsolved Crime; A Weird Tale Of Oriental Psychology

WE had been discussing unsolved murder mysteries, and each of us three friends at our club—had given instances in which no criminal had ever been brought to justice. "It isn't a pleasant idea to know one may rub shoulders at any time with an unconvicted murderer," Colonel Jepson said. "In some cases there may be evidence of such a nature that a witness giving it would risk his reputation for sanity," I said.

Jepson looked at me. "Let me see," he said. "You yourself were a witness in the Hawthorn Cottage case—if I remember rightly—when Randall's native servant was brutally murdered? That has remained one of the unsolved crimes, hasn't it?"

"I don't remember it," Major Reed put in. "Tell us the story, Pringle."

I did so, as briefly as possible. I am not likely to forget any of the details, for I was staying in the Cottage on the night of the murder, and it was I who discovered the body of the victim.

"So Randall's man was all but decapitated by an unknown assailant, the nature of the injuries proving the theory of suicide to be untenable. No trace of the murderer discovered nor any motive for the crime. A most unsatisfactory business," Jepson commented when I had finished my tale.

"You could throw no light on the case?"

"What I did say was of little assistance in solving the mystery," I replied.

"Then you had no theory to suggest?"

I paused. It was true that I had a theory—more, a positive conviction—but if I stated it even to these men who knew life, had lived long in the East, and were acquainted with the psychology of Indian tribes, would they credit my tale? Would they not rather incline to the suspicion that I was a little "touched"?

"None that anyone would have listened to," I said. "Remember the police could find no clue of any sort. The murderer left no trace. It was considered at the time one of the most baffling and mysterious crimes Scotland Yard had ever been called upon to investigate."

"Then we'll relegate it to the limbo of Undetected crimes," decided the Colonel with finality.

When my household had retired that night, and silence reigned, I turned the key in my study door, and, going to my bureau, took from it a sealed envelope containing several pages of manuscript.

I drew an easy chair to the fire, and settling myself comfortably, re-read certain facts bearing upon the Hawthorn Cottage murder mystery which I had not given at the inquiry, but had nevertheless carefully written down.

"A verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" was returned today in the Hawthorn Cottage Mystery. For my part I am assured that the murderer will never confess, or be caught. Yet I am convinced beyond doubt that I know at whose hands Randall's native servant met his horrible death. I herewith record of what happened.

I was invited to stay with the Major at his recently purchased little place on the Sussex Downs—Hawthorn Cottage. It was a jolly little

house, and no one would ever have supposed that Murders with its "silent, bloody feet" would come near it. But so it turned out.

"We aren't quite straight yet," Randall wrote, "but you won't mind roughing it a bit. My domestic staff consists of Chunga, my native servant—more handy than the average English valet, and satisfied with far less wages—and an elderly female who does all the rest. We're fairly fixed up already—only my Indian trophies to unpack, and hang about the rooms. They've been stored in Town for longer than I care to remember. You shall lend a hand with them, my boy. There's a train from Victoria at 3-15 tomorrow that will get you here in time for tea."

Randall had been a friend of my father. Together they had fought through the Tirah Campaign in '97, and I greatly valued his friendship towards myself. His tales of the Afridis interested me keenly, and he was a man of wide experiences.

So that I accepted his invitation gladly, caught the 3-15 from Victoria, and arrived at the cottage, as he had suggested, in time for tea.

I found the place all that and more than it had been described by its enthusiastic owner. His admiration had by no means exceeded his veracity. The little house was the sort of thing a poet would rave about.

Time had been busy upon it, and in the course of a couple of hundred years had completed a perfect piece of work, picturesquely irregular mellowed by age. Inside were oak-paneled rooms, with everything in keeping.

There was just room for us all. Two bedrooms, an attic for Chunga, a small study and a much larger lounge (furnished as a diningroom at one end) together with the usual domestic offices comprised the whole. Nothing could have been more charming or convenient, and I congratulated my host with enthusiasm upon his "find."

"Yes—I think it's about the jolliest little spot on earth," he said as we sat and smoked in his study, which already looked home-like and comfortable. "When we've got our frills on—the things I told you of—I shall feel I never want to leave it again until they carry me out feet first!"

Happily that was not to be for some years—nevertheless Death in dreadful shape was to visit the cottage before another day dawned.

"I've been working like a Tommy throwing up a trench under fire, to get the place straight," the Major went on, "and this morning the last consignment of goods arrived here out of storage. The weapons, as I told you, are still to unpack and put on the walls. Where shall we find space for them, I wonder?"

I glanced with a doubtful eye around the cosy room. For my part I wouldn't have housed in this snug retreat any objects reminiscent of the horrors of war. They seemed to be out of place. My host, however, was of a different opinion.

"That wall opposite the fireplace will take a good many," I suggested.

When one was seated by the fire, one's back would be to the collection—in warmer weather one would desire only to gaze out of window upon the wide undulating Downs stretching Channelwards.

"Right. I can see them through this mirror when my slippers feel repose upon my mantel—and think of the happy days they bring to mind," Randall said, pointing to a low oak-framed mirror over the fireplace. "I'll go at once and see about that case, if you'll excuse me. It's in the potting-shed."

I followed him, and Chunga and I, between us, brought the case into the study.

No sooner was dinner over, than the Major became impatient to get the contents unpacked. Nothing would do but the lid of

the case must be opened without delay. So we prised it off and there came into view knives, swords and other weapons—altogether a bloodthirsty-looking lot. Amongst them was a kukri, in a worn leather sheath that had been carefully repaired with long stitches. As I lifted it, the sheath fell to the floor, leaving the naked weapon in my hand.

"A horrible curve—and pretty weighty," I said.

"Yes—skillfully wielded it would slice off a limb or decapitate a man at one stroke," the Major said. "Its owner—I knew him well, a splendid fighter and a brave man: he'd have done anything for me, poor fellow—died in action against the Afridis: it's

suggested.

When one was seated by the fire, one's back would be to the collection—in warmer weather one would desire only to gaze out of window upon the wide undulating Downs stretching Channelwards.

"Right. I can see them through this mirror when my slippers feel repose upon my mantel—and think of the happy days they bring to mind," Randall said, pointing to a low oak-framed mirror over the fireplace. "I'll go at once and see about that case, if you'll excuse me. It's in the potting-shed."

I followed him, and Chunga and I, between us, brought the case into the study.

No sooner was dinner over, than the Major became impatient to get the contents unpacked. Nothing would do but the lid of

the case must be opened without delay. So we prised it off and there came into view knives, swords and other weapons—altogether a bloodthirsty-looking lot. Amongst them was a kukri, in a worn leather sheath that had been carefully repaired with long stitches. As I lifted it, the sheath fell to the floor, leaving the naked weapon in my hand.

"A horrible curve—and pretty weighty," I said.

"Yes—skillfully wielded it would slice off a limb or decapitate a man at one stroke," the Major said. "Its owner—I knew him well, a splendid fighter and a brave man: he'd have done anything for me, poor fellow—died in action against the Afridis: it's

suggested.

When one was seated by the fire, one's back would be to the collection—in warmer weather one would desire only to gaze out of window upon the wide undulating Downs stretching Channelwards.

"Right. I can see them through this mirror when my slippers feel repose upon my mantel—and think of the happy days they bring to mind," Randall said, pointing to a low oak-framed mirror over the fireplace. "I'll go at once and see about that case, if you'll excuse me. It's in the potting-shed."

I followed him, and Chunga and I, between us, brought the case into the study.

No sooner was dinner over, than the Major became impatient to get the contents unpacked. Nothing would do but the lid of

the case must be opened without delay. So we prised it off and there came into view knives, swords and other weapons—altogether a bloodthirsty-looking lot. Amongst them was a kukri, in a worn leather sheath that had been carefully repaired with long stitches. As I lifted it, the sheath fell to the floor, leaving the naked weapon in my hand.

"A horrible curve—and pretty weighty," I said.

"Yes—skillfully wielded it would slice off a limb or decapitate a man at one stroke," the Major said. "Its owner—I knew him well, a splendid fighter and a brave man: he'd have done anything for me, poor fellow—died in action against the Afridis: it's

suggested.

When one was seated by the fire, one's back would be to the collection—in warmer weather one would desire only to gaze out of window upon the wide undulating Downs stretching Channelwards.

"Right. I can see them through this mirror when my slippers feel repose upon my mantel—and think of the happy days they bring to mind," Randall said, pointing to a low oak-framed mirror over the fireplace. "I'll go at once and see about that case, if you'll excuse me. It's in the potting-shed."

I followed him, and Chunga and I, between us, brought the case into the study.

No sooner was dinner over, than the Major became impatient to get the contents unpacked. Nothing would do but the lid of

the case must be opened without delay. So we prised it off and there came into view knives, swords and other weapons—altogether a bloodthirsty-looking lot. Amongst them was a kukri, in a worn leather sheath that had been carefully repaired with long stitches. As I lifted it, the sheath fell to the floor, leaving the naked weapon in my hand.

warning finger.

"Hark! Did you hear that?" We both remained silent for an instant. Then I heard.

"Something like a cricket—"I suggested.

"Or a beastly cockchafer," said the Major. "I heard it in my study before dinner."

He seemed annoyed in a manner out of proportion to the cause. We listened again; and the sound was repeated—at first faint and distant, then coming nearer.

Randall flung open the door. It was unaccountable to me that he should pay any attention whatever to the sound. Yet he stood listening intently.....

But the chirrup had ceased. Across the little hall we could hear Chunga busy with the contents of the box.

We went back and shut ourselves in once more.

The incident, slight as it was, had served to disturb the flow of reminiscence. Presently my host handed me a book of sketches made by him in India illustrating the events which he had been describing. It was when I came to the last page that, looking up, I saw he had fallen asleep.

The matches had given out. I remembered that there was a box on the study mantelpiece, and, moving quietly, went in search of them. As I crossed the little hall I heard a solitary, faint chirrup, coming apparently from the study, the door of which stood open.

Instantly I connected it with what the Major had been telling me—how on the north-west frontier of India certain hillmen used just such insect-noises.....The idea gripped me.

I entered the room. The elderly native was kneeling beside the open case, facing the fireplace. In his hand was the kukri which he was polishing with a cloth. Most of the other weapons had been laid neatly in the box, free from packing-straw, and ready to be placed in position next day.

I went over to the mantelpiece on which lay the match box I have already mentioned that there was a low mirror above it....

In that mirror, with a thrill of horror, I saw reflected—What?.... As I live, I saw that which for an instant, made my blood run cold.... Bending over Chunga, as he knelt, was the figure of a man, his face hidden—a shadowy form, yet sufficiently to be discerned. The fingers of the left hand—wiry, tenacious—rested on the native's shoulder, those of the right covered Chunga's as he held the kukri. Even as I gazed, spell-bound at the apparition, the figure raised its head, and a face confronted me—a brown face of Mongolian type with horrible, dead eyes....

Recovering myself with an effort, I turned sharply from the mirror, only to find Chunga kneeling alone beside the chest. There was no sign of the ghostly visitant to whose presence I could have sworn!

The native rose to his feet, shivering.

"It is cold, sahib," he said. As a fact, a glowing fire filled the grate, and the room was unusually warm.

"Nearly finished?" I asked, showing no sign.

"In five minutes more, sahib," Chunga answered.

I went back to my host who was now awake and already lighting our bedroom candles.

"Country customs you see, my boy," the Major said, as he handed me mine. "Well, good-night. My man will lock up."

I could not sleep. I told myself that, of course, the origin of my hallucination, horrible as it had been, was not far to seek. My brain had started a train of ideas, and from the curious chirruping sound had conjured up the similitude of a Gurkha—though why an obviously dead one, I could not conjecture.

I could not have said, but with a persistent apprehension not to be overcome.

At six o'clock I rose, and putting on my dressing-gown went down-stairs to the study, impelled by an urgency I could not suppress.

The room was dark, with curtains drawn across the low, latticed windows. I flung them apart with a rattle....

There was not much light even then. But enough to show me the body of Chunga lying upon the floor beside the open case. Going closer, I saw that Major Randall's faithful servant had been brutally murdered, his head all but severed from his body by what must have been a savage slashing blow from behind. Beside him, in a pool of blood, lay the kukri.

And upon the wooden haft of the murderous weapon my glance instantly detected a newly-made incision, showing almost white on the dark wood—"a tenth notch".

Such is the evidence I did not give at the inquiry.—N.N.F.

CARVER'S LAST DAYS

(Continued from page 4 Col. 5)

tle while."

He had said stubbornly, "I have work to do."

Leaning on the boys he had gone on to his laboratory where he said he'd be "all right." They left him then. Some time afterwards he had gone to the office, limping a little, but had dictated letters, checked certain matters, talked at length with Austin Curtis.

At noon, he returned to his room. He did not leave it again. There, propped up with pillows in bed, he painted charming Christmas cards which said "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men." As twilight fell on January 5, 1943, he died.

For Last 'Darshan'

Rain fell in Alabama. Her sun was shrouded in thick clouds of gray, her tears came softly down and soaked into the clays he had transformed, were cupped within the hearts of green things he had planted.

In heavy wagons, trucks, in broken, old cars, many on foot—they had come over bad roads, through woods and swamps, the people he had served, who loved him. Old men and young, women and girls, white and black, school children, carrying their books and lunches. The mist still fell on them as they stood patiently waiting their turn to see his face.

He lay within a lovely bower of flowers—flowers in huge frames and stacked in heaps about him. Light from the stained-glass windows filtered down and fell upon his face. He wore his best suit, with the usual white flower stuck in the lapel.

All the facilities of the small town and Institute had been taxed to the utmost. Telegrams and messages poured in. As the hour approached, cameras clicked and notables from far and near humbly slipped into their places.

Last came his co-workers, wearing no sign of mourning—only the family white flower in their lapels. They knew he would like this.

It was a simple service. Words were not needed. Music by the fresh, young voices of the Tuskegee Choir, singing the songs he had loved best. Among the messages read were those from the President and Vice-President of the United States. Then the quiet words of the Chaplain:

"For God so loves the world He gives His most beloved sons that men shall live..."

He was buried by the side of Booker T. Washington, whom he had loved.

END
(Copyright, 1944, by Julian Messner, Inc.)

This Cow Jumped Right Over The Moon

BY MURIEL HOLLAND

THE sun was shining down on the big meadow as three ducks waddled in a solemn procession toward the little stream.

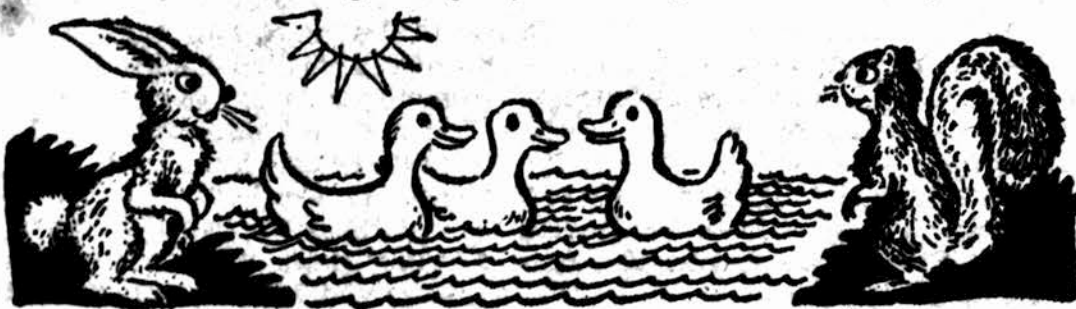
Over in the far corner, Reggie Rabbit was playing with his brothers and sisters. High up in the oak tree, Squib, the squirrel, sat holding a nut in his front paws, his long, bushy tail curved gracefully up over his back.

Suddenly the white gate at the top of the meadow clicked, and Clara Cow came walking slowly in, her burrow, then popping out again.

"Moo-oo!" cried Clara. "D'you know what I can do? I can jump over the moon!"

Reggie Rabbit laughed. "Don't be ridiculous," he said. "The moon's in the sky. You couldn't jump over it."

"I can," insisted Clara, "there's



The sun was shining down on the big meadows and on the stream

followed by the farmer. He gave her a friendly pat.

"Here you are," he said, "this is your new home." Then he went through the gate shutting it behind him.

Clara Cow stood still, staring at the lovely grass sloping down to the little stream. She saw the three ducks with their heads on one side staring at her. She looked up into the oak tree and saw Squib's bright eyes gazing down at her. Then she turned her head, and saw Reggie Rabbit peeping at her from his burrow.

"Moo-oo!" cried Clara Cow. "Moo-oo! How d'you doo-oo?"

The ducks, the squirrel and the rabbit all stared at her curiously. They had never seen a cow before.

"Quack! qua-ack!" cried the ducks. "We're just going down to the stream. Can you sit on the water and float? Can you stand on your head in the water?"

"No," said Clara Cow, "I can't." Squib ran down the tree, then turned and ran back again. His little furry face came poking round the trunk.

"Can you run down a tree head first?" he asked.

"No," said Clara Cow, "I can't." Reggie Rabbit came hippety hoppety over the grass toward her.

"It's fun popping out of my burrow into the sunshine," he said. "Can you dig a burrow? Can you pop down into the earth?"

"No," said Clara Cow, "I can't." She bent her head and started to munch the grass, feeling rather sad. "I wish I could do something clever," she thought.

That afternoon, a little boy came into the meadow. He stared at Clara Cow, then started to sing a little rhyme.

"Hey! Diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon..."

Clara Cow listened. "The cow jumped over the moon," she repeated. "If cows can do that, they're very clever." She trotted across the grass toward the little stream.

The ducks saw her coming, and they started showing off, standing on their heads in the water to show how clever they were.

"Moo!" cried Clara. "Moo-oo! D'you know what I can do? I can jump over the moon!"

"Don't be silly," said the ducks, "the moon is in the sky. How can you jump over it?"

"I can," said Clara. "There's a song about it." But the ducks were already swimming away. They weren't listening.

Clara turned and trotted toward the tree where Squib, the squirrel, lived. He saw her coming, and started to show off, running down the tree head first, then running back again.

"Moo!" cried Clara Cow. "D'you know what I can do? I can jump over the moon!"

"Don't be absurd," said Squib. "The moon is in the sky. How could you jump over it?"

"I can," said Clara, "there's a song about—" but Squib had run to the top of the tree, and wasn't listening.

Clara Cow walked to the corner of the meadow, where Reggie Rabbit lived.

Reggie saw her coming, and started to show off by popping into

a song—" but Reggie had popped back into his burrow and wasn't listening.

Clara Cow felt very sad.

That night, when the ducks were asleep with their heads tucked under their wings, and Squib was snoozing at the top of oak tree, Clara Cow lay down beside the little stream. But she didn't go to sleep. Her eyes were wide open. She was staring high above her head where she could see the big crescent moon. She heaved a great sigh. "Of course the moon is in the sky. I couldn't possibly jump over it," she thought.

She turned her head, and saw Reggie Rabbit playing hide-and-

seek with his brothers and sisters in the moonlight. "They do look happy" she thought, and her head drooped sadly.

The next moment her brown eyes were staring down into the stream. The water was smooth, and in it she could see—a big, golden MOON!

Clara Cow jumped up excitedly, "Reggie!" she called. "Reggie, come here! Quickly!"

Reggie Rabbit came hippety hoppety over to her.

"Look down there!" cried Clara, "what can you see?"

Reggie Rabbit peered down into the water.

"I can see the moon," he said.

"Now watch me!" cried Clara. She took a little run, then gave a great jump. Over the stream she went, and landed on the other side. Then she turned and jumped back again.

"Oo!" cried Reggie, "you jumped right over the moon!"

"Twice!" said Clara Cow proudly. "Will you tell the ducks and the squirrel tomorrow?" she asked. "Promise?"

"Yes," said Reggie, "I promise," and the next morning, he told them.

In the middle of the morning, the little boy came into the meadow again. He stared at Clara Cow and began to sing, "Hey! Diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle—"

When he came to "The cow jumped over the moon," Reggie Rabbit, Squib, the squirrel, and the three ducks all stared admiringly at Clara.

"Fancy there being a song about you!" they exclaimed.

Clara Cow bent her head modestly. She didn't even say, "I told you." She just started quietly munching the grass—but she felt very proud and very happy.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Over the stream she went and landed on the other side

Polish Refugee Sees For

First Time

Hollywood Celebrities

HOLLYWOOD, (INS): A strapping young Polish flier, who escaped from the Iron Curtain three months ago, reacted thus to his first Hollywood Party—"Poland was never like this!"

Lt. George Jazwinski, now Laurette Luez, one of Errol Flynn's leading ladies.

She and the young refugee did the night club circuit together and had a walloping time on the briefest possible amount of conversation, depending mostly on looks and sighs.

In addition to being amazed by the glitter of Hollywood, George is overcome by the size of the United States (he always thought it was a "small country") and the number of eggs consumed by the American public.

"There must be millions of chickens in this country," he told Col. Francis Gabreski, American jet ace, who was acting as George's interpreter.

The former Communist flier said he didn't think he'd ever get used to Hollywood.

He gaped in astonishment at Hal Hayes' fabulous home, which includes a swimming pool in the parlor, lights that switch off and on with a clap of the hands, a synthetic jungle and an A-Bomb shelter.

"Indeed," said George, "Poland was never like this!"

As house guest of Hal B. Hayes, multi-millionaire builder and architect, George met a number of movie stars, most of whom he doesn't know from Stalin's ghost.

He came face to face with such celebrities as Ginny Simms, Esther Williams, Joanne Dru, Ann Miller and Terry Moore but it wasn't until he was presented to Edward G. Robinson that he evinced a flicker of recognition.

"Ah," he said, enthusiastically, "you, movies!" which about sums up George's English vocabulary.

Robinson guffawed in appreciation, dubiously flattered that he is probably one of the few film personalities whose pictures manage to pierce the Iron Curtain.

"Oh," he quipped, "maybe I was left over from better days."

George's favourite date in Hollywood turned out to be luscious

Paris.

THE huge wickerwork basket on the boy's arm is full of small packets of peanuts and almonds, but although he and scores like him can be seen regularly doing the rounds of all the "cafe-terrasses" on the main streets of Paris, he rarely sells a 50-franc packet.

In winter and summer alike these boys wear thin denim trousers, shoes so down at the heel that they are barely recognizable, an open-neck shirt, and sometimes an old, faded sweater. They are without exception of a Semitic cast of countenance, their brown skins looking cold in the gusty drafts that sweep Paris streets most of the year. They are part of the biggest social problem in France today, for they are the fringe of the "North African" population—that mass of Arab workers who have come to France mainly since the war and subsist as a growing stain on the margin of French society.

FREE ENTRY

At the Ministry of the Interior an important meeting on the position of Algerian workers in France has been held with a view to grouping all the different information on these North Africans and their lives and studying in what way the state can do something to better their position, as well as eventually to put some check on Arab immigration.

The July 14 riot at the Place de la Nation has fixed France's attention on the encroaching problem of North Africans living and working in France for wages and in conditions that make them something of an "untouchable" caste in the midst of French civilization.

There are at present no means of determining even how many North Africans have come to France in recent years, for all Algerians, of whatever race, are recognised as French citizens, and hence may travel freely to France.

At present there are around 300,000 of these Algerians of Arab blood in France, many of them arriving in Paris at the Gare de Lyons with no work contract, no capital, merely a modest bundle containing a few tattered garments wrapped in a blanket or two.

Of these 300,000 only 137,630 are listed at the Ministry of Labour as workers. The rest are either part of the "black-market labour pool," meaning they hold jobs, usually temporary, at wages far below recognised levels and are not registered by their employers on social security rolls, which not only provide some protection for employees but cost a heavy contribution from employers.

As for the regular Algerian workers, they are on the whole appreciated by their employers, although the proportion of really skilled workers is small. Only about one North African out of a thousand reaches the position

of foreman.

The Renault automobile factory in Billancourt, a Paris suburb, has around 4,000 Algerians on its rolls, amounting to 12 per cent of its workers. They are mostly around 32 years old, and have an average of three years' service with Renault, which indicates a basic facet of the Algerian problem: They are not a really stable working force. As soon as an Algerian has made what he considers a small capital he returns to Algeria, possibly returning to France and trying to get his job back when this money is gone after an interval of months or longer.

A CASTE APART

This indicates one of the saddest aspects of the Algerian in France's life: He cannot bring his family with him for purely financial reasons. He is, by the force of economic trends in France and Algeria, compelled to leave his family to live on the low Algerian standard, while he seeks work paid on European levels and tries to live as cheaply as possible to send enough of his wages to Algeria.

The position is undesirable in all ways. No family life, a deliberate search for the cheapest of cheap lodgings, for a minimum of food, segregation by circumstances, bringing, and taste among Arab circles similarly placed. The average North African, even when working, tends to form a caste apart, a sort of second-rate citizen in a country which since the war has had a plethora of other problems to consider.

By 1952 this proportion had grown to 25 per cent.

For the French authorities this Algerian problem is an exceedingly complex one.

Since the Arab has citizenship it is difficult to forbid his entry into the metropole; at present he does not have to produce any work contracts, as do Tunisians and Moroccans.—The Christian Science Monitor.

SECRET OF LONG LIFE

YOU want to be healthy, physically and mentally fit? Then listen to the secrets of good health just revealed by one of the fittest men in New Zealand, Dr. N. G. Trotter, M.B.E., whose amazing vitality is making him world-famous.

Always keep your head erect and your back straight, he advises. That enables your lungs and heart, to do their jobs properly. Swim as often as you can; it's the finest possible exercise.

Walk as much as possible; it gets you into the sun and, perhaps more important, it gets plenty of air into your lungs.

Massage is a great enemy of sciatic and similar complaints, says Dr. Trotter. "When I was a boy I noticed that animals were always rolling, rolling, rolling. That made me study massage. As a doctor I found it was wonderful in the treatment of that so-called modern disease, fibrositis.

Sun-tanned Dr. Trotter also says: "Let the sun get at your body whenever you can. It has a marvellous tonic effect."

Another hint: "Make yourself friendly to other people. Help other members of the human race as I have tried to do. It rids you of selfishness, which is too prevalent in the world to-day. And it helps to keep you mentally alert."

Dr. Trotter's age? He is eighty-seven and plans to live to at least 100.

ALGERIANS IN FRANCE POSE A PROBLEM

BY JOAN THIRIET

Paris.

THE huge wickerwork basket on the boy's arm is full of small packets of peanuts and almonds, but although he and scores like him can be seen regularly doing the rounds of all the "cafe-terrasses" on the main streets of Paris, he rarely sells a 50-franc packet.

In winter and summer alike these boys wear thin denim trousers, shoes so down at the heel that they are barely recognizable, an open-neck shirt, and sometimes an old, faded sweater. They are without exception of a Semitic cast of countenance, their brown skins looking cold in the gusty drafts that sweep Paris streets most of the year. They are part of the biggest social problem in France today, for they are the fringe of the "North African" population—that mass of Arab workers who have come to France mainly since the war and subsist as a growing stain on the margin of French society.

FREE ENTRY

At the Ministry of the Interior an important meeting on the position of Algerian workers in France has been held with a view to grouping all the different information on these North Africans and their lives and studying in what way the state can do something to better their position, as well as eventually to put some check on Arab immigration.

The July 14 riot at the Place de la Nation has fixed France's attention on the encroaching problem of North Africans living and working in France for wages and in conditions that make them something of an "untouchable" caste in the midst of French civilization.

There are at present no means of determining even how many North Africans have come to France in recent years, for all Algerians, of whatever race, are recognised as French citizens, and hence may travel freely to France.

At present there are around 300,000 of these Algerians of Arab blood in France, many of them arriving in Paris at the Gare de Lyons with no work contract, no capital, merely a modest bundle containing a few tattered garments wrapped in a blanket or two.

Of these 300,000 only 137,630 are listed at the Ministry of Labour as workers. The rest are either part of the "black-market labour pool," meaning they hold jobs, usually temporary, at wages far below recognised levels and are not registered by their employers on social security rolls, which not only provide some protection for employees but cost a heavy contribution from employers.

As for the regular Algerian workers, they are on the whole appreciated by their employers, although the proportion of really skilled workers is small. Only about one North African out of a thousand reaches the position

of foreman.

The Renault automobile factory in Billancourt, a Paris suburb, has around 4,000 Algerians on its rolls, amounting to 12 per cent of its workers. They are mostly around 32 years old, and have an average of three years' service with Renault, which indicates a basic facet of the Algerian problem: They are not a really stable working force. As soon as an Algerian has made what he considers a small capital he returns to Algeria, possibly returning to France and trying to get his job back when this money is gone after an interval of months or longer.

A CASTE APART

This indicates one of the saddest aspects of the Algerian in France's life: He cannot bring his family with him for purely financial reasons. He is, by the force of economic trends in France and Algeria, compelled to leave his family to live on the low Algerian standard, while he seeks work paid on European levels and tries to live as cheaply as possible to send enough of his wages to Algeria.

The position is undesirable in all ways. No family life, a deliberate search for the cheapest of cheap lodgings, for a minimum of food, segregation by circumstances, bringing, and taste among Arab circles similarly placed. The average North African, even when working, tends to form a caste apart, a sort of second-rate citizen in a country which since the war has had a plethora of other problems to consider.

By 1952 this proportion had grown to 25 per cent.

For the French authorities this Algerian problem is an exceedingly complex one.

Since the Arab has citizenship it is difficult to forbid his entry into the metropole; at present he does not have to produce any work contracts, as do Tunisians and Moroccans.—The Christian Science Monitor.

WHERE oil Booms and 'Black Gold' gives better dividends than pearls AMERICAN DOLLARS MAKE THEM 'SHEIKS'

LONDON (INS). Oil has turned the modern version of the once-romantic "Sheiks of Arab" into multi-millionaires, and oil is bringing western civilization to their sheikdoms.

The four most noted sheiks all live on the Persian Gulf and all have had fortune brought to them by the discovery of the "black gold".

They are King Ibn Saud, of Saudi Arabia, probably the best-known of the quartet; the Sheik of Kuwait, the Sheik of Bahrain and the Sheik of Qatar.

The six-foot-four-inch 73-year old Abdul Aziz Ibn Abdur Rahman Ibn Faisal as Saud has an income of \$150,000,000 annually from oil produced by ARAMCO (Arabian-American Oil Company).

The 700,000 square miles of his country were virtually roadless. So he is spending a good deal of his fifty per cent oil royalties on communications.

New roads are being built throughout the country. Railroads are being constructed and the main harbours, especially Jedda, are being modernized.

Modern Amenities

Hospitals and schools are going up and a water pipeline is virtually completed. Electricity is being introduced to the principal towns and villages by portable generators.

Half of the royalties go for such things as payments to local sheiks and overlords and running the royal household.

Ibn Saud often says that business and pleasure do not mix so separate business and family palaces are being constructed for him.

An ultra-modern harem will have forty bedrooms, twenty bathrooms, a communal dining-room, kitchen and hot and cold water in addition to other modern conveniences. The "business palace" will be a 30-roomed affair with a huge reception hall.

Ibn Saud is not allowed by law to have more than four wives at one time, but it is reported he has had over 200 wives who produced 150 sons and scores of daughters.

Still Ibn Saud is known as a peace-loving, God-fearing man who faithfully observes his religion. He prays five times daily, does not smoke, dance or touch alcohol and listens only to martial music.

Cromwell Of The Desert

He has been wounded 60 times in various battles. Known as the "Cromwell of the Desert," Ibn Saud returned to Arabia in 1902 from Kuwait where his family had been exiled.

With forty followers the 21-year-old leader stormed the capital city of Riyadh, gained thousands of additional adherents and then drove the Turks out.

His favourite pastime is motoring, telephoning and listening to the radio and gadgets such as elevators and electric ramps which permit his autos to go straight into the palace rooms.

Sheikh Of Kuwait

Sheikh Sir Ahmad al Sahn as Subah, 59, was elected ruler of the sheikdom of Kuwait by members of the ruling family following the death of his cousin in 1950.

He now receives \$140 million annually from the Kuwait Oil Company, a fifty-fifty partnership of the Gulf

BY
A. W. ROISSETTER

Exploration Company of America and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. The company was granted a 75-year lease in 1934, struck oil in 1936 but owing to the outbreak of World War II did not start producing oil until 1946.

His mudwalled capital of Kuwait is gradually being ousted by modern buildings complete with running water, electricity, sanitation, and an up-to-date health service which he hopes will compete with anything that Europe or America can offer.

The water is distilled from the sea—the Sheik once said "wherever you sink a well you get oil." Most food is now imported and kept under complete refrigeration.

He has not altered his simple habits. He rises at 5 a.m. for prayer, has breakfast of milk and dates at 7-30, a light lunch and dinner.

One Prison And That Empty

There is no crime in Kuwait. The country has a very small but proficient police force, and one prison—always empty.

The Sheik is broad, square-featured, firm but shrewd, smokes little and drinks less. He prefers small eating places when travelling outside his realm and shuns the bright lights.

Before oil was produced in 1946 he depended for his income solely on pearl fishing in the shark infested waters of the Persian Gulf. Kuwait was settled by Arab nomads in the 18th century and since then his family has ruled in unbroken male descent.

He has instituted free meals and clothing for schoolchildren, has built six girls schools and ten boys schools, with English as a second language. Many schools have been opened in villages and in Kuwait itself a modern technical school has been built for 750 resident and 250 day students. The principal subject is engineering.

There are about 100,000 inhabitants in the 3,000 square miles of sand and oasis which make up the country.

Modern harbour facilities have been constructed at Mina to receive the oil from the Burgan field twenty miles away where there are over 100 productive wells.

Bahrain Island

Next door to Kuwait is Bahrain Island where the liquid gold was discovered in 1932 by the Bahrain Petroleum Company, a combination of Standard Oil of California and Texas Oil Company.

His Highness Sheikh Sulman Bin Hamed Al Khalifah, 56, is the eighth sheikh of the dynasty and succeeded his father in 1942.

He is a member of the Aneza tribe which migrated from the deserts of Nejd to the coast and waged almost constant war for 100 years against the Persians, Omans, Wahibis and pirates who infested that area.

His family also depended on pearl fishing until oil was discovered and brought untold wealth to the family although the \$10,000,000 annual royalty payments are small compared to those received by other sheiks.

Bahrain has been westernised to the extent of having courts, police, land registra-

tion, customs, electricity, artesian wells and a causeway linking Bahrain with a nearby smaller island.

The Sheik is building a palace at a cost of \$2,000,000 complete with air conditioning and refrigeration—a modest building compared to those of his "rich relations".

Poor as yet but "an up and coming" millionaire is Sheik Ali bin Abdullah el Thani, 58-year old ruler of Qatar, 400,000 square miles of mostly desert on the western shore of the Persian Gulf.

At present he receives only \$14,000,000 a year but this is due to rise over a few years to \$40,000,000. He has already ordered a magnificent palace to be built at Doha, his tiny seaside capital.

Capital Of Mud Huts

Petroleum Development (Qatar) Limited, branch of the Iraq Petroleum Company which is formed by Standard Oil and Socony Vacuum of the U.S., Anglo-Iranian, Dutch Shell and C.I.R. Francaise des Petroles, is helping the sheik improve communications, drainage, water supplies and housing.

Only a few years ago Ali lived in a capital of a few mud huts and palm trees. From the biggest hut he controlled his 18,000 subjects, mostly pearl fishermen.

Drilling had just started when World War II commenced; so the wells were plugged for the duration.

Since the end of the war Doha has expanded tremendously and has new wharves, sheds, modern roads, schools electricity and drainage.

He is offering large salaries for experienced western schoolteachers and is talking in terms of more roads, more electricity, hospitals, and telephones.

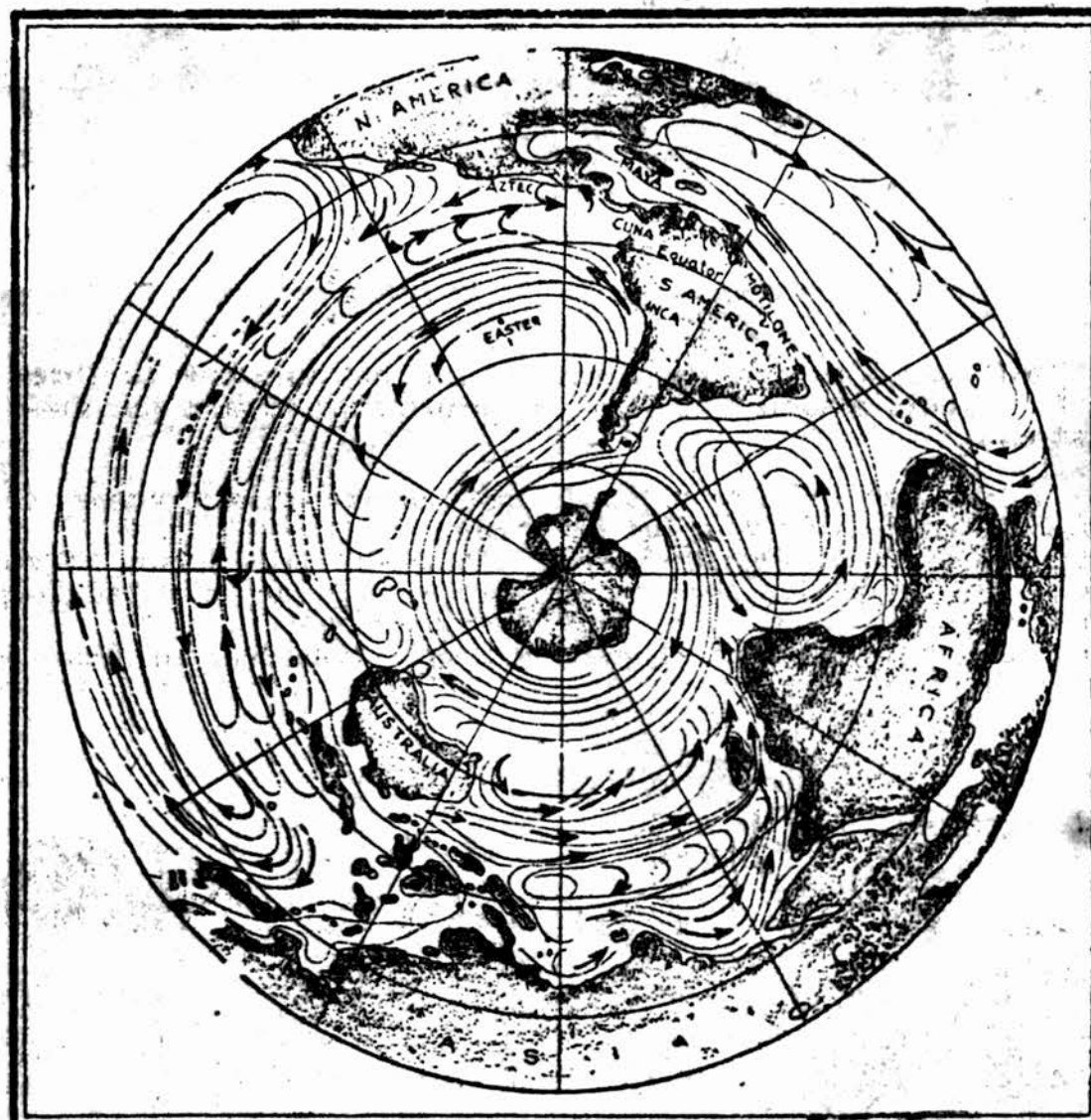
Spottina Insane Murderer

MANY mentally sick persons are quiet, unexcited people, and only a very small percentage are dangerous.

But in that small percentage is the potential murderer, and failure to spot him can cause grim tragedy. Dr. Bernard A. Cruvant, chief of the psychiatric service of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C., recently offered a measuring stick by which any lay person or police officer can uncover a paranoid-schizophrenic—the usual potential murderer.

Dr. Cruvant lists these questions to be asked of a suspect:

1. Does everyone treat you well?
2. Does someone have it in for you?
3. Has anyone watched or followed you?
4. Does your food taste all right? (Most paranoids feel they are being poisoned).
5. Does anyone affect you with electricity, X rays, radium, or atomic energy? (Many fear that their enemies are threatening them with "outside forces.")
6. Does anyone tamper with your mind?
7. Do you have powers which the average person does not have?
8. Do people talk about you behind your back?
9. Do you feel that you have committed an unpardonable sin? (Paranoids suffer a heavy feeling of unforgivable guilt.)
10. Do you have strange sensations about your insides? (A common answer is "I have no stomach, so I can't eat.")
11. Do you hear people talking to you?
12. Do you see or feel strange



Photographs superimposed on map of Humboldt and Japanese currents show cultural influences that rode these "ocean escalators".

From America

Stone-Age Migrants Went To The Pacific

BY KENT BUSH

EVERYONE who has read Thor Heyerdahl's "Kon-Tiki" will recall the opening dialogue. The scene is an eminent scholar-specialist's book-lined office. The year is 1946. Heyerdahl's manuscript in support of his theory of ancient American Indian migrations into the Pacific lies between the two men, unread.

AMERICAN INDIANS IN THE PACIFIC: The Theory Behind the Kon-Tiki Expedition, by Thor Heyerdahl. (Chicago: Rand McNally & Company, 912 pp \$15.)

HEYERDAHL'S theory itself is met with this protest:—

"You're wrong, absolutely wrong," the old man said and shook his head indignantly to drive out the idea.

"But you haven't read my arguments yet," I urged, nodding hopefully toward the manuscript which lay on the table.

"Arguments!" he repeated. "You can't treat ethnographic problems as a sort of detective mystery!"

"Why not?" I said. "I've based all the conclusions on my own observations and the facts that science has recorded."

Faced by pedants with the built-in, small-angled vision of specialization where broad vision was imperative, Thor Heyerdahl acted. He and five Scandinavian companions shoved off from the Peruvian coast to ride the writhing back of the Humboldt current and the muscular chest of the trade winds for 4,300 nautical miles. Their vessel was a raft of nine, hemptied, balsalogs.

THEY DO IT

They thus adventured to establish concrete evidence of the seaworthiness of ancient Indian rafts, evidence which could not be refuted by desk-chair thinking that dogmatically declared: "One thing we do know for certain—that none of the peoples of South America got over to the islands in the Pacific."

One may assume that, basically, the manuscript which remained unread on the scholar-specialist's desk is now published as Heyerdahl's second book, "American Indians in the Pacific: The Theory Behind the Kon-Tiki Expedition."

Set up to be self-explanatory, the eleven maps show great, westward-coursing "one-way-escalators" across the Pacific, ancient stone-road system on Polynesian islands similar in style and purpose to those in South America, and numerous ancient American place names which are analogous to those in Polynesia.

The ninety plates, with eight in colour, illustrate self-evident cul-

tural analogies between South and Northwest American Indian civilizations and Polynesia. In this way Heyerdahl marshals exceedingly convincing, visual evidence of pre-Columbian American Indian influence in the Pacific. In no other single book can there be found an equally rich collection of that data—scientific, cultural, historical—so necessary for the development of a reasoned theory of the colonization of Polynesia. Without taking into account these facts and their interpretation—many of them published for the first time in this volume—no scholar can speak with accuracy on the problem. This book will be required reading for all students of American and Pacific culture, history and pre-history.

STIRRING TRIBUTE

But don't accept the notion that this is only a scientific document.

For anyone who has sailed the enormous distances between the major Polynesian island systems—distances known to have been navigated in canoes, and possibly rafts, by Stone-Age migrants—in fact, all travellers will gain from Heyerdahl's account a new appreciation of the intelligence and vigour of Neolithic man.

"American Indians in the Pacific," is as stirring a tribute to ancient man as "Kon-Tiki" is to modern.

There are a few typographical errors. The exhaustive treatment makes the book bulky and the presentation occasionally tortuous. It may be that a desk dictionary will have to be used now and then, although the context usually provides operational definitions. But even so, most readers will find in the reading of it straightforward enjoyment.

Heyerdahl was told by the old scholar-specialist that he could not "treat ethnographic problems as a sort of detective mystery". After the reader has followed his solution of the mystery of Neolithic colonization of the East Pacific through the ten parts of this treatise—and particularly through Part II, "Polynesia and Northwest America," Part V, "Traces of Caucasian-Like Elements in Pre-Inca Peru," and Part X, "Myths and Memories"—he will involuntarily say with Heyerdahl: "Why not be an FBI man, if necessary, in solving the problems of Pacific pre-history?"

"The Christian Science Monitor".

Troops Storm Britain's Coast



A liaison officer is picked up by the Navy's 'Taxi' and flown out to sea to the Headquarter ship.

COMBINED EXERCISE BY THE THREE SERVICES

By R. E. Hicks

OPERATION 'SUNAGROUND', AN AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT BY THE THREE SERVICES OFF, ON, AND ABOVE EASTNEY BEACH, NEAR PORTSMOUTH, WAS A TWO-DAY EXERCISE, HELD FOR THE BENEFIT OF OFFICERS FROM THE STAFF COLLEGES OF THE ROYAL NAVY, THE ARMY, AND THE R.A.F.

The demonstration began with amphibious reconnaissance patrol testing the consistency and gradient of the beach. Frogmen swam ashore from landing craft and a raiding party landed from a lightwooden surf boat, a new development of the Newfoundland dory, from which men can be put ashore on all but the most inaccessible beaches.

Naval attacker jet fighters made low-level mock attacks on the beach before the assault, which was carried out by the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, — the glorious Gloucesters of Korea fame now resident demonstration battalion at the School of Infantry, Warminster. The infantry was followed by Centurion tanks of the 4th Hussars, amphibious craft, and assault vehicles.

The "invasion" successfully demonstrated the technique of amphibious assault and showed to advantage the team spirit existing between men of the Navy, the Army, and the R.A.F.



The Navy's S 55 returns and snatches a "wounded" man off the beach. He is flown in the special stretcher to a waiting hospital ship.



Troops aid the Navy by holding a landing craft steady while troops and material disembark on to the beach.



A command post digs itself into The Shingle and directs the landing of armoured vehicles. Tanks came ashore with guns firing.



Frogmen of the Royal Marines land after a long swim under water on to the shore at Eastney, Portsmouth. Their job is to clear the beach of "mines and obstacles".